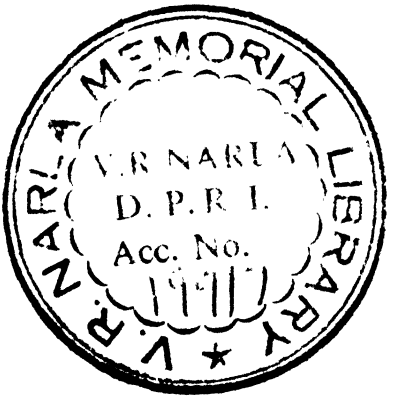
Lord Northcliffe

MY JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD (16 JULY 1921—26 FEB. 1922)

By ALFRED VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE

Edited by CECIL & ST. JOHN HARMSWORTH

With an Introduction and a Map



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TO

HIS MOTHER

INTRODUCTION

HIS is the Diary of Lord Northcliffe, kept by him during his journey round the world in 1921–1922.

Certain biographies of Lord Northcliffe have already appeared, and others are in preparation. He has also been the subject of a great number of articles in the Press at home and abroad. It is believed that some account, in his own words, of a world journey of exceptional interest and importance will be not less acceptable to the large public that followed his career with friendly appreciation.

Lord Northcliffe's habit was to dictate his observations to one or other of the private secretaries who accompanied him on his travels, and to send sections home to be duplicated and circulated to the members of his immediate family circle. In the present volume the chapters correspond generally with the sections as they were received.

The reader will observe that in the course of the Diary Lord Northcliffe dwells more than once on the difficulties and disabilities under which it was composed. It was dictated in sultry cabins on board ship in the tropics, and in such moments of leisure on shore as presented themselves in the midst of numberless distractions, and not, therefore, under conditions that most favourably conduce to exactness in literary style or form. Yet, perhaps, Lord Northcliffe's impressions could not have been better conveyed. The abrupt and often unconnected

paragraphs reflect vividly the operations of an eye that nothing escaped, and of a mind of swiftest perceptions.

In regard to two political questions of more than national importance, Lord Northcliffe was called upon to take a leading part, and he devoted to them all the resources of his tireless and unselfish nature. The under-population of Australasia had long been a matter of grave concern to him, and he permitted no consideration of personal inclination or convenience to hinder him from presenting to the people of Australia and New Zealand his earnest and mature views on this unpopular subject. No less firmly resolved was he to make his views clearly and unmistakably heard on the Anglo-Japanese Agreement, a source, as he knew, of so much misgiving and misunderstanding in the United States. A more easeful pilgrim might have excused himself, and reasonably, from any participation in these raging controversies, but they touched very closely the mainsprings of Lord Northcliffe's public action—namely, his devotion to the welfare of the Empire and to the cause of Anglo-American friendship. The complete independence of his position in relation to parties and policies at home gave weight and authority to opinions on both subjects that were expressed by him everywhere, and at all times, with all his accustomed fearlessness and vigour.

The work of editing the Diary has involved a certain responsibility. In the composition of a narrative addressed to his family circle, and never intended for publication, Lord Northcliffe was under no obligation to measure too nicely his language in dealing with personalities or problems. We have not hesitated to eliminate the few passages that might conceivably have given rise to idle gossip or to useless controversy.

A sad truth revealed in the Diary is that the long holiday—perilously overdue—in quest of health and recuperation for a mind and body exhausted by the labours of many years, developed from the first on lines that were calculated to defeat rather than to promote, the all-important object in view. The holiday became an arduous tour of exploration into the problems

of the Empire, and there is no doubt that Lord Northcliffe arrived home in February of last year less fit to resist the ravages of a serious illness than when he set out on his travels, with so much happy confidence, in July, 1921.

THE APPENDICES

In Sydney and Melbourne Lord Northcliffe was too busily occupied to write more than a few brief notes. He supplemented these with passages from the Press of the two Australian capitals. For convenience and to avoid an abrupt interruption of his own narrative, this matter has been removed to the end of the volume, and is there printed as Appendices I and II. In Appendix III are given some passages from Lord Northcliffe's most authoritative statement on the subject of immigration into Australasia.

Lord Northcliffe's companions at different stages of the world tour were—

HARRY GARLAND MILNER, his brother-in-law.
H. WICKHAM STEED, then Editor of *The Times*.
W. F. BULLOCK, New York correspondent of *The Daily Mail*.
KEITH MURDOCH, now Editor of *The Herald*, Melbourne.
JOHN PRIOLEAU, principal private secretary.
HAROLD W. SNOAD, assistant private secretary.
H. PINE, chauffeur.
"FREDERICK," valet.

In conclusion, we desire to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. John Prioleau and to Mr. Harold Snoad for the assistance they have rendered in preparing this volume for the press.

C. H.
ST. J. H.

January, 1923.

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MY JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD

MY JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD

CHAPTER I

TORONTO—VANCOUVER

The Washington Incident—American and Canadian Reporters—Golf.

August 1st, 1921.
Canadian Pacific Railway, Private Car "Montmorency"
(One day out from Toronto).

FOR the first time since leaving England, where the heat was great, we are in cool weather. My rooms on the *Aquitania* were rarely less than 80 degrees at night and in the train to Washington and back the thermometer was 105 all night.

I spent three delightful days at Mr. Bullock's charming house at New Rochelle, which is close to the house I had called Bolton Priory at Pelham Manor* about fifteen miles from New York City.

Despite the heat all of us have slept very well and are extremely merry.

In Washington the President gave me the longest interview ever given to a private person—one and a half hours. At the banquet there were forty present, including the Secretary of State, who is next to the President. The President himself had left for the north, but before going he again greeted me most cordially.

As I was lunching quietly at Washington with the Overseas Writers' Club (a club composed of writers who have lived in Europe who wish to bring about better Anglo-American relations),

* Lord Northcliffe's country house during the time of the British War Mission to the United States in 1917.

a telegraph boy came in with a slip of paper saying that Lloyd George had made an attack on me with regard to a certain reference I had made to the King. I have never referred to the King since I have been here and did not know what it meant. A few minutes later further information was received. I sent to Lord Stamfordham a denial.

I have since found out that an assistant correspondent in the *Daily Mail* office, in Bullock's absence with me, sent a stupid telegram ascribing some statement to Wickham Steed. The statement appeared in the *New York Times*, and Wickham Steed protested next day, as can be seen from the *Public Ledger*.

It is quite impossible to control newspaper writers here: if you say nothing they say it for you. They say what they think. One travelled from Washington to Toronto with us. I said nothing to him—I wonder what he wrote. At every golf course, if they can find out where you are going, they follow in fast motor cars with cameras and cinematograph machines. At the two houses where I was entertained yesterday (Sir J. Willison's and that of Mr. McCarthy, K.C.) they made themselves a nuisance.

As I dictate this in the train, I receive a long telegram from an important Canadian newspaper, asking me to write on ten questions which I am to answer the first thing to-morrow morning. Here are a few of them—

(1) What are your opinions of Premier George making use of in Parliament and drawing King's attention to newspaper statement unverified and which proves to have been incorrect?

(2) Will you state whether your control of *The Times* is assured?

(3) If Premier George was deposed, who could or should replace him?

(4) What are the prospects of Labour Government coming into power and what resultant effects would you anticipate?

I have wired to the Editor that I am on a holiday tour.

From Vancouver I have got over twenty invitations. We are there for a few hours. One is to attend the manœuvres of the American Pacific Fleet. Others are to attend conventions and banquets and the like. Vancouver being "wet"—that is to say drinks can be obtained—Americans hold their banquets there. Montreal is also wet, also full of conventions and gatherings. Toronto is dry, though I saw no sign of it. The public here had a year's warning that no liquor could be imported after July 18th, 1921, but everybody with any money bought as much

as he could. It is kept in concrete cellars which are, it is said, being continually blasted open by burglars. To show what they are after they take the wines and spirits only, leaving all valuables severely alone.

I keep the same hours as usual, making allowance for time. The time question is very difficult here. There are three times—Standard Railway Time, Solar Time, and Daylight Saving Time. The time kept in Toronto is entirely different to that of Hamilton, which is about twenty miles away.

Invitations have been pouring in from Japan, New Zealand, Australia, Honolulu, Fiji Islands, and the Philippine Islands. Every Australian State has asked me to attend a banquet. I send the same reply to each—

"Highly gratified and honoured by invitation, but regret that as this is a holiday tour for health and is very brief I cannot take advantage of your hospitality. I desire to stay at hotels and private houses of friends so that it will be possible for me to see Australian life (or Chinese or Japanese) as it is. My itinerary has been mapped out for me by friends resident in your country."

So far that telegram has had very little effect. The British Columbia people and the Australians are extremely pressing and hospitable. You cannot travel incognito.

A very well-known hotel in New York offered to take my party for nothing for the sake of the advertisement. A number of hotels are telegraphing the same offer.

At the golf course yesterday, Sunday, despite the fact that most of the Toronto people are away in their forests or lakes, they gave me no peace. Men and women alike watched my performance, which was quite a good one. I beat a much better player than myself.

* * * * *

This car is one of the new type of private cars. The bathroom is excellent.

August 5th, 1921.
Canadian Pacific Railway, Private Car "Montmorency."

Late one night, on the way here, at a place called Calgary, an unexpected deputation arrived outside my private car, headed by the chief local editor. There were ladies with flowers and addresses. I had gone to bed and could do nothing. Next day the Vancouver papers said I "declined to see any reporters at Calgary." On the following morning at seven o'clock, before we were up, a deputation of ladies brought beautiful flowers and

asked me to sign their guest book. I sent out word that it was impossible for me to see them. This sort of thing is very trying; you are not given a moment's peace.

At 11 p.m. on arrival here at Vancouver there was an immense crowd at the station. We were all pretty tired, having travelled from New York to Washington, Washington to New York, New York to Toronto, Toronto to Vancouver—the longest continuous railway journey I have ever made.

I am sending to Mother and one or two others copies of the chief local paper here. It will be noticed that a Japanese reporter says I will receive people from ten to eleven at the hotel. I said nothing of the kind, but the people will be here in mobs. (They were.) Many years ago I promised to speak at the Canadian Club here. I am doing so to-day. It is the first statement, and the only statement, I have made on this side of the Atlantic. I have prepared it very carefully for several days.

Not having been in a fixed bed for many a long day I thought I should have some peace here, but at two o'clock this morning a man walked into my room without any ceremony and asked for a copy of my speech in advance.

At one o'clock I made this speech. At three o'clock I am to have a private game of golf without any cinematograph people, camera men, or reporters. At six o'clock visit American Fleet.

We go on board after dinner and sail at six in the morning.

The Canadian Club at Victoria (which is sixty miles away) have actually got the steamship company to delay the steamer, S.S. *Makura*, so that I can go on shore there to make a speech. I have declined. I think one of the reasons for the intense curiosity that is shown is that people in these places hardly ever see anybody.

Vancouver is a very fine city. It has grown greatly since I was last here. Last night at the station on my arrival it was touching to see people holding up copies of *Answers* and the *Overseas Daily Mail*. Others held copies of *The Times Weekly Edition* to attract my attention. They wanted to show they were English.

The American Fleet is here to-day and is being entertained by local Scotsmen.

What does rather appal me is the fact that for three hundred miles coming to Vancouver we have seen Chinese and Japanese by the hundreds. A long interview, which I did not give, appears from me in the local Japanese newspaper here. All I said to the man was that I was grateful for the offer of the Japanese *Osaka Sun* (*Rising Sun*) to entertain me, that I had received gifts from the proprietor and knew the editor, Sugimura, well.

Now for Honolulu.

Pine is well and most useful. Harold Snoad has been excellent. Frederick, despite the immense difficulty of the constant change of clothes, has done very well. Prioleau is doing his utmost to get something like a " lark " out of this turmoil.

We are all just longing for the comparative quiet of a ship.

CHAPTER II

VANCOUVER—HONOLULU

Japanese Reporters—" Ghosts "—Loyalty of the British Columbians—With the U.S. Fleet—Golf—Life on Board Ship.

August 8th, 1921.
Pacific Ocean, S.S. " Makura."

E are in a different world altogether. This ship, the *Makura* (8000 tons), goes backwards and forwards from Vancouver (British Columbia) and Sydney, Australia. It is owned by the Union Steam Ship Co., Ltd., of N.Z., which is, of course, like everything else, under the control of Lord Inchcape. The passengers are Australians and New Zealanders returning from holidays in Canada, some also coming from London, Americans on their way to Honolulu, and emigrants going to Australia. My little lot is the only party of globe trotters on board. There is very little pleasure travelling round the world nowadays. Money is too scarce.

* * * * *

Our last day in Northern America was as busy as the first.

A novelty was introduced in the shape of Japanese reporters —certainly unknown during my last visit to Vancouver. The Japanese are spreading their tentacles in British Columbia as in California. They have their own newspapers, and the chief Japanese newspapers, such as the *Asahi*, have their own resident correspondents here. For the first time I met a different kind of Japanese to the bowing kind—the little men who continuously bow and say, " Will honourable Lord give honourable interview ? " We were tackled by a big, hulking, prize-fighting sort of Japanese reporter; he brought another pugilistic Japanese with him.

At Vancouver I made the only public speech I delivered on

this Continent. The meeting broke the record for the Canadian Club—750 tickets being sold and 500 people standing in the galleries. There was the usual what I call "the rising of the ghosts" after the luncheon. Mr. Golder, a sub-editor of the *Bicycling News* when I was at Coventry in 1886, I recognized; a schoolfellow at Henley House School (1880), whom I didn't recognize; people from the early days at Grand Falls; people who had been entertained at our houses years ago; several who had been in her Ladyship's * hospital and were most grateful; and Mr. Johnson, a local editor, son of a vicar of St. Peter's, who had often played in Elmwood † gardens as a child.

It would do English people good to see the intense British loyalty of the British people here. To hear them sing "God Save the King" is a revelation. Their "O Canada" is a very touching national anthem. Here it is—

> "O Canada, our heritage, our love,
> Thy worth we praise all other lands above.
> From sea to sea, throughout thy length,
> From pole to borderland,
> At Britain's side, whate'er betide, unflinchingly we'll stand.
> With heart we sing, 'God Save the King,'
> 'Guide Thou the Empire wide,' do we implore,
> 'And prosper Canada from shore to shore.'"

These people are fighting pro-Germanism and pro-Sinn Feinism. If we get into another warm corner, they will, I am quite sure, swarm over as they did before. At present they are disturbed about Japan.

The night I left Vancouver I was entertained by the American Fleet which is here in force. Capt. Leigh of the *Tennessee* took me over his fine battle-cruiser. I was greatly impressed by the mechanical part of the ship, but I believe our people think it is too complicated. I didn't like the luxury, and I thought the sailors very young. The officers seemed to be very English. Capt. Leigh himself was with Admiral Sims in London during the war. The food is entirely different and superior to that in English warships. There is a bakery; a cakery; a giant ice-cream factory; dental parlour; reading-room; a daily newspaper printed on board; moving-picture theatre; gramophones, stentaphones, and many other things I have forgotten. By a system of microphones orders can be heard all over the ship at the same time. I propose going on to a Japanese battle-cruiser and a British one if I get the chance and comparing the luxury

* Lady Northcliffe.
† Lord Northcliffe's house at St. Peter's, Thanet.

side. Capt. Leigh told me that the American Navy is dismissing 12,000 sailors this week by order of Congress.

* * * * *

We went on board the *Makura* at ten o'clock, and I was so tired out I fell asleep instantly and knew nothing of the start of the ship. I woke up at Victoria, the delightful capital of Vancouver Island. Young Mr. Vanderbilt, whose mother and father had been to our house recently in London, motored 150 miles to meet me and take me to golf. Of course, there were reporters there; also photographers. There were no caddies, so Vanderbilt insisted on carrying my clubs for me, which gave the photographers a "live news picture."

I played golf very well in America, except on one occasion, when the heat actually melted the wax on the strings of the clubs.

* * * * *

This ship is a little piece of the British Empire way out in the Pacific. Capt. Crawford is a New Zealander who left Scotland in infancy. He is an extremely well-read man, and, by Jove, how British! I went to service yesterday and noticed how he ordered "God Save the King" to be played after the service. To these people there is nothing like Great Britain.

Later.
Pacific Ocean, S.S. "Makura."

This morning for breakfast I had something I had never seen before: a kind of fruit that looked to me like large walnuts in skins. I thought they were walnuts, but they were the fruit of the passion flower. They must be cut in half, and then you have a delicious gelatinous pulp with little seeds rather larger than raspberry pips.

My quarters here are not like the palatial rooms of the *Aquitania* —no more the four-post bed and large dining-room and sun parlour. But I am in a very comfortable, and quite a wide outside cabin, with plenty of ventilation. At the end of my bed is what I call my shrine: photographs of my family and friends, which I look at every morning and evening, and all the little keepsakes that were given for the voyage.

The Pacific is exactly like any other ocean, and *so far* quite cool, cooler than Carlton Gardens,* Totteridge, and Elmwood; much cooler than when I left England. This morning, while I am dictating this, it is only 68. During the time I was in America and Canada it was 80 and over 90, and in the train to

* 1, Carlton Gardens, Lord Northcliffe's town house.

and from Washington over 100. Looking out of the windows of my cabin, I ask, " Where am I ? " I might be between Dublin and Holyhead or in the Mediterranean, or in the Atlantic. The fact is that all seas look alike, except in storm times.

As we are continually travelling westward, we have to change the clock every night. This Monday, August 8th, we are exactly seven hours behind London Summer Time. It is five minutes past four in London—the *Daily Mail* conference is beginning.

There is the usual ship gossip. Yesterday twins were born. The night before last, there came an S.O.S. from a steamer some eight hundred miles from us. We picked up their wireless, which continued for fifteen minutes, when it abruptly stopped.

People are beginning to talk to each other. The array of silk stockings on the deck chairs is dazzling. They dressed for dinner last night for the first time. Prioleau, looking about five and twenty, who is really nearly forty, has many glances thrown at him. I get none. The prevailing intonation on board is Yank, and all men and women are in large goggles and spectacles like those I wear. Many of them are of plain glass. It is one of those curious American fashions that sweep over their continent like influenza.

The chief electrician on the ship is an interesting man. He is from Pitcairn Island and is a descendant of Christian, the leader of the mutiny of the *Bounty*. I mean to have a good talk with him. He is, of course, partly Polynesian. At the golf club at Victoria we saw a very pretty and graceful dark girl. I was told that she is an Hawaiian, of the Sandwich Islands, as we used to call them.

I fear I am repeating myself in these letters. If so, please forgive me. I am so busy reading up the Japanese question, reading about the Pacific, and many Australian novels, that the circular letter is perforce hurriedly done.

The catering of this ship is very interesting. Much of the food is put on board at Sydney, such as eggs. The butter and cheese are from New Zealand. The fruit and vegetables are largely Hawaiian. Pine, to his annoyance, finds that English stout is 2*s.* 6*d.* a bottle, but that he can get an excellent bottle of Australian claret for eighteen pence.

Later.
Pacific Ocean, S.S. " Makura."

After all, what is most important to the circumnavigator is washing. What to do about the laundry ? When we left Southampton we gloomily murmured to each other, " We shall have no washing done till we get to Australia. We stop nowhere

long enough." As soon as we reached this small ship (oil driven, by the way, as was the *Aquitania*), we found an excellent laundry on board.

* * * * *

It now looks as though I must remove India from my list of places. A great part of my holiday will be spent on ships, and even with great luck I do not see how I can do Japan and China and be home in January if I visit India, which I have been to before. What with alterations of steamships, owing to the war, and strikes, definite plans are difficult to make. Including American and Canadian railway journeys we have now wiped off about nine thousand miles out of the forty or forty-five. Later we are not going to travel in this comfort.

Still Later.
Pacific Ocean, S.S. " Makura."

N.Z. Government very anxious for me to stop a few days.

August 12th.
Pacific Ocean, S.S " Makura."

Just arriving at Honolulu. Most wonderful weather so far.

CHAPTER III

HONOLULU—FIJI—NEW ZEALAND

Hawaii "a green, mountainous country"—Government House, Honolulu—Golf—Surf-riding—The Southern Cross—"One Tree Island"—Suva, a very Beautiful Harbour—"Greenness of the Fiji Islands"—An Australian and New Zealand Colony—Intense Heat.

August 14th, 1921.
Honolulu, S.S. "Makura."

EARLY on Saturday morning I looked out of my cabin windows at my first view of Polynesia—the Hawaiian Islands, *O-why-he*, which were named by Capt. Cook, the Sandwich Islands. (*O-why-he*, the Americans here say, was Capt. Cook's "h"-less English sailors' way of pronouncing Hawaii.)

Somebody said to me when I told them I was going round the world that I would find Honolulu "up to sample." It most certainly is. Peering out at dawn I saw a green, mountainous country, the jagged hills of which were like no alpine view I had ever seen, but which are exactly as shown in Capt. Cook's books. Honolulu is the chief town in these islands. Except for the fact that there are no sky-scrapers it is quite American in aspect. More than half the population is Japanese. For the first time, I saw little Japanese ladies running about in their graceful clothes, most of them carrying little doll-like Japanese babies. A representative of the Governor, together with Lord Inchcape's agent, who is the principal British merchant in Honolulu, came to meet me at the ship with every minute of the day planned.

It is strange to set foot in an entirely different kind of country. Practically everything, except the motor cars, is different. The reporters here were very much nicer than those I have met anywhere *en route* so far, or, perhaps, I was in a better temper than usual, having received a welcome cable saying the strike at Grand Falls * is over. We were provided with a fine twelve-cylinder

* The township in Newfoundland where the paper mills of the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Co. are established.

car driven by an elderly Portuguese chauffeur, who very promptly acquainted me with a grievance against the British Government which my newspapers might take up for him ! From the crowded quay on which there were many English and Americans who had come to meet me, we drove to the hotel. Passing through the streets I noticed American soldiers. The traffic control is, as in any other American town, excellent. We were followed by reporters and moving-picture men.

I was so confused by the many different nationalities here that I could not tell one yellow race from another. The morning paper was being sold everywhere by little Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Philippinos, and mix-ups—every colour but white. All the servants at the hotel were Japanese. We had an excellent Pacific fruit known as Papaia or " Paw Paw," which is a sort of melon. It is delicious and contains much pepsin. The usual American delay after the first course, but after many hints to the " captain " of the dining-room we got away at last.

By this time it was only half-past eight, but they had made such a programme for us (the ship sailing at three o'clock) that it was obvious that there would not be one minute to spare all day long.

I have read many descriptions of Honolulu, but nobody can describe it. I will make very little attempt.

First I went to the rooms of the British Club which numbers three hundred members ; a rare little British shrine in the midst of this queer population. Although this early hour, a number of the members were there to greet me, including our Consul and many members of my Overseas Club wearing their buttons. They have a full-size billiard-table. Round the wall there are portraits of great Englishmen ; the roll of honour of those killed who volunteered from the British in the Hawaii Islands ; English newspapers and periodicals, including plenty of mine ; British relics of many kinds, including an interesting letter of Lord Nelson's ; portraits of the King and Queen and Prince of Wales, and plenty of flags.

The " Hundred per cent. American " is making it difficult for British traders in these islands, the chief organ of American propaganda being the two excellent newspapers here. Though thousands of miles from New York the news supply every morning and evening is practically as good as in New York itself ! The United States Government gives the use of its wonderful naval wireless for this purpose. Like the Germans and the Japanese, they regard news as vital. I wish our people did. The poor English news in the Canadian papers is bad for the Empire.

As the American Press is supplying to the Canadian papers full telegraphic service for practically nothing, it is not to be wondered at that some Canadians become Americanized.

Of Canada, a Canadian said to me, " We are getting a lot of the American emigrants of the farm class, but they are getting our immigrants of the business class."

The man who took charge of us in Honolulu was a Scotch-Canadian who has become American.

After leaving the British Club, we motored along a wonderful suburban road lined with such flowering trees as I have never seen before. There are fourteen hundred kinds of hibiscus here. The flaming red hibiscus is a wonderful tree. The most gorgeous flowering tree I have ever seen is the Gold Mohur. I looked about for birds. The only one I saw except the sparrow was the Indian Mina. He has been lately introduced here for killing the caterpillars; a noisy little devil, and besides killing the caterpillars he is now destroying much of the fruit.

We came to the golf club, which is situated in a ravine in the mountains. We had the usual crowd waiting—the photographers, reporters, and moving-picture men. On the whole I was well satisfied with the golf that Murdoch and I displayed in entirely strange surroundings, with the perpetual clicking of the cameras and the feeling that one is still on board ship with the greens rising before one. We were only beaten by one of their players, and he was the best they had. Murdoch said I drove farther than I have ever driven before, and I believe it was true. Concentration to avoid listening to the clicking of the camera and the turning of the cinematograph makes one think of nothing but the ball. The turf was excellent—a kind of course I have never seen before, and green, green, green as Ireland. By some queer and satisfactory arrangement of nature it rains nearly every night in the hills here.

Prohibition is, of course, the great joke, as in the U.S.

While the American does not recognize the negroes at all, the Hawaiians are regarded as equal. Such of them as I was able to see were certainly graceful and gentlemanly people, and you will remember that Capt. Cook so described them, though eventually, by some misunderstanding, he died at their hands.

After golf we went to one of the great spectacles of the Pacific, the cliff precipice known as The Pali, at the head of Nuuanu Valley. Looking over the edge of the precipice you see a great and distant plain with winding roads, rather like looking down the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona. In the last Hawaiian war there had been no mercy on either side, and the

warriors of Kalanikupule's army were driven over this terrible cliff. The wind was so strong here that Prioleau found that he could not stand. Motor cars have been blown over. We motored back down the beautiful winding mountain roads. (The roads here are superb.) We passed *en route* into Town again many more motor cars than we see in England.

I went to present my compliments to Governor Farrington by arrangement. He is a newspaper owner, and his son is an assistant of Frederick William Wile in Washington. My visit was brief and formal, as afterwards we were to meet Governor Farrington at lunch. He occupies Government House, which was formerly the royal palace of the Hawaiian King and Queen. As we went up in the lift I could see portraits of Queen Victoria, Napoleon, Louis Philippe, and even Gladstone and Disraeli (very good portraits too) together with those of many British soldiers and sailors. The Hawaiian royal family must have lived in very considerable style. They seem to have been remarkable people.

Quite a number of Americans complain of the form of government under which they live here. Apparently, for example, a cable came from Washington that on a certain day they must all become teetotallers willy nilly.

At the present time, the islanders are anxious to counteract the Japanese menace by importing thirty thousand Chinese. It is thought that by importing Chinese they will kill two birds with one stone—get more labour, which is wanted, and have a counterweight to the Japanese, who, by the way, have five newspapers here, any number of theatres and stores, and are most prosperous.

By Lord Inchcape's request we were entertained by his agent, Mr. Davies, at his delightful house in the same road by which we came in from golf. Rather an Indian kind of house, I thought. There were also present the British Consul and his wife. There were a Japanese butler and Japanese parlourmaid (in kimono). They waited quietly and quickly. How excellent land food tastes after ship's food! Even private railway car food is not land food. We have had four days of that and seven days of ship food. It was a teetotal lunch I noticed—the first I have seen since I left England. At the golf club, by the way, an Hawaiian gentleman offered me his flask. We had plenty of mineral water and a nice fruit drink. The heat was 85 degrees.

While golfing I saw some guava bushes, with fruit which looks like small lemons. Guavas are very agreeable to taste. We know them as guava jelly.

Before leaving, at three o'clock, I had, whether I liked it or

not, to sign my name in several " guest books " and call upon each newspaper office. Both are excellently equipped.

I did not visit Pearl Harbour, seven miles from Honolulu, where the Americans have spent four millions sterling on a naval station.

We are so busy with wireless messages from Fiji, Auckland, and Sydney that I have not mentioned half the things we have seen : the Aquarium, where the fish are of all colours and shapes, almost impossible to believe, even though you are looking at them. Most of them are edible. Then there is the famous Waikiki Beach. Sir Frederick Treves said, " One great joy of Honolulu is the sea bathing, for nothing can surpass it. Those who find delight in this rudimentary pursuit must go to the Hawaiian Islands to understand it in its perfection. It may be claimed that there is luxurious bathing on the Lido by Venice, or at Atlantic City, or on the coast between Cape Town and Durban. These places, as Mercutio said of his wound, ' will serve,' but they fail to approach such bathing as can be found in the cove which lies in the shelter of Diamond Head."

The water is quite warm. Indeed, for days, it has been impossible to get a cold bath in this ship owing to the increasing warmth of the Pacific. Young men and maidens, who, by the way, sit about in practical nudity, have a pastime called surf-riding. The riders push out a skilfully shaped board about the size of a canoe, and ride in the sea standing or lying on this board. I cannot imagine how they balance ; the breakers are, of course, high. Some can stand on their heads on these boards ! The boards are beautifully made of red-wood, and costly. There are all sorts of queer sports here, such as shooting flying-fish with guns from small boats. There are mountaineering and several kinds of shooting ; two or three golf clubs ; and polo in plenty.

As I have said before, I begin to believe that no one can describe anything. One of the best books I have read about this part of the world is by the late Jack London—no mean penman—and it gave me no idea of it.

After our visit to the newspapers we made a dash for the boat and arrived there at 2.59, the sailing time being three o'clock. The captain would have " held " the boat for me, but I am determined I will not set a bad example to the other passengers. There was an immense crowd there, much calling of " aloha " and throwing of presentation flowers, while a native band, which is called the Royal Honolulu Band and is composed of natives, played " God Save the King." The people in the steamer threw out paper streamers to the shore. There was more

singing by native Hawaiians about " aloha " (something like our " good-bye "), and after seven hours of very crowded life we were all again on the sea and making our way to the Fiji Islands, where at Suva the citizens have organized a meeting. We had lost many of our American passengers, who had landed at Honolulu, and taken on a few for the Fiji Islands and New Zealand.

It is intensely hot at night.

We have some noisy passengers on board whom we have not had before. They were still singing hilariously at 2.30 this, Sunday, morning. Other passengers suggested *I* should complain to the captain. I know all about ship rows and feuds, and I shall complain of nothing.

Monday, August 15th, 1921.
Honolulu to Fiji, S.S " Makura."

At Divine Service yesterday on the ship I noticed a Chinese man and woman. The clergyman, Canon Pughe, knows brother Harold.* For six weeks he officiated at Totteridge † at a time when Mother was away. He asked for prayers for two of the crew: both men who had been gassed in France are said to be dying from the temperature.

I have not said very much about the heat. So far, none of my party has felt it very much. We have a side wind, called the Trade Wind, all the time. I suppose we are getting used to the climate. We live in white clothes. (Although I bought twelve suits in London I found them not nearly enough, and had to buy many more in the United States.) We drink fruit drinks and grape-fruit juice, but the food is certainly not tropical. Here is the day's menu of the day we crossed the equator—

DINNER.

Ripe Olives — Sardines à la Diable
Potage Soubise — Iced Consommé
Boiled Canadian Salmon, Parsley Sauce
Haricot Ox Tail Paisanne — Salmi of Teal à la Diana
Roast Sirloin Beef, Horseradish
Roast Stuffed Fore Quarter of Lamb au Jus
Corned Pork and Peas Pudding
Chouxfleurs à la Française
Cabbage au Beurre — Mashed Pumpkin
Roast and Boiled New Potatoes
Date Pudding, Vanilla Sauce
Apple Charlotte — Swiss Roll

* Lord Rothermere — † Totteridge, Herts.

Neapolitan Ice Cream and Wafers
Cold : Ox Tongue Garlic Sausage
Cod Roes on Toast
Peaches Plums
Almonds Muscatels
Cheese : Roquefort N.Z. Cheddar
Coffee served in the Lounge and Smoking Room.
R.M.S. *Makura.*

The voyage is passing rapidly. I have plenty of books and there are more deck games than there used to be at sea. Deck tennis is played with a kind of soft quoit ring. It is one of the quickest games I have seen.

It has developed into a rather noisy ship. We are almost entirely Australians and New Zealanders, very few English and some Americans. I wish they would stop singing choruses before one in the morning.

We have not seen a ship since we left North America, except in the harbour of Honolulu. Yet it was on these waters that the Germans found so many of our ships. We have not heard enough about that part of the war. I did not know before that the Germans had seaplanes here, and that their habit was to pass over a ship and drop a message on the deck, " Follow me or I bomb you." The ships being unarmed had no alternative.

It is almost time we saw the Southern Cross. Looking out last night, I saw Charles's Wain and felt very much at home. Later I saw the Southern Cross, a very poor constellation.

We see nothing but perfectly smooth blue sea and an occasional flying-fish darting along the water.

We tick off three hundred and fifty miles a day exactly.

There is dancing on board every night, and very early rising in the morning ; electric fans and punkahs going everywhere all day and all night long ; heat getting bad.

We have to remember that this is the easiest part of our voyage. We are daily getting cables from Australia asking my attendance at this or that function, club, or Legislature. The only one I have accepted is for a luncheon given by the Prime Minister of New South Wales.

August 16th, 1921.
Honululu to Fiji, S.S. " Makura " (On the Equator).

I do not know how one manages to sleep in this heat, but one does : I had quite seven hours last night and an hour in the afternoon. All the windows are opened wide : the wind is

scooped into the cabin by a kind of shute. Electric fans going. At six this morning, 84 degrees in the cabin. On deck there is a coolish breeze. Scarcely a wave on the Mediterranean-blue sea. Thousands of flying-fish skim the water like little seaplanes.

I always begin the day by thinking of the whole of my home circle and what they are doing.

To-day is the 16th. It is a month since I left, exactly, and the time is about ten and a half hours different, so that when we lunch at one you are all in bed, or should be, at home. From to-morrow it will gradually begin to get cooler.

We arrive in New Zealand, August 27th. A young lady to whom I was talking last night tells me she is looking forward to her spring garden with its narcissi and daffodils. In Australia it will be just a fraction later in the spring. There will be new peas, asparagus—and the first horse races of the season, which are the chief events in Australia.

August 17th, 1921.
Honolulu to Fiji, S.S. " Makura " (Crossing the Equator).

Like so many things one has heard about a great deal, the equator is disappointing. The flying-fish seem to be celebrating the occasion by unusual activity. It is just 85 in my cabin: on deck there is a cool breeze. There are no ceremonials about Father Neptune coming on board.

It is strange to think that to-morrow week I shall be starting another spring, and that it may be wet and cold in Auckland, New Zealand, the time being rather like the last week in March at home. Flowers the same.

The two men who have been so ill with the heat are better this morning. A few of the passengers have succumbed, but not many.

August 18th, 1921.
Honolulu to Fiji, S.S. " Makura."

We passed a lonely little island this morning with one solitary palm tree. The sailors call it " One Tree Island." Stores of water and food are kept there in case of shipwreck.

I can find no one on the ship who knows New Zealand.

August 19th, 1921.
Honolulu to Fiji, S.S. " Makura."

I wire to Mother every day. How shall I manage about Friday, when there is no Friday? I will try to explain. Every day since leaving Southampton we have put the clock back, sometimes an hour, sometimes only a few minutes. On Friday we shall have put the clock back twenty-four complete hours, so

that a whole day has been missed. The captain is said to have decided to have no Friday on board.

The difficulties of my Australian visit grow greater every day. I have had so many invitations that if I accept them all I shall see little or nothing of Australia.

August 21st, 1921.
Honolulu to Fiji, S.S. "Makura."

How difficult it is to find out the facts about anything! Before I left London some one told me that my cigars should be enclosed in little celluloid cases. My tobacconist laboriously wrapped all my cigars in silver paper. In a climate like this, where the humidity for days has been over ninety—that is to say, there is ninety per cent. of water in the air—everything is damp. People here said, "Haven't you got tubes for them?" One passenger has kindly provided me with a hundred of these tubes, *which he bought in London*. It is, of course, too late. Most of my beautiful cigars are ruined.

I understand that most of the passengers wear nothing at night. I certainly don't, and even with the electric fans going at full blast, port hole and wind scoop open, the sheet on which one lies feels like fire and is wet through in the morning.

* * * * *

Last night we had a fancy dress ball, for which the young women have been working up for days. The scantiness of some of the costumes I must ascribe to the climate. New Zealanders and Australians are not at all like us staid Britons—that is very obvious. One lady appealed to me about the costumes of some of the girls. (I am Chairman of the Passengers' Committee.) At that moment a young lady with hardly any clothes on passed with her mother! A nice Mrs. Jay busied herself and provided Prioleau and me with costumes. I had a beautiful silk mandarin robe two hundred years old. I am getting quite frivolous.

* * * * *

I would like those who gave me little keepsakes before I left to know that among the most used are Mother's little book * and the case of scent bottles—nothing is more refreshing than eau de cologne and lavender water in the tropics—and the medicine chest, which is used every day, the thermometer and barometer, and the automatic "dater" given me by my wife's mother. This morning, owing to the skipping of a day, every

* *Daily Light on the Daily Path.*

one is at sea as to what day it really is. My little dater tells me that it is August 21st.

* * * * *

I have been thinking over my Canadian and American excursions. Do we people at home realize that we know nothing about road making? Wherever you go in the United States and Canada gangs of men are making great new concrete roads for the accommodation of heavy and light motor traffic. I am sending to Lord Montagu a list of American and Canadian road publications. We are very slow in this matter.

* * * * *

As to my movements: apparently, we leave Australia on October 1st in a four-thousand five-hundred ton steamer—the S.S. *St. Albans*—stopping at Brisbane and one or two other places, pass through the Torres Straits to Sandakan, Borneo, thence to Manila, where we expect to arrive October 19th. All of it tropical. It will be a come-down from the forty-seven thousand ton *Aquitania*.

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We have no news on this ship owing to its defective wireless apparatus. Personally, I don't mind, but many of the passengers are indignant.

August 22nd, 1921.
Suva, Fiji, S.S. "Makura."

At dawn this morning we were among the Fiji Islands; very beautiful they are to look at. We arrived to the minute in this very punctual ship, in a very beautiful harbour. There was a considerable crowd to meet me, including the inevitable cinematograph man. It appears that the Fijian natives are very fond of the cinematograph, although they cannot read the wording. The Fijians, until lately, were the most ferocious of all the peoples of the Pacific, and it was hinted more than once that in the remote districts they still resort to their favourite cannibalism if they get a chance. They are very fine-looking people.

I was surprised at the greenness of the Fiji Islands. There are vast acres there just waiting for people to go to them. The roads around Suva are quite good, and the number of motor cars surprising.

We had a delightful lunch in a kind of bungalow belonging to Mr. Scott, K.C., who is Mayor and chief man of the district. We had various good things for lunch that we had not seen before: yam, a kind of immense potato, is excellent with butter, pepper, and salt. Prawns wrapped up in fig leaves were very good. We could not get bread-fruit—it is not yet in season. I saw it growing; it looks like a gigantic green orange. We did not have

taro, which is the root of a gigantic arum lily. Nor did we have kava, which is a liquid that if taken in sufficient quantities numbs the legs and makes the brain active, so that imbibers become merry but immobile. There is a tale in this ship *Makura* of some American tourists who took so much that they had to be carried on board, though perfectly sensible.

As I have said, most part of the day I was whisking about in a motor car too fast for seeing anything.

Of the birds, I only recognized a small swallow and the Indian Mina. There are lovely trees; one called the weeping fig tree is like a gigantic weeping willow. The hibiscus is everywhere.

* * * * *

The " live wire " of the islands is evidently Mr. Scott, from whom I learnt an immense amount during the five hours I was with him.

The Fijians seemed to have retired to the interior. Round about Suva in the sugar and rice fields work appears to be almost entirely done by Hindus and a few Mohammedans. I noticed a wooden mosque. The Indians have been on strike for five months on the pretence of being badly used. They look better than they do in India. Many wore necklaces composed of sovereigns.

I was touched by the public reception given in my honour. Some of those present had come very long journeys (two hundred miles) to see me. The Overseas Club had sent a deputation from the neighbouring island, Levuka. I spoke on the subject of disarmament, but it did not interest them nearly so much as a mention I made of their monthly ship starting to London.

I heard the missionaries very well spoken of here.

The day was hot. Apparently it rains very much in these islands. Almost every one we met said, " What a lovely day! " with an atmosphere of surprise. The roads around the town are excellent, but the motoring was much too fast for my liking.

We had a great send-off in the evening. Hundreds of streamers were thrown from the ship to the people on shore, making a very pretty effect.

Within an hour of leaving Fiji the temperature began to fall. It was 85 in my cabin yesterday morning, the morning of arrival. This morning it is 74. In the middle of the night I was frozen.

August 25th, 1921.
Fiji to New Zealand, S.S. " Makura."

Twenty-four hours from New Zealand. Very cold. At Fiji, three days ago, tropical heat. To-day, winter. Snoad in bed as a result—he had not expected so violent a change. I am well and very keen.

CHAPTER IV

NEW ZEALAND

Lovely Auckland—English Flowers and Birds—Sir Francis Bell—"Ghosts"—The Best Golf Course in New Zealand—The Volcanic Marvels of Rotorua—Maoris—The Domestic Servants Union—Rainbow Trout—Finest Fishing in the World—Opportunities for Immigration.

August 26th, 1921.
Auckland.

HIS is a hastily dictated note on a small part of the North Island of New Zealand.

It is a moving moment in a man's life when he first beholds the Antipodes—the land that is right at the other end of the world, the land where at eleven o'clock in the morning when I am off to golf you are just going to bed. What I saw when I peeped out at daybreak very much reminded me of the cliffs round Bournemouth—the Canford Cliffs for example. The situation of Auckland is very lovely.

I find the harbour described by Kipling as "last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite." The town itself, which forty years ago was nothing, is a handsome place with thousands of homes with gardens surrounding them. Most of the houses are made of wood, of course, but of great variety. Pine, my chauffeur, said to me during the first morning, "The climate here is exactly like that of Provence in spring time"—brilliant, crisp in the morning and evening, hot in the middle of the day. The acting Prime Minister, Sir Francis Bell, travelled all the way across the island to greet me on behalf of the Cabinet. The Mayor, members of the Overseas Club, returned New Zealand soldiers, and others gave me a great welcome. Any amount of kindness was showered upon us—motor cars offered, flowers, and everything one could think of.

One feels quite topsy-turvy here. On August 26th, on my first motor drive in New Zealand (thirteen miles from town to the golf course) I rode through very English-looking suburbs

with gardens filled with every kind of spring flower, plus wonderful camellia trees, palms, tree ferns, cabbage trees, and immense mimosa trees. There is a silver mimosa here as well as a golden one. I was disappointed at the absence of birds. There were sparrows—some few. When I got to the golf course, there were a number, mostly English thrushes and blackbirds. It was very strange and home-reminding to hear them singing their nesting song (in August). There were many kingfishers. They seemed to be everywhere and to be very tame. I also saw a large-sized fly-catcher about as big as a thrush with a long tail, known as the Fan Tail.

The best bird I have seen since I left home is the mighty albatross. They met the ship about a day out of New Zealand. They are the finest flight birds in the world. They are able to propel themselves at terrific speed and swerve up or down without any apparent effort. They have great beaks and claws and measure from wing tip to wing tip from ten to fifteen feet. The sailors have a cruel sport of throwing out a line with meat on it and catching them by their claws, which they turn into tobacco pouches.

I shall never forget that first motor drive in New Zealand. The roads in this part of New Zealand are frankly infernal. I am told that in the South Island they are good. Much of New Zealand is volcanic, and where you have a pumice-stone base and powdered pumice the roads are fairly good. At the golf club there are no caddies. In fact, I hear that there are no caddies in New Zealand. No one is out of work. The courses are mostly flat inland golf courses, covered with sheep, and so rich is the soil in places that eight hundred sheep can feed on a hundred acres. The light is brilliant and distances difficult to judge.

There is no accent here at Auckland; the people speak English, and in some parts broad Scotch is still spoken.

One of my golf hosts was anxious his should be the first New Zealand house I entered. Outside it looked like an English house; inside a mixture of American and English, most of the rooms having no doors. His garden took me back to April in England in the twinkling of an eye, except for the camellia trees. I forget how many varieties of daffodil he had there. My host asked me for one of my visiting cards to frame, with a photograph. Some have been to English public schools, and Caius is, apparently a popular college with New Zealanders.

The owners of the two Auckland newspapers gave me a public luncheon at one o'clock—a very excellent meal. The New Zealand oyster is a funny looking fellow, but he is very

good to eat, and, like some other things here, incredibly cheap. Sir Francis Bell made a speech about me. There were present, as in every place I go to here, many returned New Zealand soldiers who were without shells in France. And so I got terrific applause. (It will be remembered that just after the shell agitation I spent two days with the New Zealand army at Armentières.) After the lunch I was taken off in a new Daimler car, which had just arrived from England, to the Town Hall. There were the Mayor and Corporation; the Mayor with his red robe and chain of office, just as in England. More speeches. There was a great crowd and more returned soldiers wanting to shake hands.

When you look at a Canadian audience, it is difficult to say whether it is or is not American. When you look at an Auckland audience there is no mistake about it. It is English.

After this a motor-car procession was formed and I was taken round the town. Naturally, the Mayor was anxious to show me the bridges, buildings, and fine suburbs and the growth of the city in the last five years. I was taken to see the first house built in Auckland, which has been removed to a public park or domain, the word they are so fond of here. It is a little old wooden shack built in 1841 by a Scotsman, who eventually became a millionaire. Then, in a nice open-air pavilion, a terrific tea was served. What butter! What cream! The table was decorated as tastefully as any I have seen with violets and all the spring flowers you will get next March, not forgetting the primroses. But too much to eat.

I had determined to cut short all speechifying and entertaining in New Zealand. It is very difficult to do so without giving offence. We were refusing invitations by wireless all the way from Fiji. On arrival of the ship a great stack of telegrams and letters was handed us, and they have been coming in ever since. I ought to have brought another secretary, and may pick up one.

There was again what I call the "rising of the ghosts." The President of the Wellington Club telegraphs, "I was your next-door neighbour in Hampstead in 1888. Do you remember me?" One at a meeting produced the first number of the *Daily Mail;* and so on and so forth. In New Zealand, much more than in Canada, there are people one has known because New Zealand has been filling up more recently. At every turn there was a ghost of the past.

In order to get away from the crowd, I determined to go inland for the first night. The Government provided me with

a private car for my journey, and the whole party have free railway passes all over New Zealand. The railways are narrow gauge (3 ft. 6 ins.) and they don't hurry. The carriage was not very comfortable, but I went to sleep and was awakened at Hamilton and told that we had arrived. The Mayor and Corporation, and the local member of Parliament were on the platform. The usual number of motor cars were waiting, and after shaking hands with the Mayor and reporters I was driven to a little hotel about as comfortable as a small Scotch hotel. Though eleven at night there was the usual hearty meal—lots of meat, butter, and tea were offered. Having been up since daylight and worked pretty hard by the public, I was dog tired.

(Three days ago we were in the tropics at Fiji—temperature 85 in the shade. We are now at the end of winter and beginning of spring—cold in the morning, hot in the afternoon, and cold at night.)

At Hamilton is the best golf course in New Zealand. The captain of the club, Mr. Gillies, is a brother of Dr. Gillies (known as Giles in the golf and Garrick Club world), who is probably fishing in my little river in Hampshire at this very moment. For some three miles the road is called Vardon Road, a little later, Braid Road, then Taylor and Duncan and Sandwich Roads. The course is called St. Andrews. Some of the holes are copied from Princes', Sandwich. The whole thing was forest and bush ten years ago. Gillies was plus one. He gave me one up and a half, and just beat me. I think I unnerved him by getting a three at the first hole, to my immense surprise. The light was as difficult as at Mont Agel, Monte Carlo, at noon.

Before going to golf I visited the Government Farm, where they have an avenue of New Zealand trees planted by visitors, one by Onslow, then Governor—about a hundred different varieties, none of which, except the mimosa, I had ever seen before. They asked me to plant a tree—the rarest they have, the Cabbage Tree (*Cordyline australis*). The farm was wonderful. On the way there I had been to one of the many glaxo factories in this country. The milk was being brought in by young farmers. A sample for analysis is taken from each great can. The milk is then weighed by some Danish apparatus. It is never touched by hands, for the cows are, in New Zealand, milked by machinery, almost entirely. I saw as much milk and cream here as would have supplied a regiment. Many of these farmers are gentlemen by birth and often comparatively recent arrivals from home. *I have not met one who wants to go back*, though there are a number of Cockney soldier settlers craving to get

railways are not paying expenses. The trains stop a considerable time at stations—very pleasant for us who want to look about.

There appear to be no very rich people and no poor people. The devotion to Mother England is fine. They love to be compared with England. But they are afraid of the influence of American films.

To-day, August 29th, at Rotorua, is the first wet day I have seen for months, for I had seen no rain in England for long before I left. I feel that I want to go out and walk in it. What with my letters, the baths here, which are of every possible kind (Nauheim, Wiesbaden, Harrogate), and novels to read, I am content with my comfortable little room with a nice wood fire. It is quite impossible to tell I am not in England until I look out of the window, where I see a kind of motor omnibus going to places with astounding names—*Whakarewarewa*, *Ohinemuto*, *Rerewhakaitui*, and other places with as many as twenty letters.

One is constantly surprised with the number of "To Let" and "To be Sold" notices outside farms and houses. It is explained to me that in a country like this people do not necessarily settle down permanently. They are willing to sell at a profit and buy another place, which is quite understandable.

I think there is much more leisure here. Every town has a racecourse and football grounds, and each of the sixty-two newspapers is filled with amusement advertisements.

August 30th.
Rotorua.

My rainy day soon cleared up.

I went out with Mr. Moorhouse, the Government inspector of fisheries, to see some of the trout I am unable to catch owing to the close season. We know nothing about trout in England or Scotland or Ireland or, I should think, anywhere else. The rainbow trout going up the little rivers here (which form the big lake) on their way to spawn were in such quantities that as we went up in a boat we literally forced our way through them. The rainbow is one of the quickest of fish, but the throng was so dense in places that they could not get away from each other. It was an inconceivably beautiful river, very like a winding Hampshire stream, but with mimosa, palms, and all sorts of unfamiliar New Zealand trees on the banks. It was evening, and an English blackbird was sitting up high in a mimosa tree singing his evening song. There is a good deal of bird life here. Wild duck are in great numbers. I saw that watercress is becoming a curse in New Zealand. It grows in dense masses and chokes the

rivers. One stream rises from a deep and bright white spring with such force that you can put a penny in the water and it can't sink. Down this deep spring the big rainbow trout were enjoying themselves, swimming head downwards. It is no good trying to describe the thing—the beautiful evening light and shade, the birds, trees, and wonderful cloud effects.

Before this I went to a fish hatchery. The inspector, an Englishman, whose assistant was an old Scottish soldier who fought under Rhodes in the Matabele war, told me that we are backward in our English hatcheries at home. He believes I could improve the fish food in my river at Hook * by importing "whitebait," a tiny New Zealand fish like a small minnow. Pine threw bits of bread to the rainbow trout and they dashed at it with a hundred times the force of a carp at Fontainebleau.

I saw a flight of wild black swans. Pheasants are wild here. I think they look a little different to ours. (They are the Chinese pheasant, I hear.) They were, of course, imported originally, as were the Californian quails. Shooting is free, and capital.

Some of the New Zealand roads are good. But the roads about here are such as I have never seen before. After rain, chains are put on the wheels to prevent skidding. The mountain roads are dangerous. I have publicly announced that I have seen all the mountains, lakes, and oceans I ever want to see, but I am not tired of volcanos, boiling waterfalls, and geysers with their queer moods. The air here is so full of sulphur that our silver money turns black in our pockets. The dial of my gold wrist-watch has faded owing to the sulphur. I begin to dislike this eternal odour.

On the whole I consider that Rotorua is the most interesting place for a holiday, other than London or Paris, that I know of. Within easy reach of this hotel there is the finest fishing in the world, and excellent deer-stalking. There is a great opportunity here for botanists and nature observers. There are deer, rabbits, duck, teal in myriads, and wild swan. When I say that the local anglers measure their annual catch by the *ton per man* I am not exaggerating in the least. Talking to-day with an English angler who has killed every kind of fish in New Zealand, he says that when they first come out here anglers will insist upon whipping the stream, whereas the big rainbow trout lie in deep water two to three feet below. Mr. Moorhouse, who has been very kind to me, tells me that our Mayfly has been imported and, like everything else here, breeds in millions. They come away from the lake and get round the

* The Lyde, Hampshire.

electric lights in the streets and have to be swept up in bushels. Fishing is of all kinds—upstream as in Hampshire; wading; fishing from boats where the streams, which are very small, enter into the lakes; and trailing behind a boat, which practice I personally dislike very much. The rods used are twelve-foot split cane.

I have been making more inquiries about emigration. Young skilled British dairy farmers, industrious, married preferably, but not with large families, can get immediate engagements here on a sharing basis, but they must learn Colonial ways.

The more I study the volcanic eruptions here, the mud holes, and the geysers, the more weird I find them. It is like Niagara—it grows upon one.

* * * * *

It is now exactly six o'clock and we must have dinner, for at seven the servants clear out. These early dinners are detestable. And there is nothing to do in the evening here during these dark spring months.

August 31*st*, 1921.
Rotorua.

August 31*st*, after breakfast with *me*, dinner time *last night*, August 30*th*, with *you*. It is a boisterous spring morning just like home, but with the mimosa and palms swinging about.

This is my day's diary. Ten o'clock—golf with a young gentleman from Weybridge, who has been put in charge of my amusements. I notice many chaffinches, larks, thrushes—all from Home.

Eleven-thirty—a hot sulphuric acid bath.

(By the way, one reason why things grow so rapidly in this neighbourhood is the warmth of the earth. If you dig to the depth of a spade the earth is quite warm. When you get down to eight feet you come across one of the many kinds of hot springs.) The bath I am taking is accompanied by electricity and massage. It probably does me no good, or harm either.

One o'clock—lunch; too much meat. Afterwards sleep.

Three o'clock—visit King George's Soldiers' Hospital.

Four o'clock—motor to one or other of the unbelievable little volcanic districts round here; hot springs; holes with liquid mud bubbling and making a horrible noise; great fissures in the rocks which once every five minutes or five years, according to the nature of the beasts, vomit forth boiling water or mud. The people here regard these manifestations with much satisfaction. (When they cease the Maoris get very nervous, fearing a recurrence of previous volcanic calamities.)

New Zealand is in about the same period of immigration development as were the American colonies (established 1620) in 1700. People say to me, " My grand-parents came out from the old country," or " Mother and father came out from the old country." " Mother told me that the English sea fish are of much greater variety than we have here." " I was brought out from England when I was two years of age. Father would not stand the squire and parson business." The squire and parson seem to have made a firm impression upon the New Zealanders and to have driven out very fine people.

As I think I have said before, I cannot conceive why any person of the agricultural class remains at home. Every New Zealander knows the word " milk-sharing," which means this: A young farmer and his wife come out from England, with enough capital to enable them to look round. The man must have a skilled knowledge of cows, and in return for his services he can start with £180 a year salary and get a bonus on the profits of the milk and butter sold to the co-operative creameries or glaxo factories which are everywhere here. He must come before he is too old to get used to the ways of the people, and his wife must put on no frills. I meet many who came and now own fine farms. As in America, practically everybody has a motor car. Indeed, you can't move without one; the railways are few. Work is very hard, but as a " milk-sharer " you are a partner and can soon be a master.

For a pound a year you can have deer-stalking (five stags per gun), and for another pound you can have fishing, better than any in the world, all over New Zealand. There are no game laws here; everybody shoots over everybody's land, and, as for rabbit shooting, farmers pay you to come and shoot them. With regard to deer, they are getting so numerous that two thousand have had to be slaughtered in one district alone this year. No wonder these young people are very different to the peasants of Essex and Wiltshire. Their attitude is more like that of Scotch people (but with no respect for the laird). They are independent but polite.

I am all the time trying to detect whether they are developing an accent. I find that some of them say " *veree* " for " very " and " *Sydnee* " for " Sydney."

New Zealand is the land of British family mysteries. On occasion heirs to titles and fortunes have been unearthed here. But the New Zealanders certainly don't like titles. I should think, first, because in the mind of each of them there is the desire for a Utopia—a land of equality, and, secondly, because

they have had some very bad specimens of titled people here. Even now each town has its little coterie of well-born remittance men—those who live upon doles from England.

I heard a lot more about fishing last night from the gentleman who keeps the stationery and postcard shop. He has his own motor launch and goes away for a week's fishing at a time with people from the resident magistrate, the chief man of this place, downwards. It was the resident magistrate, by the way, who said to me, " I hear you wish to be left alone for a few days." I said I should be grateful. He replied in a good Scots accent, " It will be done," and it has been done.

Every town we come to there is a set of English chimes, sent from London they tell me, and just as I am going to bed the Westminster chime strikes ten.

CHAPTER V

AUCKLAND TO SYDNEY

New Zealanders "absolutely English"—Smooth Seas—Sydney Harbour "heavenly."

September 6th, 1921.
Auckland to Sydney, S.S. "Maheno."

THE Government sent a private car to remove us from Rotorua—a hundred and seventy miles inland from Auckland by rail. At every station people met me with whom I compared notes as to emigration. I am very sure of my facts. There is room for millions of people here. I will not try to describe the country, which changes every mile. Sometimes it looks like Surrey and sometimes like the South of France. A great area is covered with gorse, which reminded me of Sussex. Here and there is a piece absolutely like England, and again Scotland. The people are all absolutely English.

When I arrived at Auckland I was met by the Mayor. I wanted to see the New Zealand birds which have become extinct, so I drove off to the museum and saw many strange specimens. I saw a reconstruction of the Moa—a gigantic ostrich. The leading citizens presented me with a Kiwi—one of the wingless birds of New Zealand.

I looked forward to a quiet evening by myself, but I did not get it. People from the "old country" kept calling in. At the hotel they gave us a special New Zealand dinner: white-bait, which are freshwater fishes; oysters cooked in the Maori way; a kind of bisque écrevisse; New Zealand lamb (not as good as our lamb); passion fruit and other local things.

As we came along to-day the fields were full of lambs, calves, and fowls. All the trees have their new pale-green spring suits.

• • • • •

On the morning of sailing away, the Mayor, and a number of other people, came at a quarter to nine to take me to see their

art gallery and collection of early manuscripts and books. When a rich Auckland man dies he seems to give something to the city, and they have a very much better collection than they know, especially of early English missals. There are four Caxtons, Shakespeare folios, and priceless documents referring to the early history of New Zealand. There are some wonderful Maori pictures, too.

After this, off to the little steamer, the *Maheno*, which, during the war, went several times round the world. I expected a tiny cabin, but, to my surprise, I have a room nearly as large as my dressing-room at Elmwood, with a nice bed.

The sea routine begins again. Tea at seven, bath at eight (best part of the day), breakfast eight-thirty; deal at nine with the wireless, which always comes during the night. Lots of the home cables sent me at Sydney have been transferred to wireless so that I get them at once. Mother is at Southdown enjoying her wheel chair; Ladyship starting her round of visits. Ladyship's brother wires me that he is meeting me at Sydney Wednesday morning (I have not seen him since I was twenty—thirty-six years ago).

After this, deck exercise and chat with the captain till lunch. After lunch, dozing and reading and more deck till six, when, at this abominable hour, owing to the stewards' trade union, we dine, leaving a very long evening. If the stewards work more than eight hours they get overtime pay. It is to avoid paying overtime that we have this early dinner.

This ship is practically Australian; many of the folk drink tea with every meal.

Among the most interesting people on board are a Scotch lady, well over seventy, going round the world, and a young missionary from the Solomon Islands, who is one of the best pianists I have heard. He tells me that pianos will not keep in the Solomon Islands owing to the damp heat. He plays here all day long—Chopin most of the time.

In the evening there is the tramp up and down the deck, the usual people sleeping in their deck-chairs, and couples in dark corners. There is nothing much to talk about; no news comes on board. We look at the Southern Cross, a disappointing little constellation.

We wonder what is going on in Ireland. We get no news.

At nine o'clock my junior secretary starts to read up Australia to me. At home you have just had your morning tea, are reading your paper in bed, or shaving.

I think I have had enough sunshine to last me a lifetime.

We are to have a great deal more. It is April in Australia, which is very fine usually. By the time you get this (about the middle of October) we should be approaching the Philippines, after a very hot voyage round the Australian coast—look at the map. I have come now some thirteen thousand miles and have not seen the sea rougher than a smooth day between Dublin and Holyhead.

* * * * *

Sydney Harbour heavenly. Climate like Riviera.

CHAPTER VI

SYDNEY

Overwhelming Reception—The Shell Campaign and Gallipoli—Sunshine and Plenty—Alleged Slums—Ministerial Luncheon.

September 12th, 1921.
Sydney.

"THE rising of the ghosts." Australia is full of them. Many people who have formerly known me or members of my family greet me on my arrival at Sydney.

I am so busy this week that instead of dictating my usual disjointed jumble I am having a letter made up of some of the newspaper cuttings which give, as far as possible, the movements of my party.*

I have been overwhelmed by the reception here. Great crowds we meet everywhere I am announced to go, and always with cheers, headed by the "diggers" (returned Australian soldiers). No speech is ever made here without reference to the shell campaign and my criticism of the Gallipoli expedition (in which so many Australian fathers and mothers lost their children), and especially our criticisms of the delegates to the disarmament conference at Washington, in which the whole of this continent may be involved.

It is quite impossible to describe this town or any town. The main town and suburbs extend right down to and round the harbour; people can walk from their houses to swim, or sail, or golf, or cricket, or horse race. My impression of Australia is that there is too much amusement here. We have nothing like it at home.

I am in another world of flowers and birds, quite different from New Zealand.

* Reprinted at the end of the volume (pp. 286–290) in Appendix I.

I cannot bear to contrast our vast slums with the sunshine and plenty here. I was taken to what they call a slum here, but there was no slum about it. Butchers' shops are as plentiful as lamp-posts. I looked at the prices in a butcher's yesterday. Meat was twopence, threepence, and fourpence a pound, and the highest price was sevenpence-halfpenny a pound. Oranges are twelve for sixpence, bananas twelve for sixpence, butter two-and-six a pound. Margarine is unknown, of course. The house rent for a small villa is from thirty shillings to two pounds a week.

CHAPTER VII

MELBOURNE

Inconvenient Railway Travelling in Australia—Lord Forster—Government House—Opposition to Immigration—Australian Giants—Cheap and Abundant Food—Alleged Melbourne Slums—Civic Reception: Sir Joseph Cook, Mr. Swanson, Mr. Lawson—Visits to Newspaper Offices—Melbourne "very Parisian."

Thursday, September 15th, 1921.
Melbourne.

E are so busy with the immense correspondence which follows us everywhere that the home letter this week is again composed of newspaper cuttings.*

* * * *

The railway system of Australia is divided into three gauges: one, 5 ft. 3 ins.; the second, English gauge; and the other, 3 ft. 6 ins. This difference of gauge is a curse to travellers. Everything has to be transferred from one train to another, causing much discomfort and delay. The two railways I have so far travelled on (New South Wales and Victoria) are on the whole good. The sleeping-car was as good as any I have had anywhere. Speed good; meals good, but too abundant. I was interested to see that all the passengers had eleven o'clock morning tea, the universal custom here.

I was not anxious to visit Government Houses, however kind one's host and hostess. People who wish to see you are afraid to come to Government Houses.

This Government House is almost a palace. It is a copy of old Osborne House, in the Isle of Wight, before it was made into a Naval College. The ballroom is nearly as large as that of Buckingham Palace. Frederick, my servant, says that it takes him three minutes to come to me from the domestic quarters!

Everything is perfectly done here. Lord Forster (better known as H. W. Forster, a cricketer, and M.P. for Sevenoaks for

* Reprinted at the end of the volume (pp. 291-301) in Appendix II.

many years) has only been here a year, but, so far as the Australians like Governors at all, he is much liked by the people and he likes them.

Friday, September 16th, 1921.

It is two months since we sailed from England; and the last three weeks of the time have been the most interesting three weeks in my life.

This place is so far off and the working people are so determined in opposing immigration, lest others should come to share their prosperity, that there is no effective official propaganda at home for emigration to Australia. As I have said, I cannot understand anyone staying at home who has the money to get here with. Everything is cheap, except house rent and the best quality of clothes. Eggs are 1*s.* a dozen, cooking butter 1*s.* a pound, and best butter 1*s.* 10*d.* Cream and milk are used in extraordinary quantities, with the result that some of the fattest men and women I have ever seen are to be found here in Melbourne. The Victorians are giants. I seem to be surrounded by giants.

Typical of the situation here is an incident that happened yesterday. A quite well-dressed man came up to a Salvation Army Commissioner, with whom I was inspecting alleged slums (which resemble our poor suburbs and are no worse), and said—

"Can you give me the price of a meal?"

"Certainly," replied the Salvation Army man, and produced a ticket whereby the man could go and get the usual three-course meat meal at the nearest Salvation Army Headquarters. "That be damned," said the man. "I want a meal at the Palace"; and turned on his heels. (The Palace is a restaurant of the same status as Lyons's Trocadero.) That is one of the very few instances of poverty I have seen or heard of in Australia.

I arrived at Melbourne at the same time as Cardinal Mannix. I was a little surprised to find that the crowd took absolutely no notice of him and came to cheer me.

* * * * *

At the theatre the other night, in a play (most amusing) called *His Lady Friends*, Joseph Coyne, an actor well known in London, brought the house down by a statement that his matrimonial troubles were getting him into the Divorce Court, into newspaper headlines, and, worst of all, photographed in a *Daily Mail* hat!

* * * * *

"Ghosts" continue to rise:—

Mr. Bernard Parker, who transacted the sale of the *Evening*

News, and is now a Member of Parliament for Western Australia; Emma F., daughter of the proprietor of the Wheatsheaf in St. Peter's, where I once stayed when I was twenty years of age. She calls her house here "Thanet"; Mr. J. A. Newton, who was on the staff of the *Bicycling News* with me in 1884.

* * * * *

I am so pressed for time that the newspapers must tell the rest of the story.

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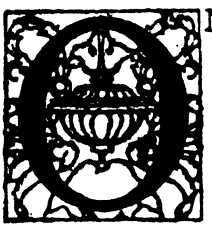
CHAPTER VIII

TASMANIA

Civic Reception at Launceston—Sir Elliott Lewis—Motoring in Tasmania—English Scenery—Daffodils and Peach Blossom—Government House, Hobart—A State Dinner—Public Reception at Hobart—The Old Convict System.

September 16th, 1921.



N Friday afternoon, September 16th, 1921, I left Melbourne by an excellent little steamer for Launceston, Tasmania, a voyage of some sixteen hours. I took the opportunity of going to bed early, and I did not wake all night. The captain of the ship told me that he had received a telegram from the authorities at Launceston that I was to be met by a small boat and taken ashore *at six o'clock in the morning*, in order that I might have plenty of time to see the town and receive the usual deputations. Despite a wireless message sent, the ship was stopped and they got on board. I was asleep and knew nothing of it.

Launceston is a fine little town, situated a long way up the Tamar river. It resembles a Scotch provincial town, such as Perth, only newer, cleaner, and with wider streets.

On behalf of the Government, I was met by Sir Elliott Lewis, a thorough Englishman though Island born, educated at Oxford and the Inner Temple; an aide-de-camp from the Governor; and the Mayor. Then a procession to the Town Hall, and speeches.

A State motor car had arrived from Hobart, the capital (130 miles away)—an Armstrong-Siddeley, an excellent car.

At the museum I saw photographs and implements of the aborigines. The last died some thirty years ago. They are said to have been like no other people in the world as to speech and appearance.

* * * * *

I left my staff behind on the mainland, except Prioleau and

Frederick, who went on with the baggage—which had to include a tall hat—to Hobart.

After a peep at the local golf course, we sped down the great high-road through Tasmania made by the convicts one hundred years ago—a magnificent road with splendid bridges. Here and there were buildings, like little Scotch houses, with loop-holes from which the inhabitants used to protect themselves against the bushrangers and aborigines, up to the fifties. The scenery, on the whole, is very English (sometimes extraordinarily so), except for the parakeets and so-called magpies, which sing very beautifully. There are many other birds the names of which I do not know. As we motored farther south, it grew colder. It must be remembered that not only the seasons but the latitudes are reversed here. When I left New Zealand the daffodils were nearly over ; here it is daffodil and peach blossom time. Arum lilies grow wild in profusion ; there are hawthorn hedges ; primroses (in gardens only) and all the spring flowers.

At Campbelltown, where Scotch and English farmers settled exactly a hundred years ago—many descendants of whom are still living in the place—there is a huge sheep station.

The customary wrong kind of emigrant came up to speak to me. An Englishman, fifty-four years of age, brought his wife out here, having sold an excellent business at Chester, to settle in this island of Tasmania. I have never seen a man so home-sick. He had nothing good to say for it. But at that very place, a young man, named Nicholson, formerly a picture-frame maker at Broadstairs, introduced himself to me and told me he was doing very well. He owns the chief local garage and a travelling moving-picture show.

I conversed with Sir Elliott Lewis the whole of the seven-hours' journey. He was well stored with facts, and, I think, that in my four days in Tasmania, what with my travels, reading of blue books, and interviews, I mastered the situation of this very beautiful but under-populated country It is as large as Ireland, with a population of less than that of Peckham. Small as the population is, they have done wonders in a hundred years. They have built fine roads, railways, developed electric power stations, and have really comfortable hotels (about the standard of the Station Hotel at Perth). The host or hostess is on equal terms with you and sits down at your table and talks with you. The inhabitants as a whole are just like country folks at home.

* * * * *

I think I told you that the ballroom at Federal Government House, Melbourne, is larger than the ballroom of Buckingham

Palace. Government House at Hobart is not as large as that, but it is very large indeed and most beautifully situated, looking out on the river Derwent, which is so wide that ferries take a quarter of an hour to cross it.

Here was great state, much more than at Sydney, much more than at the Governor-General's (G.G., he is called here). Very nice people, His Excellency and her Ladyship * (who, by the way, is not called " Excellency," as the Governor-General's wife is). Nothing could be kinder than the way we were treated the whole time we were there. There was a State dinner the first night we arrived. Twenty leading people came, including the Premier and Chief Justice.

* * * * *

I have rarely seen a more beautiful sight than that when I drew up my blind in the morning—a lakelike river surrounded by beautiful mountains. After breakfast, the Governor drove me up one of the mountains behind the town—a winding road exactly like the roads behind Monte Carlo, the same mimosa and the same eucalyptus trees, but not the same birds. I saw one of the local robins, a dear little fellow, with a breast absolutely vermilion. I was then borne off to the great Zinc Works which make a very necessary war material, the only one within the Empire.

Then followed a State luncheon and reception. By bedtime I was pretty tired. The frogs in the grounds made a noise such as I have never heard before—shrill, but musical, and one bull frog uttered the same croak every minute.

* * * * *

Monday was a very busy day, beginning with an excursion round the harbour, with all the leading inhabitants, in a yacht with a band that played a medley of recent home tunes ; and for once a curious wave of home-sickness came over me.

Prioleau has been dealing with invitations all day and fought them by telegram before we arrived.

I went to a little private Zoo kept, for amusement, by an old lady of eighty-two. There I saw the Tasmanian Devil, a small, ugly little thing. I also saw the Tasmanian Tiger : it is a kind of brown wolf, and dangerous. Tasmania has its own birds, animals, and flowers, although only sixteen hours from Australia.

Tuesday night there was a great civic reception in the building of the Royal Society. The Government went in full uniform. We had to go in tall hats and the rest of it. The occasion produced many of the enormously tall men you meet in this part of the

* Sir William and Lady Allardyce.

world. There were little old ladies, several of whom curtsied, who looked as though they had come out of Dickens.

After the reception I greatly enjoyed looking at some of the manuscripts of the early history of the island, dealing with the terrible convict story. How many, by the way, realize that, as recently as 1850, little boys and girls of eight and nine were sent out in convict ships to Tasmania (then called Van Diemen's Land)? I looked at some of the charges against the children. One: a boy, son of a widow, transported for stealing a shilling. Two: a girl of ten, sent out from York for scorching linen in a laundry.

I am sorry to say that the Englishmen of 1850 were worse than the Huns. Boys and men were thrashed to death. The convicts served a life sentence in enormous heavy chains which bound their hands and feet; to these were attached giant iron balls. They lived in dreadfully dark cells so made that they could not lie down. The graves of two thousand of them are situated on Death Island. The only way to escape was across a narrow neck of land in which were kept savage and hungry dogs chained to a long steel bar. Yet men did escape. A party of, I believe, five, escaped to the bush, and, casting lots, ate each other until the last two men sat face to face. One killed the other and ate him.

I was unable to visit the dreadful convict establishment at Port Arthur, mentioned in *For the Term of his Natural Life*. The journey was too great for me. I saw it through a telescope.

* * * * *

Two ghosts arose in Tasmania:—

One, as I have said, had been a picture-frame maker at Broadstairs and framed pictures for me twenty years ago. He is a good success in Tasmania. The other was assistant editor of the *Review of Reviews* with Stead, and saw me often in Cork Street, Piccadilly, in which we lived in 1893.

CHAPTER IX

TASMANIA, MELBOURNE, AND SYDNEY

Tea-drinking in Australasia—Fertility of Tasmania—Cold and Rain—Lord Stradbroke—A Great Australian Farm—Mr. M'Whae—At Madame Melba's Home—Primroses.

September, 1921.
Tasmania and Melbourne.

EVERY country has its own customs. The custom in this part of the world is to provide you with refreshment, chiefly tea, at every place you go to. Throughout Australasia, "morning tea," served at eleven o'clock, is universal in every house, hotel, train, and boat. On my first Australian railway journey, I saw all the passengers filing along the corridor at eleven o'clock and wondered what was happening, when I heard the restaurant steward calling out, "Morning tea, morning tea." On my last morning at Hobart (Tasmania), I visited the newspaper offices, but I was only able to spend a few minutes at each. At each place I was offered tea.

I forget how many morning papers Tasmania has (certainly a dozen) with a population of two hundred thousand. Hobart (population 45,000) actually has a Labour daily, *The World*, much larger than the *Daily Herald*, and much better written. It is edited by an Irishman I met many years ago, one Gray, son of Sir John Gray, M.P., who owned the *Freeman's Journal* years back.

* * * * *

It was a cold morning. (Hobart is, I suppose, the town in the British Empire nearest to the South Pole.) We started for a journey due northwards to a place called Burnie. For eighty miles we went up the old convict highway to Campbelltown, where some of the leading inhabitants were waiting for us, including the picture-frame maker from Broadstairs and an old

Englishman from Chester and Manchester. I talked a little Lancashire to him. I told him that Tasmania was " champion " with " jannock " people and everything " gradely," words in daily use in the Manchester *Daily Mail* office, but almost unknown in the London office. He expressed his intention of getting back to Deansgate as quickly as he could, and told me, with some pride, that his father had had seat No. 10 or 12 in the Manchester Stock Exchange. What on earth induces a man to sell out his affairs and come thirteen thousand miles to a totally different kind of life ?

We turned to the left on to a side road here. This part of the country is divided into enormous stations (farms). It was very cold and rainy, a typical English day in March, but with mimosa and many other of the flowering trees. At times it was quite impossible to realize that we were not in England—hawthorn hedges in blossom, and primroses. Then suddenly we realized we were far, far away, when we came into a wood of mimosa, scattering flocks of shrieking parakeets.

At Deloraine we found a most excellent English hotel, kept by a Mrs. and Miss Fitzpatrick—the leaders of local society. They had the easy manner of all people of Irish origin ; they sat down with us in a perfectly natural way, without any air of familiarity. They were the leading people of the town, and we were their guests.

We were frozen to the marrow.

There was nothing in the hotel to indicate that we were not at home in England. But when I drew my blind next morning, I saw a holly tree literally bowed down with berries. That's what happens here. Periwinkles and St. John's wort spread and become what are called noxious weeds. Rabbits increase in millions. Furze has developed, has much bloom on it, and is a curse to farmers. Bullocks grow to an enormous size.

They can grow anything in Tasmania, but have no people to grow it. It is one of the most fertile countries in the world.

Later, when visiting Madame Melba, at Coldstream, she showed us some English carrots she had planted ; they were two feet long and a foot in diameter at the top. Brown and rainbow trout grow to thirty pounds. One man in twenty is a giant. So frightened are the people that other new specimens of animals, birds, and insects will be introduced that the matter is now State controlled.

I think I mentioned before that watercress develops so rapidly that it blocks rivers. If this development has taken place in a few years, what will happen to these things in centuries ?

Next morning was wet and cold again, but with occasional

glimpses of sunshine. We started through very beautiful country, very English, for Devonport. Here we were not only in England but in Cornwall, for on the lunch menu were Cornish pasties and Devonshire cream. I saw pasties in the shop windows. The lunch was exactly the same as in England; the same kind of people, too. But the plenty of it!

I was received by the Warden of the district. (I am not quite certain what a Warden is. I think he is a kind of Chairman of the County Council and Mayor in one.) He told me that receptions had been arranged for me at every place on the road, and thought I should be pleased about it!

(Here, at Devonport, rose the usual ghost: Mr. Curtis, son of the late Byron Curtis, editor of the *Standard*. He told me that anyone could make money in Tasmania if young and willing to work. He has done extremely well here.)

We dodged some of the receptions, passing through the towns rapidly and waving our hands to the crowd. There was a place called Ulverstone where that was impossible. There were too many people. I was led off and had to make a speech.

I wonder if people at home realize that these people don't want immigrants. They fear immigrants will divide up the work and the land too much. There is no more unpopular topic in Australasia than immigration, except among the thinking people, a few of whom realize that Japan will otherwise certainly occupy Australasia. I spoke on immigration everywhere.

On leaving Ulverstone we made for the port of Burnie on a road which reminded me in places of that from Larne to Portrush, in Ireland. In one place there is a Giant's Causeway with the same hexagonal formation as in Ireland. In parts, it is like the Corniche d'Or, the dangerous road that runs from Cannes to Fréjus. In other places we were in the Esterel, and for the most part in heights, greater or less, right round the sea. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and we thought the sea would be against us. (We were to travel that night in a five-hundred-ton boat to Melbourne—sixteen hours.)

They gave me a banquet here at which the chief people were present. On my left sat a nice young fellow who had been a Rhodes scholar, and I realized what a difference Oxford makes. He was one of the few I met in Tasmania who recognized that they are about the most remote people in the British Empire. They are extremely self-contented and self-opinionated, but easy to get on with.

Tasmania is, of course, the old Van Diemen's Land, and only called itself Tasmania when the convicts were abolished. Even

now prison labour is used in public. It was not until I had been there some days that I noticed certain men wearing oddish straw hats. Two were working in the garden at Government House. Quite as a matter of course some one said to me, "Those men wearing straw hats are the prisoners." In a place where labour is very scarce it seems rather a good plan to let prisoners work in gardens and fields rather than coop them up in cells.

Every one of these little towns (I noticed it in New Zealand) has a sort of local Piccadilly. After dinner they insisted upon driving me round the town in the dark and showing me the theatre, which seemed to combine theatre, moving pictures, and dancing.

* * * * *

We had a wonderful passage in that tiny and shabby boat, and arrived at Melbourne, where we stayed at Menzies, the chief hotel in Australia, which is excellent. I had an old Scotch waiter. He had been there thirty years, and is still enraged because people call it "Menzies" and not "Mingies"; old Sir James Menzies would turn in his grave if he could hear these people calling it "Menzies," he said.

Lord Stradbroke, the State Governor, took me to the great Melbourne cattle show, where I saw my second Australian crowd, or mob, as they say here. There were eighty thousand people present. Every twentieth man was a giant; with that exception I might almost have been in England.

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Next day we were to pay our first visit to an Australian station to see something of station life. The station we went to was called Baroonah, owned by one of the earliest families of Scotch settlers, the Russells. They grow the finest merino wool in the world, most of which, by the way, is going to Japan for the making of soldiers' underclothes.

We drove out of Melbourne to Geelong, one of the first settlements of Australia: a wide dusty road, here and there twice as wide as Edgware Road. We turned to the right and drove for miles and miles on what might have been Salisbury Plain. I thought we should never get to the end of it. There were hundreds of miles of it past our destination; no signboards and no houses. The chauffeur, like English chauffeurs, would ask no one the way (there were only two people to ask in twenty miles). After travelling for four hours, on what was quite a good road, we came to a lonely little station where they told us we had passed Mrs. Russell's station some four miles back. We drove back to a gate with no name on it, up an avenue for a

mile, and came to a roomy, single-story house with lovely gardens round it.

This station of Mrs. Russell's is fifty thousand acres, but it is quite small compared with some others in the State of New South Wales. Mrs. Russell thought nothing of our being late; every one is late in Australia.

I might have been in an old English house fifty years ago. The pictures were family portraits going back to the time before the family left Scotland, and the drawing-room was mid-Victorian. It is a very spacious house, full of all kinds of fishing-rods and golf sticks; the billiard-room has racehorse pictures round it. (The racehorse is the Australian's god. Mark Twain said there was a race meeting in Australia almost every day, and when there wasn't a race meeting it was a holiday.) Mrs. Russell sat at one end of the table carving two enormous chickens; the eldest son (there were other sons and daughters and *fiancées*) at the other end, with a tremendous joint of beef. The lunch was full of merry chaff about the small dishes you get in London. Mrs. Russell's description of the minute amount of butter served to each person at the Ritz made them very merry.

After this tremendous luncheon, I asked if I might see the garden and surroundings. This was the first time I saw wild cockatoos, and also kangaroos in a state of nature. My! how they can hop!—for half an hour they can go forty miles an hour. These were semi-tamed, but have a large space to live in. I called it a paddock. The Australians laughed. "Paddock," they said. "Our paddocks are five miles long."

In the grounds there were two emus sitting. They are a kind of ostrich. We also saw the native goose, also sitting, and very savage.

This time of the year is the beginning of sheep-shearing. Mrs. Russell first took me through her model dairy, where the cows are all milked by very simple machinery, then to the shearing shed, where the merino sheep, carrying from twenty to thirty pounds of wool on their backs, are deftly robbed of it by shearers, who have something in their hands like horse-clippers. The clippers are worked by power obtained from the same machine that does all the farm work. The head clippers earn four pounds a day, and they can do so for almost the entire year. They begin in New Zealand, do shearing there, then travel to Australia. We do not see merino wool at home. The Russells told me they had been unable to buy anything made of pure merino in any shop in London; that the wools we have are hard wools, or mixed; and that some merino goes to France, where it is made

into crêpe de chine. It is certainly the softest thing I have ever touched. The wool of the ewe is far softer than that of the ram, and fetches a higher price. At the present time, Japan is the chief client, and, for some mysterious reason, she is buying more than her manufacturers can handle. What is the reason ?

The noise of the night birds and morning birds gave me the first bad night I have had since I left England.

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After saying good-bye to the kind people who had entertained us, we went to see a small station belonging to Mr. M'Whae, who is coming to England as Agent-General for Victoria. It is only one of his stations. His Queensland station is over half a million acres. His son, who did very well in the war, had just arrived from Queensland, having driven four hundred and fifty bullocks twelve hundred and fifty miles. Even bullock-driving is interesting. Almost immediately, one bullock assumes leadership of the lot, and takes his place at the head of the procession every day. He said that when bullocks had been two days short of water, and scented a creek, pond, or pool, the struggle of the thirsty animals was terrific.

The dwelling at this station was just a nice little bungalow. The farm workers here were all English, mighty content with their lot, as well they might be. I talked with them all. One couple had arrived there from Manchester last year. The man had been a van driver with the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. They had lived in a small room at Salford. He showed me, with pride, his house here. His wages were four pounds a week and his keep, and his wife earned a considerable amount by cooking for the other farm labourers. " Meat three times a day," he said, with satisfaction, " with as much cream and butter as you like." " A little lonely," the wife said, but nothing would induce her to go back to England—with its darkness and dreariness.

We drove back to Melbourne, and after three-quarters of an hour's work, I started out to Madame Melba's beautiful home at Coldstream. She calls it Coombe Cottage. It is about as much a cottage as the cottages at the American millionaire resort of Newport. It is a cottage on the scale of the very biggest villa on the Riviera, and with almost the same views. She looks out on to a lovely chain of mountains.

I won't describe her gardens—a mixture of the Riviera and England : a marble swimming pool, pergolas, all kinds of flowering trees, and one great mass of arum lilies about the size of four tennis courts, one of the most beautiful things I have seen. I

think I have mentioned before that arum lilies are a weed in some parts of Australia.

Melba has brought across the world a veritable treasure house, and she has made skilful use of some of the native marbles in her building. My room had a bathroom attached with a great big marble bath in which I could have swum. She is an extremely active woman; goes to bed very early and gets up very early. She has her own conservatoire in Melbourne (twenty-five miles away on one of the worst roads I have ever been on). She derives no fees, of course, but she is in and out of there all the week.

The house is surrounded by a large park, with lodge gates, as in England. The trees, of course, are all " gums " (eucalyptus). Practically every tree in Australia is eucalyptus. Melba has some English oaks planted by her father many years ago. She is very proud of them, and they look refreshing after the monotony of the eucalyptus. There are four hundred kinds of mimosa in Australia, and four hundred kinds of eucalyptus. There are tiny mimosa plants which would grow in pots at home; giant mimosa trees, mimosa hedges, white mimosa and brown mimosa.

Next morning Melba drove me up the mountains to a place called the Black Spur, where there is very often snow. We went to a hermitage where an old man, a German by the way, has lived for many years. He showed me some of the Australian wild birds I had never seen before, one, the crossbill honey-eater, which has a crooked beak with which it can search flowers for their honey. At the time it was shown to me it was hovering underneath a fuchsia getting the honey from above it.

Melba calls her house Coombe Cottage from Coombe Cottage at Kingston Hill, where she was very happy many years ago, in the days of the Countess of Ripon. Here I saw what happens to the primrose in Australia. It grows in dense masses, hundreds of blossoms close together.

I did not stay long at the hermitage, for Melba likes moving about as much as I do. We went off to see a camp of aborigines —perhaps the only ones I shall see in Australia, because we may not be stopping at the northern parts of Queensland, where they are numerous. They are short and ugly, with very wide faces. It is said there are fifty thousand left in Australia. They are most carefully protected by the Government, as are the Indians in Canada by the Canadian Government. Melba told me they had very good voices, and made them sing, which they did remarkably well. When it came to giving them some money, neither Melba nor I had any. I managed to extract a few shillings from the chauffeur. These aborigines live by farm work and

making boomerangs and baskets for the public. One old man threw a boomerang. I have seen it done better at home.

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One peculiarity of this climate is that all of us feel very cold when we wake in the morning. I had my usual sixteen blankets on and a fire at Coombe Cottage, but I was freezing. Some people get headaches. Diabetes is common here; I believe it is the result of too much meat eating. Personally, I felt extremely well. (I am now at sea and away from Australia.)

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We made the night journey from Melbourne to Sydney, an uncomfortable journey because we had to get out at eleven o'clock at night owing to the change of railway gauge. The railways in Australia are so crowded that, in order to get sleeping berths, you must book them two or three weeks ahead. We are provided with State cars practically everywhere, so we do not feel inconvenienced, but my niece by marriage and her brother, Percy, who came to see me from Brisbane, had to travel two days sitting up.

October 1st, 1921.
Sydney, N.S.W.

We sail to-day for Yokohama, eight thousand miles, thirty-five days, touching at Brisbane, Rockhampton, and Thursday Island, but this is practically our farewell to beautiful Australia. I am very sorry to go.

There has been much uncertainty as to our voyage from Australia to Japan owing to the slight outbreak of plague at Brisbane. We had read all sorts of contradictory statements, but this morning we got on board the *St. Albans* (about four thousand tons), the cleanest little yacht I have ever walked. Sir Alfred Meeks, Lord Inchcape's representative, said to me, "We want you to regard this ship as your own, and stop wherever you like." I told him I just wanted to do what anybody else did, but I would like them to hurry up and get to the Philippine Islands quickly, and he gave orders that the necessary coal should be used.

Many people came to see us off at Sydney. There was the usual custom of the passengers on the ship having long, coloured paper streamers thrown to them by their friends on the dock and holding them until they snap.

Pine is a very popular character on this tour. So far he has had nothing to do, but he mixes among the work-people and tells me what they say and how they are treated; he is becoming a most efficient reporter. As we left the dock some one threw a

streamer to him, and pulling it up he found a small bottle of Johnnie Walker's whisky attached to it.

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Almost on arrival in Australia I noticed that different words have different meanings, and that they have many of their own words. I note the following :—

Bonza, which is the same as the Lancashire word *jannock*, meaning a " fine fellow."

Wowzer, an extremely good word, meaning a sanctimonious hypocrite, who is " down " on amusements.

Dinkum, which I should say means eighteen carat or hundred per cent. Thus the Prince of Wales was described as " dinkum."

Sometimes you hear the Cockney say, " Right-oh ! " Here they say, " Good-oh ! "

To express discomfort, discontent, or disgust, two words are used—" Fare cow." I cannot get hold of the derivation. The Australian soldiers wrote home about the life in wet trenches of France being " Fare-cow." The French use the word " cow " as a term of contempt. In the early days of motoring I well remember that angry carters on French roads used to call us " chameau " (camel) and " vache " (cow). You can always pick a fight in France by calling a man a vache.

CHAPTER X

BRISBANE—ROCKHAMPTON—THURSDAY ISLAND

Irritability of Travellers—Golf under Difficulties—Admirable Chinese Servants—Japanese Menace to Australia—S.S. *St. Albans* "a perfect yacht"—Brisbane—Sir Matthew Nathan—Civic Reception—State Ownership in Queensland—A Dangerous Sea—Thursday Island: the Centre of the Pearl Trade—The Smallest Daily Paper in the World.

October 2nd, 1921.
S.S. "St. Albans."

BY agreement we all keep apart from each other in ships so that we shall not get tired of each other. When we started out I told them the old joke of the butler and the master. "You give me notice, John? What's the matter with the post? You have been with me many years, you have been treated like a friend, received good wages, good living, and had plenty of spare time to yourself."

"Quite true, my lord," replied John, "but the fact is I hates to see yer faces."

That is a good motto for a companion, especially as the arch-traveller is a man of somewhat irritable disposition when aroused by politicians, autograph-hunters, reporters, cinematograph operators, camera fiends, admirers, cranks, financial schemers, and leg-pullers in general.

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I have seen Australia at the best time of the year, of course—spring time. I had no idea that it was a kind of glorified French Riviera. I am told by Englishmen who have been to Western Australia (four days' train journey), that it is infinitely more beautiful than the parts where I have been. They say that the variety of wild flowers there exceeds that of Victoria and Tasmania, which I can hardly believe. I have never seen such flowers, birds, and butterflies.

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The golf is far better than I expected. By dint of enormous

struggling—downright rudeness at times—I have managed to get play at Sandringham, which is nearly as good as Sunningdale; at the Metropolitan, Melbourne, through mimosa and tea trees, which make it one of the most beautiful courses I have ever seen; Fisherman's Bend, at Melbourne, not pretty, but very difficult; Hobart Club, Tasmania, bad; Rose Bay, Sydney, quite good; Kensington, Sydney, rather modelled on St. Andrews, but more undulating; Rotorua, New Zealand; Hamilton, New Zealand, A1; one course near Auckland, very good; Royal Victoria, at Victoria, British Columbia; Toronto Club at Toronto; Links Club, Long Island, excellent but heat terrific; Apawamis, New York, which I re-visited after four years' absence, very good; Wykagyll, New York, very good, but tiring; Shaughnessy Heights, Vancouver, where I beat a local eight handicapper level, very good.

I have been playing extremely well on this trip. It is a difficult matter, for the grass in every country is entirely different.

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As I dictate this at sea, wireless is arriving from Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, every two minutes; wires from the Governor, the Premier, Institute of Journalists, Overseas Club, Golf Club, etc., etc. I shan't get my golf after all.

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The sudden transition to semi-oriental life, experienced by those who go on board a ship, the entire crew of which are Chinese or Malays, is curious. These little silently gliding men appear at your elbow as if from nowhere. One soon finds out that they are excellent servants. The food on this ship is equal to any I have seen since the *Aquitania*, and the attendance is much better than on that floating country house. The Chinese servant soon knows your ways; you don't have to tell him anything, and he is as punctual as a well-kept clock. The cleanness of this ship, the polish of the brass and the whiteness of the paint, is reminiscent of a house in Holland, than which there could be nothing cleaner. The scrupulous whiteness of the baths, the brilliance of the table silver, is refreshing after hotel life and railway life in Australia, where everything is, of course, a little slipshod—"casual," as the Australians say.

We may get to Yokohama on November 5th; that will be the turning-point in the world journey.

As I have said, we leave Australia with great regret and much sadness. Much of it is more beautiful than anything I have ever seen, but, alas! it is quite impossible to arouse these people to realize the imminent danger which threatens them in the Pacific.

Sometimes people at home do not realize that Japan's new possessions are within two and a half days of Australia, and that there are quite a number of Japanese in Northern Queensland, most of them pearl fishers, or so alleged. My utterances about the difficulty of maintaining a White Australia have been well received.* Many Labour men have spoken well of them. It is quite impossible to convey to the British people the mentality of people living thousands of miles away from anywhere who have seen nothing but a small part of their own country. They think they are invincible; they believe the Australians alone won the war, and measure the rest of the world by its inferiority at cricket.

Australasia is so immense that, except the politicians and Governors, they know little about each other. In Tasmania, the extreme south, they know very little of the Queenslanders, whose vast State extends to the extreme north. Unfortunately, the Australians and New Zealanders, who came to the war long after our best soldiers had been slain, were put alongside weak British Divisions as an encouragement to those weak Divisions. They judge our physique by the men they met. Even in lovely, little, lonely New Zealand I had to speak quite plainly on this subject. I also had to point out to Australians that for every man they sent to the front we had to provide ammunition and the transport for ammunition, and to look after his food and his transport. To-day Australia is menaced almost as we were in 1914, but she has not got a single arsenal.

A very distinguished man, the Bishop of Willochra, a great-grand-nephew of White of Selborne, who chooses to work among people here, and who lived in Northern Queensland for thirty years, is much impressed with the approach of the Japanese. He speaks some Japanese. He says that they take their own soundings of the coast and make their own surveys openly.

Life on board the tiny *St. Albans* is quite by itself. Food, fruits, and everything else, different. There is a different curry at every meal. I watch the English from China eat their meal; they take a good deal of rice, and some of the curried meat, and then a selection of all kinds of odd things. They add powdered baked coconut, all sorts of chutneys, Bombay duck, and a fish called macasser, which is slightly like the anchovy, but has a very queer taste.

We were wondering very much what kind of people travelled from Australia to Japan. As a matter of fact, not many are

* Lord Northcliffe's most authoritative statement on this subject is given in Appendix III.

making that journey. Some are going from Sydney to Brisbane, others from Brisbane to Manila, others from Borneo to Hong Kong. The whole ship is quiet. There are notices in every cabin asking passengers to respect the feelings of others—not to play deck games in the afternoon. This is described in the steamship advertisements as perfect yachting in a perfect yacht. So far, I agree.

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We arrived at Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, on Monday, October 3rd.

Brisbane lies up the Brisbane river. Things began to look tropical—rather like they looked at Fiji. There was the red flame tree, brilliant poinsettias, two or three kinds of bougainvillæa, and great waving palms. The town itself is spoilt in appearance by the flatness of its roofs. Houses are perched on poles to keep the white ants out of the buildings. Sometimes, if the poles are neglected, the ants eat right up inside them and down comes the house.

I was at once escorted to Government House by an aide-de-camp of the Governor, Sir Matthew Nathan, who has been all over the world in various capacities. He has a lovely garden and a large cool house. The streets of Brisbane are rectangular. The main street is Queen Street; other streets are named after the Kings and Queens of England.

I had a busy day, but as it included two and a half hours of golf, I did not mind. Dreadful golf it was too; so bad that one was allowed to tee up one's ball everywhere. It was better than nothing, but I didn't expect I should have to make a speech at the end of it. All the rank and fashion had driven to Hamilton to see me play. As usual they put up the club champion, though I especially asked for a player of my own age.

There was the usual civic reception at the Town Hall, where I had to make a speech; lunch with the Institute of Journalists—another speech. I visited the Overseas Club, but declined to make a speech. I was fairly caught at the golf club, where my health was suddenly proposed. It is about the only occasion when they did not sing "God Save the King." Sometimes they begin the meals with "God Save the King," and invariably end it with "God Save the King." How weary the Prince of Wales must have been of that national anthem! Here, as everywhere else, the Prince left a splendid record. He must have posed for thousands of amateur snapshots. In this sunny climate everybody carries a little camera.

I visited my family connections at a place called Indooroopilly,

and found very interesting the process of tracing family likenesses to their kinsmen at home.

At night I heard a bird very much like the nightingale singing in the moonlight. It was called the willywagtail. It is a cheeky little bird with a long tail.

Rather to my surprise the people of Brisbane, which is on the fringe of the tropics, look very well. The girls were the best we had seen, the children fine and healthy.

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I came across plenty of signs of State ownership, here in Brisbane, and its effects. We were driving out to the golf course; in front of us was a motor waggon labelled, "State Ice Department." My chauffeur sounded a very loud horn repeatedly, but no notice was taken. I said to the chauffeur, "That man must be deaf." "No, he's not deaf," he replied, "he's a State official; he does what he likes. The policemen daren't interfere with him."

I wonder what will happen to the forthcoming Commonwealth fleet of State-owned and managed ships. Apparently anyone with a slight political "pull" can do what he likes here. Even the judiciary are overruled by the politicians. Mr. Theodore, the Premier, seems a capable man. He came to England on a loan last year and got nothing. John Bull wisely refused to lend to such a crank Government, which, in one matter, has already shown signs of its repudiation of its indebtedness. Queensland is not progressive. The population is said to be diminishing, and I believe it to be entirely due to this ridiculous system of State ownership. Business men are leaving Brisbane. Ten per cent. of the adult population of Australia are civil servants!

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We have now many days of steaming. Presently we shall get inside the Great Barrier Reef (1350 miles long).

October 6th, 1921.
Port Alma and Rockhampton, S.S. "St. Albans."

Inside the Great Barrier Reef is the finest yachting in the world. Day after day the Trade Wind keeps us cool, and the sea is as glass. We passed the Tropic of Capricorn; it was now too hot for dark clothes.

The voyage is so interesting, so interspersed with calls at little places that it never becomes boresome. Yesterday, October 5th, we landed at a lonely place called Port Alma, the population of which consists of a station-master, an extremely good-looking and well-dressed postmistress, three girls who attend to a little store, and a pilot. They live here all the year round in this lonely

mosquito- and sunfly-ridden backwater. I asked the post-mistress how she liked it.

"One has to bear it," she replied. "I have been here six years. I read a great deal; I've read all about you for years."

The good folks of Rockhampton, a town inland some thirty-six miles, were anxious to see me. I was anxious to see their collection of tropical Australian plants, which I had been told by the curator at Melbourne was the finest, and very rarely seen by travellers owing to the isolated position of Rockhampton, a town of twenty-five thousand people. I knew that it would entail civic receptions and speeches, but, on the whole, I was rewarded for the journey. They sent down from Rockhampton to the boat what is called the State Railcar, a motor car that runs along the narrow-gauge railway. We did the thirty-six miles in an hour and twenty-five minutes. I cannot say that I enjoyed the experience, especially when we crossed ravines on frail little trestle bridges. I sat beside the driver of the car. I pointed out that we had only seen about six people in twenty miles. He replied, "You can often go sixty miles without seeing a soul."

He, it turned out, was formerly of the Wolseley Motor Company of Birmingham; had been here twelve years. His wife liked the climate, which is summer all the year round.

The usual speeches at the reception and tour of the town took place, after which I drove off to the house of Mr. Mackay, a nephew of Lord Inchcape. I got there very late. It is a long way from the town on a very dusty road. The gardener there is a man who was formerly in our service. His name is Chapman. His wife was housemaid or parlourmaid also in our service.

Rockhampton is a collection of wooden houses with corrugated iron roofs. Drinking-water is practically all rain-water. Outside every house in Northern Australia is a round iron cask, into which the rain drops from the corrugated roofs.

Mosquitoes were fierce all night; but I slept well.

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At seven the next morning, October 6th, I went to inspect the botanical gardens. "My word!" as they say here in Australia, it was a garden, indeed—miles of it. Some years ago, my brother, Cecil, brought from South Africa a flowering shrub which bears white and purple blossoms at the same time. I found it here grown to a large tree. It is called francesca something. At the head of these gardens was an Irishman, who came to this country thirty-five years ago. He had worked near Chapelizod, my birthplace, where he had been acting as head gardener for some years. I will not attempt to describe

these gardens. It is impossible. There was an avenue of crotons, there were great walls of magnolia. I did not know before that ginger had lovely flowers. I had never before seen arrowroot growing. The gardens are not only ornamental, but practical. I could have spent a week there, but I had only an hour. The return journey had to be made in our little railcar.

I saw wild turkeys, white ibis, very large lizards called Johannas, two-feet-long iguanas, parrots, and many small birds whose names I do not know.

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Every day brings us nearer the equator.

The cargo of this ship consists of four things—lead, which the Japanese are buying in large quantities ; tallow, of which they have bought all they can get during the last eighteen months for making high explosives ; wool, of which they are also buying immense quantities ; and meat for the American soldiers in the Philippines. I was sorry to hear that the American garrison has been greatly cut down. That, says the captain, is easily found out by the reduction in meat now being bought. I do not know whether it is a measure of economy or a suggestion of peace for the Japanese.

The permanent passengers on this ship are unlike any others we have met. They are almost entirely Australians who live in China. I did not realize that the Australasians have little colonies in Hong Kong, Shanghai, and other places in China. They are all very pro-Chinese and bitterly anti-Japanese.

From them I am learning enough about China with which to fill a book. He is not a fighter, the Chinaman, although he is at present engaged in civil war, which they do not think will interfere with my movements in China. The Chinese have the highest respect for the English. They say, " Englishman big number one man. Vely good, but rather proud." Apparently, British trade, shipowning, mining, and banking are so far bigger than most people know, and as yet much the greatest in China among foreigners. I shall learn more about that when we land at Hong Kong.

October 7th, 1921.
Off the Coast of Queensland, S.S. " St. Albans."

This morning I wanted a small deck-chair. I said to the Chinese deck steward, " Bring me small chair." He did not understand ; but a nice old Scotsman, who has lived in China, said, " Bring small piecey chair." It came at once. We are all trying to learn pidgin English. It seems to be rather difficult. Everybody is trying to help us. A young man has offered to take us to see the Japanese diving for pearls when we get to

Thursday Island; also to see turtle-hunting, and give us some fishing. This young man has lived on that island all his life, and is thoroughly tired of it.

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By the way, at Sydney, the heads of the University kindly got for my inspection that which had never been seen—two young duck-bill platypuses accompanied by their parents. The platypus is a queer quadruped which lays eggs, suckles its young, and has the bill and feet of a duck. These were strange creatures, in a tank. They can move about at an immense speed. They are only seen at night, and, therefore, rarely seen at all. They live up a burrow, in the banks of rivers, thirty feet long, in a nest like that of a wild duck.

I have bought several skins and a stuffed platypus.

The newspapers published a full account, and I expect it was cabled to London.

October 8th, 1921.
Off the Coast of Queensland, S.S. "St. Albans."

I was talking about immigration yesterday with an Englishman who settled in Australia thirty years ago. He says that parents at home do not seem to know anything about Australia. It is no place for the public-school boy, unless he comes to a definite appointment. Australia is at the moment a working-man's paradise. The public-school boy can go to New Zealand to make a place for himself as a dairy farmer. Young men of the upper class are still coming to Australia, alas!

Altogether I have met eleven young men who were in her Ladyship's hospital, three of them Australians, the others English who have drifted out here; but I should say they are only fairly satisfied. Mechanical wages are higher than clerical salaries here, as they are beginning to be at home. Of the parts of Australia suitable for emigrants, I believe that Western Australia is the best. And as a man said to me, "It is a thousand miles nearer London than any other part." Queensland is hopeless under its present rule. People are leaving it; capital is leaving it. Tasmania should be one of the best lands for emigrants, with, of course, New Zealand. If the great emigration scheme I publicly proposed takes place, it will be essential to have experts here and in England to select the men and the land.

October 9th, 1921.
Off the Coast of Queensland, S.S. "St. Albans."

Day after day we pass along this wonderful Australian coast—mountains, valleys, beaches, forests, and islands. In two days we have only seen one very small town.

This is one of the most dangerous trips of the world, owing to the coral reefs.

What does one do all day? It is difficult to say. It is too hot for games, except for the thinnest and youngest. We have interesting passengers. One, who lives in Thursday Island, tells me a good deal about the gradual coming of the Japanese, and also about strange life in the lonely islands; as, for example, a white woman discovered living among the Australian blacks, who are still very numerous and savage in Northern Queensland. She had lost nearly all knowledge of English, and was the sole survivor of a wreck many years ago. All the other passengers had been eaten! Another was the tale of an old Dane, who lives on a small island, two hundred miles north of that lonely place, Thursday Island; he subsists on turtles and turtles' eggs. Once a year he gets a box of provisions and newspapers.

Shall we ever come to the end of this beautiful coast of Australia? It is eight days since we left Sydney, and we are travelling three hundred miles a day. To-morrow we reach Thursday Island, which is at the end of it. Just over these Australian mountains there is, in many places, beautiful agricultural land.

Japanese ships pass up and down here every week. Only one-sixteenth of tiny Japan is suitable for agriculture, the rest being mountains, forests, and barren places. What must the inhabitants of that overcrowded country think?

The only towns here in Northern Queensland are falling into decay. Port Darwin is in the hands of Bolshevist extremists. Yesterday we passed a small town called Cook Town, which is falling into ruins. The White Australia ideal seems to me to be impossible. I cannot help thinking that the climate has something to do with the effect upon English people in this tropical Australia. They grow lazy and Bolshy.

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This is the longest voyage I have ever been in which we are in sight of land every day. Much of it is Capt. Cook's country. Many of the names of the places we have passed are typical of Capt. Cook's nomenclature—Cape Flattery, Cape Lookout, and many others.

Afternoon, *October 9th*, 1921.
Off the Coast of Queensland, S.S. "St. Albans."

Sunday afternoon, October 9th. Intensely hot. We anchored about half a mile from Hannibal Island (latitude 11° 35½′ S.; longitude 142° 56′ E.), a lonely spot. The island is occasionally visited by pearl fishers. We found there two

wigwams. As we landed, two alligators ran from the sand into the sea. The object of the trip was to shoot Torres Strait pigeons, which are here at certain times of the year. Very few of the passengers had guns.

The island is covered with fairly dense bush. Its only interest to me is the fact that it is just one of the scores of coral islands which figure in the narratives of Cook and Bligh—lonely and comfortless places. The heat was terrific. Large provisions of tea, sandwiches, and cooling drinks were brought on shore by the Chinese stewards.

Going inland I came across some pages of the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia (dated December 7th, 1918), and the name of my friend Lorimer, the editor. I have sent them to him.

That night we were traversing one of the most dangerous seas in the world, studded with islands and rocks. I dare say you will remember the wreck of the *Quetta*, which, while passengers were dancing on deck in the moonlight, suddenly struck an unknown rock, and in fifteen minutes practically every soul was drowned.

We cast anchor, therefore, for the greatest part of the night. In the morning we went through the Albany Passage, discovered, I believe, by Flinders in 1803. It is strange to be in a ship going through a narrow gap in the rocks, very much narrower than the Straits of Messina. There was a wonderful echo effect when the ship's horn was sounded.

We are almost at the very end of Australia's mainland. We had voyaged eight days in sight of Queensland's enchanting-looking land—mountains, rivers, and very silvery dunes.

October 10th, 1921.
Thursday Island, S.S. "St. Albans."

This morning we arrive at Thursday Island, where I received two or three home cables and more invitations from China and Japan. What is Thursday Island? It calls itself the sentinel of the British Empire. Its town is a collection of widely scattered corrugated iron bungalows, churches, a hospital, and a Town Hall. It was surprising to see some rather good shops. This is the centre of the pearl trade for this part of the world. Over a hundred little pearl boats were lying idle in the harbour. It is explained to me that there is no demand for what we call mother-of-pearl; that the market for pearls themselves is dead; and that the Australian labour demands do not improve the situation.

This torrid collection of corrugated iron buildings contains a few hundreds of white people, about a couple of thousand Australian aboriginals from various places; natives of New

Guinea, Malays, Hindus, many Chinese, and some hundreds of Japanese. In the pearl trade the Japanese out-number the rest.

We drew up at the wharf at eleven o'clock. There was the usual deputation to meet me—the Mayor and others, including the captain of the *Fantome* (H.M. surveying ship), who is far away here from his wife and two children in Chelsea. (Why should John Bull pay for Australian surveys? A Canadian on board tells me that Canada pays for her sea surveys.)

As we walked along the low pier I was looked at with as much interest as I looked at the people.

The heat was withering.

There is one motor car in the island, and that was provided for the Mayor and others and myself to circle round the town. They are all anxious for me to buy pearls. I know nothing about these gems, and I didn't. There is a black pearl for which they ask £900; it might have easily been a black marble for all I knew. I saw enough pearls to clothe Mayfair. I said, "Do you mean to say you can't sell pearls?" "They are quite unsaleable," was the reply. This is due, I understand, to the present commercial depression all over the world, and to the invention of the Mikimoto cultured pearls. There is nothing new in them, I was told. The Chinese knew a great deal about the matter eighty years ago. They grow them here, as they will show you if you are invited, which I was.

They drove me to the Town Hall, a large wooden barn. There the notables were assembled in the Mayor's parlour. They wished to entertain me, they said, but they were short of meat, flour, and sugar, and many other things, which we had brought for them on the ship. They had no tinned milk, and there are no cows. I said that this was a good example of State mismanagement. The State steamer had failed to arrive, as usual. Cows would not live, I was told. I should think that the right kind of cow would; there are plenty of cows in India.

I went to the hospital, which had mostly black patients. It is curious to see a lot of black people in bed. One little Australian aboriginal was asked to sing and dance. He sang some very sweet, plaintive native songs. The doctor said they were probably tribal songs going back thousands of years. There were many aged patients there. One patient there is over ninety years of age, a Crimean veteran; he had gone out for the day. The hospital seemed to me to be a sort of workhouse as well.

After this I went to the Court House and gaol. The magistrate, a young fellow with his shirt sleeves turned up (no one wears a coat in a climate like this), reads many of my papers, and

knew all about me. There is only one prisoner in the wooden gaol, which is kept by a witty Irish sergeant named Brett. He and his wife are very proud of their two boys, who had been to the war. The one prisoner was a man from a distant island, who, getting home-sick, had stolen a dinghy, and got four months for it. He looked rather disconsolate in his nakedness, and no work to do. I said, " I hope he is allowed to smoke, sergeant." " Well," said the sergeant, " it is against the rules, but I can't be always watching him." So I gave the man some money to get some tobacco with. The sergeant presented me with the two best pearl shells I have seen. He would not hear of taking money for them.

The difficulty of all these torrid countries is water. I went out to look at the waterworks where they have an immense tank for rain-water and also an artesian well alongside. Then to the church, which is of great interest. Not so many years ago (I remember quite well) the *Quetta*, as I mentioned before, went down with almost every hand. They have built a handsome concrete *Quetta* Memorial Church, cool and airy. The *Quetta* bell is the church bell, and the church is full of relics of the vessel, many of them recovered after sixteen or eighteen years of submergence.

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When I saw that the islanders were short of provisions, I asked six leading members of the community and the editor of *The Pilot*—the smallest daily paper in the world—to lunch on board ship, which I found was what they expected. They certainly laid in a great supply of provender, beginning this hot-day lunch with mulligatawny soup. The editor, a very intelligent little man, especially on the Japanese problem, left Liverpool at twenty years of age, and has only once left the island in forty years.

In the afternoon we were taken in a steam launch to where the cultured Mikimoto kind of pearls are being grown. The pearl oyster in this part of the world is a flat oyster about as big as a soup plate, say nine inches across ; some smaller, some larger. It lies at various depths. I did not want to see a man dive in with a helmet ; I much preferred to see a diver who is called a skin diver, a man who dives naturally, with no other provision against the pressure of the water than tightly fitting goggles to keep the pressure from the eyes, and a knife to fight sharks with. He was a beautiful diver, and swam like a fish. He came up holding two pearl oysters in his left hand. The owner of the pearl bed, Mr. Hockings, is a scientist in the matter of the growth of pearls. and has travelled all over the world about them. The

two oysters were opened by one vigorous stroke with a knife. I was surprised to find a little crab in one and a little lobster in the other. These are part and parcel of the life of the oyster. Mr. Hockings searched the meat, or whatever you call it, but came across nothing hard; then he removed the whole of the contents, and there stood out on the shell a beautiful pearl—a blister it is called. I took possession of several. The pearls are found (i.) either amongst the meat, or (ii.) attached to the shell.

I tried to find out exactly how he produced the cultured pearl. I know it is done by inserting some irritant like a tiny bead into the flesh of the oyster, and around this bead accumulates, after some years, the "nacre," the skin of the pearl. We had many other demonstrations of oyster opening, and found no loose pearls in them, but many beautiful blisters.

We were feeling rather thirsty. One of the Malays was sent on shore to gather coconuts. I shall never forget the speed with which that man clambered up the tall thin coconut tree! In a few minutes he had thrown down fifteen nuts, not as we see them, but in their outer husks, young, and before the inner hard shell we know so well has formed. The coconut milk was a cool, watery juice, quite thin, and the coconut itself soft like a jelly, and excellent.

Before going on this trip, we went to the local museum, where we saw hideous and wonderful things, including a crab which climbs trees, a fierce and unpleasant looking beast, which is said to have bitten the Germans in the island where they were after the end of the *Emden*. Good business.

That night the ship was to be pandemonium. We were discharging coal into the *Fantome*, which lay alongside of us, and unloading provisions on the dock for the islanders. The heat was terrific. Despite that, young damsels of the town, to whom the arrival of a ship is a chance of seeing new young men, came down and danced. They were just as well dressed, and danced quite as well, as her Ladyship's guests at No. 1, Carlton Gardens. Most of them had been "home" (England). One enthusiastic Australian said they are worthy of Sydney itself, Sydney being the great Australasian criterion—Paris, London, and New York rolled into one.

The rattle of the winches, the gramophone for the wenches, the noise on the *Fantome* (now and then the tars, dressed in nothing but shorts and pith helmets, danced and sang), and the coal dust everywhere drove me to the local "Grand Hotel"—of corrugated iron, of course, of wide verandas, and, as I found out later, possessed of some of the finest mosquitoes, who feasted on

me. I had the window and two doors open; there was just a tiny breeze. Frederick, my servant, slept outside on the veranda in a chair. At three o'clock in the morning I had been so badly pecked by the mosquitoes, and it was so hot, that I walked outside. Lying down just outside my door there was a great black Australian aboriginal, sleeping like a log.

Looking down the harbour I saw a blaze of electric lights round our little ship, and heard the noise and din of unloading. The air was rendered very fragrant by the near presence of great stocks of sandal-wood, which has a delicious scent.

October 11th, 1921.
Thursday Island, S.S. "St. Albans."

We got off at eight to the minute, as the captain had predicted. He is a human clock.

October 12th, 1921.
In the East Indies, S.S. "St. Albans."

We are now steaming, without a ripple, by New Guinea. It is 85 in the cabin—not at all unpleasant. I talked last night with another Englishman who is making a similar journey to mine, except that he arrived at New Zealand *viâ* the Suez Canal, instead of coming across America. He hates the whole journey just as much as my little party delight in it. He has seen very little. He rather liked the New Zealanders, detests the Australians, is not interested in the Japanese question, does not believe it possible that another war should be in preparation, and is counting the hours to the moment he arrives at home.

Lord Forster, the Governor-General of Australia, remarked to me that the English "globe trotter" has almost disappeared. I am afraid it is true. It may be due to the rates of exchange, which are certainly somewhat awkward, the tremendous cost of travel, or, I think, to our increasing habit of going short distances as to the Riviera and Egypt.

We are in a part of the world where it is most difficult to know by which route letters should go. Should they go down to Sydney and across Australia to Perth, thence to Colombo? Should we take them to Borneo or to Manila or to Hong Kong? Nobody knows. I am sure that our mail will arrive at home in chaotic order. This batch may possibly arrive before the last batch. So bad have been the mails since the war that Australian men of affairs now conduct their business by coded cable.

October 13th, 1921.
In the East Indies, S.S. "St. Albans."

It is getting hotter every day. We have passed the coast of New Guinea and are south-west of the Aru Islands. Yesterday

we had the large turtle which had been presented to me at Thursday Island. I didn't witness its execution on board, but a number of the passengers did. It contained a pailful of eggs, from which we have been having omelettes. The meat of the turtle looks like beef. It tastes almost exactly like a tournedos as served in a French restaurant.

The money question on this trip is difficult. So far, we have got along with dollars and cents, and pounds, shillings, and pence. Now we go to the peso of the Philippine Islands, the Mexican dollars of Hong Kong, and the yens of Japan.

I have telegraphed to Hong Kong for a Chinese travelling servant who speaks Japanese. None of us will ever learn enough pidgin English to get on with. It is extremely difficult.

I am told that the Chinese on board call me "Number one big topside man."

My brother-in-law overheard this conversation at Thursday Island. One man said to another, "We have got a real live English lord on the island, Lord Northcliffe, who lives on newspapers."

"God bless his soul!" said the other man.

Here is a true story of these Chinese cabin stewards. As I have said, they swiftly learn to anticipate everything one wants. They never knock at the doors when they come in. A woman complained to the captain that she had spoken again and again to the "boy" (they are, of course, all called "boys" here) about coming into the cabin without knocking. It might be very awkward, she said. She might be getting out of bed, for example. "I always look through keyhole before I come in, missie," the boy replied in pidgin English.

Among the passengers there is a three-months'-old baby. I notice that as we get farther and farther into the tropics the little mite gets paler and paler.

October 14th, 1921.
In the East Indies, S.S. "St. Albans."

We are fourteen days out from Sydney, and are passing through the Banda and Flores Seas. The sea is absolutely glassy to-day, and the heat a little less than yesterday, though we are nearing the equator. Clouds of flying-fish dart from the ship and skim the water for a hundred yards; shoals of porpoises and some sea-snakes are seen; and an occasional island, here and there. This smooth and windless sea is the Doldrums of the old navigators. In the absence of steam power they sometimes lay in this latitude for six weeks without moving more than a mile or two. But at other times these seas are the scenes of fierce gales.

I am cramming as much as possible of Japanese books and

learning everything I can. Many of the British, Australian, and New Zealand passengers are returning home to China and tell me much of Japanese ways. They look forward to China. Women say there are no servant worries. The Chinese cook goes to the market like the French, and gets his little commission or cumshaw. Housewives who are mean to the servants have a bad time in China. The news spreads and they soon become boycotted. I did not quite realize how universally the Japanese are detested and the Chinese liked. The only good things I hear said of the Japanese are that they are patriotic, brave, and efficient. Every one has some tale of trickery to tell about them. I expect I shall have a queer time in Japan and with the Chinese. Judging by the invitations they are looking forward to gigantic orgies of leg-pulling. I knew before I left that in Japan I shall be accompanied by spies everywhere. There are, apparently, quite a number of English in Japanese pay.

I shall not make any statement to any of the innumerable newspapers. Any statement that comes home will be a concoction, to which the Japanese are very prone (see Pooley's *Japan's Foreign Policies*). They are said to be the greatest newspaper readers in the world, and their newspapers are the most libellous.

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We have quite a menagerie on board this ship. The Chinese buy parrots and other birds of Australia, and sell them in Hong Kong. All day long I can hear the parrots shrieking. The so-called Australian magpie is here, and I hear him imitating the crowing of a cock. At dawn in the mornings it is like being on a farm. There are a number of pigs, nominally for the Chinese, but I am told that when the killing takes place the Chinese second, third, and fourth-class passengers get plenty of frozen pig, while the first-class passengers get the real article.

There is a Chinese baby and two Japanese ladies among the second-class passengers. What an ugly kind of sandal these latter wear!

Our minds are still full of the long, long coast of Queensland. How interminable it seemed, and how beautiful!

* * * * *

The war has changed things. From Shanghai to London is, I believe, five weeks at least. There is a passenger on board who used to go in ten and a half days by the Trans-Siberian Railway, *viâ* Moscow, to Berlin, then Flushing to London.

The sunsets in this part of the Pacific are beyond any powers of description. Last night we had long mountains of smoke-coloured clouds, and beneath them such shades as purple, light

browns, delightful greens, and, round the sun itself, a brilliant ruby colour. When the sun went down the after-glow caused the whole sea around us to be a coffee-coloured brown.

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One of my party was remarking to-day that we have only seen rain three times since July 16th—a wettish day in Vancouver, though I was able to play a good round of golf; a tropical torrent in Washington, all over in twenty minutes, and the streets dry again in an hour; and some cold showers in Tasmania. For the rest it has been sunshine and yellow spectacles all the time. We are receiving climate forebodings from some of our fellow-passengers with regard to the danger of returning to Europe in winter after three crossings of the equator. We have had so many forebodings which have turned out wrong that I propose risking it.

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My throat trouble, which has been a curse to me for some years, seems to have absolutely gone as a result of my operation and vaccine treatment. The winter in Northern China next month will be the test of it.

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As to our days: first there is the sea bath, not as cool as it was a few days ago. Breakfast. Then I dictate my diary and reply to letters, of which an infernal number reach us at every port, all requiring a polite answer. Then deck chatting. Eleven o'clock iced lime-juice or ice-cream is handed round. After, deck quoits (hottest work this in the tropics). One o'clock the luncheon gong goes. On this ship all such sounds are made by gongs. On the *Makura* a man blew a bugle.

How the chief steward manages to produce such a variety of food day after day is incomprehensible. Apparently, we take in nothing at the various ports.

Most people sleep after luncheon in the tropics. Then more deck. We watch the sunsets. Dinner at seven o'clock in my little dining-room with my brother-in-law. Then we read about the Japanese for three hours.

The bed is hot to lie upon, but nothing like as hot as it was in Washington, August 1917. The hum of my two electric fans reminds me very much of the time when I was working hard to get things out of the Yanks.

October 15th, 1921.
In the East Indies, S.S. "St. Albans."

We went through glassy seas all day yesterday and passed close to the Dutch island of Amboina. The skipper took us close inshore, so that with glasses we could see the natives walking

about in their village. There were many canoes out, and the whole thing very "Captain Cookish." Banana and coconut trees extended down to the water's edge. The residence of the Dutch magistrate is a small Chinese-looking house with a double roof, and all the windows barred against the natives. The products of this island are spices, nutmegs especially, I was told.

It is said that the Dutch do very little with these islands. I wonder if the Japanese are aiming at the Dutch East Indies. At home we do not know how rich the Dutch are in the East, and how many islands they own and how far they extend.

Yesterday the old farce of King Neptune coming on board took place. Two very nice little girls were rather violently thrown into the swimming bath by their father who was dressed up as King Neptune, and Pine, with an immense wooden razor, shaved them. I noticed that the Chinese crew and passengers laughed much. It seems to me that they are merry folk, the Chinese.

People are beginning to complain of the heat, though it is down a bit by my thermometer. This morning it is 86. The glare is terrific.

Including Borneo and Manila we have got about a week more of this torrid weather, and shall be out of it again until we get back to somewhere about Singapore, when we shall have it continuously till we get to Port Said.

Our prospective route is as follows :—

Sandakan (Borneo).
Manila (Philippine Islands).
Hong Kong.
Yokohama.
Tokio.
Kobe.
Then across to Korea.

By rail *viâ* Mukden to Pekin, where I am going to try to get a piece of the Great Wall to bring back.

Then down the Yang-tze-kiang to Shanghai, thence to Saigon, Singapore, down to Java, then Singapore again, and then home, *viâ* Colombo or Bombay, to Marseilles and Cap-d'Ail, where I should arrive by the middle of February.

To-day is October 15th, and in the next four months of travel we shall have been at least sixty days at sea, which means, of course, absolute rest. I shall be ready to take up my tasks again when I get back, to relieve some of those who are bearing my burden.

CHAPTER XI

BORNEO

Second Crossing of the Equator—Difficulties of Pidgin English—Government House, Sandakan—"The Most Tropical Scenery"—Telephones everywhere—A Leper Island—Sensitive Grass on the Golf Course.

October 16th, 1921.

IT is just three months since we left on that hot day from Waterloo. We have now crossed the equator twice, and shall do so again in going from Singapore to Java.

In these ninety days we have learnt thousands of things we did not know before. Yesterday, for example, we learnt that every European in China is vaccinated once a year. Small-pox is as common as measles, and malignant small-pox, which carries people off in two or three days, is quite common. On a recent voyage of this ship a little girl died almost immediately on arrival at Hong Kong. One of the passengers described to me his experience of a three-months' attack of small-pox in China. We were vaccinated yesterday, but it is possible that the lymph on this ship may be no good. We shall be vaccinated again at Manila.

It is good to see ourselves as others see us. A New Zealander on board, who is travelling round the world with his wife, three children, and governess, told me he went home with the intention of buying a property in the southern counties and living there. He said that not one of the houses he saw was equipped with the modern conveniences of life, and nearly all of them were dark inside. Just as we notice the brightness of the light at this end of the world, so the Australian and New Zealander complain of the darkness of England. He spoke, also, of the inferior carpentry in English houses as compared with American. This, I believe, to be quite true. I suppose that more new houses are being built around one large city in the U.S. than we are

building in the whole of England. We have the houses already; they were built before modern comfort had been thought of. He says that even when we do build houses we make them dark. Take as an instance the new London County Hall, at the southern end of Westminster Bridge. He says that the windows there are too small. The Law Courts he also criticized. The ship's doctor chipped in, " Sunlight is health. The only disease that thrives upon light is small-pox." He said that the art of *aspect* was not studied in England. Many of the houses he went to were in low places.

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I suppose the light has something to do with the extraordinary crops in Australasia. They have six and even eight crops of lucerne a year. Sunshine may have to do with the size of the animals and human beings. I think I mentioned the giant bullock I saw at Melbourne, the gigantic carrots at Madame Melba's, the tremendous development of the trout in New Zealand, and the crops of plums and greengages, which are so great in Tasmania that they break the trees down, as also do peaches, which, it must be remembered, grow on trees in the open, outside Europe, and not on walls. Most land produces several crops a year. This is one explanation why land is so dear in New Zealand. As to the cost of fruit, at Brisbane pine-apples are fourpence each, and very fine at that.

We glide on steadily day after day, and almost always amongst Dutch islands. We are nearing Celebes now, having passed through the following seas: Arafura Sea, Banda Sea, and the Molucca Sea.

This morning we saw two volcanoes in full blast.

Two little swallow-like birds have been following the ship for some days; either from fatigue or some other reason they come on deck and are quite tame.

* * * * *

I am told that the Chinese mandarin silk coats are very beautiful, some of them two hundred and three hundred years old. I shall buy one or two for gifts. When the Chinese Revolution took place the mandarins foolishly cut off their pigtails and took to modern European dress, in which they look ridiculous. All the sailors on this ship cut off their pigtails on the same day. I said to my " boy," Sum Him, whom we call " Googoo," " What did you do with the pigtail, Googoo ? "

" Chuck him away," he said.

As a matter of fact, most of the Chinese pigtails were sent in bales to Europe !

October 17th, 1921.
In the East Indies, S.S. "St. Albans."

We are trying diligently to learn pidgin English. It is curious to hear young English children born in China speaking quite fluent pidgin English to the Chinese servants on the ship. Pidgin English is no joke, though it sounds very funny. It is the general language of the whole of the Far East, and is used by the countless kinds of natives in talking to each other. When the Germans occupied Kiaowchow, they had to give all the words of command to their native soldiers in pidgin English, much to their annoyance; John Chinaman firmly declined to learn any German.

October 18th, 1921.
Sandakan, Borneo.

A busy day on shore to-day. We arrived in this beautiful harbour of Sandakan (which, I believe, is a Malay word meaning "a much-to-be-desired place"), shortly after midnight. I knew nothing of the matter; I was fast asleep.

At seven o'clock the doctor came on board, certified us all right, and we proceeded to the quayside. It was gaily decorated in my honour. The usual little reception committee came on board.

Sandakan lies against a fine background of hills. It has a population of twelve thousand, mostly Chinese and Malays; there are about a hundred white folks—sixty men, forty women—all mixed up with the Government or trading concerns. This is one of the most interesting days of my life—my first sight of the Far East, and of Chinese in great numbers. (At Honolulu we had seen more Japanese.)

The Governor's car took me straight to Government House, which is somewhat like a very large Indian bungalow with two stories. It is built entirely of wood with wide verandas, and gorgeous flowering trees around. There was the easy, quiet Englishman and a very nice lady. Both had been twenty-five years in the tropics. There were flowers everywhere in the great room, and a delightful breakfast table. The usual quiet Chinese servants glided about. They expected us to stay, and the bedroom reserved for me was the most sensible tropical bedroom I had ever seen. It was as large as a very large English bedroom, and inside there was a complete mosquito-proof wire cage. On the bed there was something that looked like a sheeted corpse; it was a long pillow of the kind that is used throughout the Far East to keep the legs apart owing to the great heat.

A very full programme had been arranged for me. Golf was off; it rained heavily as we approached Government House,

one of the very few occasions during this excursion round the world that I have seen rain.

No time was to be lost, so, after an excellent cigar, the Governor and I first proceeded towards the jungle, visiting the golf course on the way—a queer-looking club, with a gang of convicts in charge of a Sikh looking after the fairway. Then to the wireless station, which, I was surprised to find, is partly conducted by Cingalese and natives of Southern India. It was erected for us by the Germans just before the war. Curiously enough it would not work until the Germans were interned and English operators came out from England!

The territory of the North Borneo Company, as can be seen by the map, occupies a long strip of the North of Borneo. It is a Chartered Company, with a capital of about three millions, has been in existence for fifty years, and has not done much in that time. The Governor is selected by the Court of Directors with the approval of the Colonial Office—a strange arrangement, but it seems to work fairly well. It would work better if the Court of Directors were a little more commercial and a little less naval and military.

We drove along through the most tropical scenery I have seen —flowering trees, shrubs, creepers, with lovely mauve flowers, hanging from the trees, and many orchids. What little road there is is excellent; there is no road across the island, as there should be.

Coming back to Government House, which is in a very fine position, we looked in for a few minutes, then proceeded to see the church, the only stone building in Borneo, built by a pioneer parson, named Elton, stone by stone. Then down the lively streets to see the Chinese and the native Borneo quarters. We read and talk a great deal about the Chinese at home, but seeing is believing. They seem capable of everything.

We entered the crowded Court Room, open, of course, at all sides for the air. There was the Englishman in his white suit taking down the record of the case (one of theft), and there was the Chinese interpreter who could interpret five languages into English.

What a busy place Sandakan seemed after Australian towns! Every one doing something except the Malays and natives of Borneo. They don't do anything; they make their wives work. I won't attempt to describe the busy scene—the town crier with his great piece of brass by which he attracted attention; the hawkers selling hot and cold food; the Chinese women, wearing those queer but sensible conical hats, carrying heavy burdens

on the end of poles ; the babies everywhere ; every sort of Chinese shop large and small ; the big Sikh policeman making way for the white people ; all looking fat, happy, and well ; and laughter everywhere. I noticed that the Chinese mothers fondle and kiss their babies exactly as the English do. The cry of a Chinese baby is precisely the same as that of any other baby.

I went to the gaol, which is conducted by two typical capable Englishmen, with Sikhs and native warders. The convicts work on the roads and in the fields in gangs. When I was there, they were just coming in to dinner, which consisted of rice, soya beans, fish, and some vegetable served in bowls. They get two of these bowls twice a day, and rice porridge first thing in the morning. They fatten on it. They were breaking stones and making baskets and chairs, of which two were given to me. Few were in solitary cells. I saw the gallows—the usual beam and falling trap. Executions are rare, and they arouse no concern either among those about to be hanged or the other prisoners.

At the hospital—the usual capable Englishman, and Chinese nurses, dressed just like our nurses.

I lunched with the Government folk and then off again, this time to the leper island, Berhala. I had no desire to see lepers, but I thought it my duty to know something about these unfortunate people. With some, the malady was difficult to discover ; others were perfectly terrible to look at. They are allowed to marry here, and a Malay mother and father produced two fine children who show no trace of leprosy. They have, of course, been taken away to the mainland. From this island comes much bird's-nest soup material, which the Chinese are so fond of. (Very good it is.) Some of it is black like crude indiarubber ; the best is white. It is a very expensive luxury—three pounds per pound.

Thence we proceeded by launch to the new saw-mills, worked by an American named Mathews. He is now struggling with the intricacies of newly arrived complicated American saw machinery. He said that the Chinese were not yet able to handle it, but they would be all right in three months. There is an immense amount of timber in Borneo.

In describing things here it must be remembered that all buildings are open, to get air. This Chinese saw-mill is open on all sides ; the church can be entered by a dozen different ways ; Government House is all verandas and wide-open doors ; the Court House is entirely open.

So many functions having been arranged, I was, as usual, prevented from getting any exercise.

In this place my party consisted of four—my brother-in-law, myself, Prioleau, and a nice young Canadian named Van Dusen, whom I wanted to bring into touch with the Government in regard to timber, about which he is an expert. We telegraphed from Sydney that our party consisted of four, and when we arrived we found that the leading inhabitants had made most hospitable arrangements for us. Sherlock, the Chief Judge, an acquaintance of my sister, Lady King, was to have had my brother-in-law, who, however, was not well enough to be entertained; Van Dusen was allocated to Mr. Bunbury, the Chief Resident, whose wife came out from Hook Heath, near Woking Golf Club, four months ago; and Prioleau and I were at Government House.

These little communities are not as dull as we might think. Everybody has a telephone, and the telephone works really well. There are all sorts of local gossip and interests.

The dinner-party at night, followed by a small reception, was thoroughly well done in every respect. The Governor had gone out of his way to have different novelties for us. In the afternoon he had arranged for a number of natives from the interior, under a leading Chief, to come in and show us their very accurate shooting with blow-pipes. These blow-pipes shoot forth little darts which were formerly dipped in poison. They made very accurate shots at small marks. Then they performed their native war dances, which are like any other war dances I have seen; very dangerous too. The performers had spears and creeses (the heavy Malay knives) in their hands.

I did not notice many birds about in Borneo, though I am told that the jungle is full of them. I saw in the jungle monkeys and gibbons (a kind of monkey without a tail). I was close to things in British North Borneo. Planters near the town complained of the damage done by the wild elephants. There are also rhinoceroses about. There were lizards on the ceiling at Government House, small lizards which make a queer calling noise to each other. The dexterity with which they can catch frogs and flies is remarkable.

There is a public gambling establishment here where they play Fan Tan and other Chinese games. It struck me as being very sensible of the Government (and profitable also) to have a public establishment like this, rather than for every Chinese house to be turned into a gambling place. The whole thing is scrupulously honest, and, in my opinion, a healthier form of speculation than horse-betting, which is often based upon fraud.

One of the curious things I noticed in the island was the sensitive grass on the fairway at the golf course. At the least

touch it contracts and shrivels up temporarily, somewhat like the sensitive plant.

I shall not forget this my first day in the Far East. None of us will. Prioleau thinks it the most interesting day of the whole trip. I compare it with my first sight of New Zealand; of a totally different interest, of course.

The Japanese hold dominating possessions in this harbour of Sandakan. They have been permitted to buy land. I cannot imagine our American friends in the near-by Philippines liking it. I do not propose to go into the commercial activities, or lack of them, of the British North Borneo Company. Their main products are timber, rubber, and tobacco.

The Governor's wife told me that her husband's time is nearly up, although he is only forty-four. He has always longed to see the prosperity of the territory, but they have never been able to do anything owing to such interruptions as the war and the present trade depression. They have the usual little daughter at home, at school in Devonshire, where they are going to retire. Exactly what such a man will do when he gets home it is difficult to say. I am sure he is a thoroughly trained administrator. He is devoted to Borneo.

The Bishop of Sarawak was at the dinner-party. He is to be a passenger on our ship to-morrow to Manila. I mean to have a talk with him about that romantic State of Sarawak, which is owned by the Brooke family.

We get away at midnight. It is far too hot to go to our cabins until the ship is out at sea. It is 88. The Governor said that 90 was unbearable, yet I had to endure any amount of 90 at Washington in 1917, and that at four o'clock in the morning.

October 19th, 1921.
In the East Indies, S.S. "St. Albans."

On we go; the same brilliant, waveless sea.

I have spoken before of the trouble about the homeward mails. Yesterday, to our surprise, we learnt that the quickest way to England was *viâ* Sandakan, whence mails are transferred to Singapore, thence home. There seems to be no proper liaison among the world's post-offices. My junior secretary, who went to the post-office in Sandakan, which is in the charge of a Chinaman, said that they knew more about mails all over the world than anybody he had met in Australia and New Zealand. (By the way, Borneo stamps are well worth looking at.)

Chinese men and women put on board this ship yesterday seven hundred tons of coal between 9 a.m. and 10 p.m. It

is horribly dirty and grimy work, but they laughed all the time. (They carry the coal in baskets by hand.) Their wages are two and fourpence a day, on which they can live well. Their food is rice porridge and vegetables such as egg-plants, chillies and cucumber; and fish. So far the only trouble they have given here has been when they decline to assist Japanese ships. They detest the Japs. The Chinese are poor fighters, but wonderful boycotters.

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I have had no news for days. Government House gave me a handful of Reuter's telegrams, but before I could get a peep at them I was carried off to some appointment or other. There must have been some changes at home in my absence. The Chief Judge told me that Lindsay Bashford, of the *Daily Mail*, was dead. It appears that they were on service together in Egypt. I do not think I have ever before been such a long period without news. I shall get some at Manila—mostly American—and at Hong Kong.

CHAPTER XII

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, HONG KONG, AND CANTON

Reception at Manila—Governor Wood—"Everybody smokes here"—Tropical Golf—Hong Kong's Beautiful Harbour—The Peak at Night—Chinese House-boats—Wu-Ting-Fang—The Washington Conference—The Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

October 20th, 1921.
Manila.

WE have been passing by the Philippine Islands for some days. There are three thousand of them, many of which are inhabited, some by fighting tribes like the Moros, who have, however, a healthy respect for the American flag, only equalled by their contempt for most of the other races, including those usually called Filipinos—a mixture of Chinese and Malays. The Moros are Mohammedans. Eighty dialects are spoken in these islands.

October 21st, 1921.
Manila.

I had a very fine reception here, fifty of the leading citizens, both American and local, meeting me at the dock, though the hour was very early. There were decorations everywhere, and the famous Filipino Band, said to be one of the best in the world, was present. I drove in the Governor's car with his son, who is the Governor's chief aide-de-camp, to the palace. We passed through some of the old Spanish streets, which reminded me exactly of Seville and Cadiz.

The young men of this city of Manila dress as the Americans do, in hot weather—Palm Beach suits and straw hats. The place swarms with people and motor cars.

Lieutenant-General Leonard Wood, the Governor-General, is an old friend of mine and one of Roosevelt's right-hand men. It was he who, as Americans say, "cleaned up" Cuba. Lord Cromer said, when asked who should succeed him (Cromer),

" The only man I know is Leonard Wood, who is, unfortunately, not of our nationality, being an American."

I breakfasted with the staff in a room leading off the great hall of the palace. In this handsome hall there are pictures of former Governors and Spanish kings and queens. At breakfast I met Colonel McCoy, one of the most daring American soldiers. He pleased me very much by remembering my Lady's and my dear Mother's visit to Washington when he was one of Roosevelt's aides-de-camp. Leonard Wood has only just been installed as Governor, though he knows the islands well. He has just returned from a tour of China and Japan, and his views are not unlike mine as regards the Far East.

After breakfast I drove out to see all that I could see, accompanied by young Colonel Johnston, who is specially interested in education. We went slowly through the streets so that I could see things. Everything very tropical, of course ; palms everywhere. Here and there one met a man carrying a fighting cock under his arm, cock-fighting being the old sport of the Filipinos. The women wear a very pretty costume with large puffy sleeves, said to be an old Spanish fashion. They don't wear the mantilla except on a day, called " Spanish day," once a year.

In this city Spanish is the prevailing language, though English is catching it up rapidly.

We went to the schools. Here are children assembled from all parts of these islands being taught to be young Americans. As to whether they will ever be young Americans, I have my doubts. They are quick learners, good at passing examinations, and very good at ball games. One place, called " The Normal Hall," I think—a sort of girls' seminary—is under the care of some American ladies. The girls are brought from all parts of the most distant islands, and, from a state of almost nudity, educated just like American young ladies, in most beautiful surroundings. Their dinner-table was a picture, and there were flowers everywhere. The girls were dressed just as well as Americans of the upper-middle class, and that is saying a good deal. How strange it must be for them to go back from this luxury to their huts made of reeds, resting on poles high up from the earth ! They were of all types—Chinese-looking, Spanish-looking, some almost negro-looking. I went to many schools, for people up to twenty years of age, and afterwards to the University. There is " vocational teaching " as well as book-learning. There are also agricultural colleges, but I did not go to one of these as they are away from the city.

I was entertained at lunch by two hundred and fifty of the

leading people, and, being asked to speak on the question of the future of the Philippines, I did so. The attendance included about two hundred Americans, fifty British, and many Spaniards and the Japanese Consul. The English are strong here; they have a community of about six hundred. The largest importing and exporting firm is English.

After the lunch I motored into the country. The roads are excellent and all very tropical. The native carriage is the *caramatta* (which you still see as the *caleche* in Quebec), a two-wheeled carriage with a hood to it. The passengers sit at the back and the driver in a little seat in the front. All the native cars and carriages seemed to be of this design.

Everybody smokes here. Mothers while nursing their babies had cigars or cigarettes in their mouths. Children of four and five smoke cigarettes. In humbler houses, the family cigar hangs from a string, and every one has a pull at it " when so dispoged."

The streets are very gay, bright, and Spanish, with the usual bright colours that Southern people like.

I accompanied the Governor-General on his first visit to the University of the Philippines. He and I addressed the students. Very quick and responsive they are. He pointed out to them that their present position, in which they speak eighty dialects, is very bad for their future prospects in the world. As a matter of fact, all those present knew English perfectly as I could see by their response.

As at the luncheon, " God Save the King " was sung in my honour, followed by " My Country, 'tis of Thee," and the national song, " Oh! Philippines, My Philippines," which is the fine American tune, " My Maryland, my Maryland." I was touched by these strange folks singing " God Save the King." The Americans on the little platform led the way with tremendous vigour. The students had printed copies of " God Save the King." " Send him . . . to rule over us " sounded queerly.

There is very little ceremony at Government House; I liked it all the better for it. Also, there is very little ceremony as regards the demeanour of the people towards the Governor.

I shall not readily forget my rooms at Government House and the publicity of them. Only just a little screen separated me from the great hall. My outlook was the river, and very beautiful it was by moonlight. I think that I mentioned the lizards on the ceilings at Government House at Sandakan. They were here too, with their curious little note. The only bird I heard was similar to the thrush (I think it was a thrush). I heard it next day on the golf course, but could not see it.

I finished up my sight-seeing for the day by visiting the great gaol. It did not please me very much. It is one of the " sights." People pay a penny to go up a high tower and look down upon it. The prisoners have a very fine band of their own. The better behaved are drilled in public. I was sorry to see ten white men —English and Americans—along with them. The women's part of the gaol was terribly packed. As a matter of fact, the whole place is overcrowded.

Whereas in England the peccadilloes of the sexes are only punished by divorce and pictures in the papers, here the punishment is three years and eight months' imprisonment! We all agreed that, if that law applied to London and New York, the gaols would occupy half the cities. Gambling is also heavily fined, as is opium-smoking. But you cannot stop these Oriental people gambling. At the leper settlement in North Borneo, where they have no money, they actually gamble their meals away. By the time the weekly food ship arrives, some of them have had no food for four or five days, apart from the fish they catch.

As we were in a Spanish settlement going back to 1521, I was rather struck by the fewness of the priests. The Spanish priest is giving way to the English and American Jesuits, who are more up to date. It was a great blow to the Roman Catholic Church here when education was taken out of its hands.

We had a quiet dinner with the staff that night, and a very interesting talk. The Philippine Islands are, I think, the only part of the United States (if they can be called the United States) which is " wet," and there was an abundance of all things drinkable at the Governor's table.

I got into my mosquito net about eleven, with the intimation that breakfast was at seven. The surroundings were so novel, the moonlight so bright, and my head in such a whirl from the amount of sight-seeing done, that I did not have much of a night of it, which is rare with me. It is curious to be in an establishment which is entirely run by men. There are no female servants here, and the whole place is in the hands of the chief A.D.C. Everything seemed very well done—flowers everywhere, and excellent meals. There was a kind of crayfish, much the best *écrevisse* I have ever had. This was the most British group of Americans I have ever met. All of them seemed to know our country, and had friends there in numbers. One of them has visited *twenty-five* English colonies or dependencies for the purpose of studying our health arrangements. There is no " swank " or brag about them. They are all of opinion that Great Britain and the United States *have* got to get together and keep together.

They are full of admiration for our administrative skill in colonization. They are all American Americans, five of them from Massachusetts where the Pilgrim Fathers first started in business.

October 22nd, 1921.
Manila.

The second day here I went out to play golf, seven or eight miles from the city, with a fine old American soldier, General Treat, who knows Lord Rosebery well. The glare, the heat, the strange surroundings, and the fact that I had hardly touched a club since I left Australia, made my game most infernal. I had never played in a solar topee (sun helmet) before. He beat me five up on a course quite different to any that people in England have ever seen. The bunkers are just raised walls with no sand in them and most difficult to get out of. There were some very fine bamboos on the course. The club house is quite good, and in charge of an Englishman who had been there twenty years. He said that " the Filipinos are the luckiest people in the world —hardly any taxes, and the American Army and Navy to protect them." They are a very idle people, it seems. I imagine that after a generation or two, everybody in the tropics becomes idle.

I was glad to lie down when we got back to the palace, after, of course, the usual shower bath. The men in Manila change their clothes at least three times a day. Shower baths are everywhere, as they are in the warm parts of the United States.

In the afternoon, the Governor took me for a long drive, and, " my word ! " as the Australians say every other minute, what a speed we went ! The indicator showed forty-five and fifty miles per hour the whole way.

He wanted to show me the country, and very beautiful it is. We passed through miles of ricefields. Rice at this time of the year looks exactly like young wheat. The country is very green, and, strange to say, looked quite English in parts. The klaxon had the same kind of noise as the klaxon on my beautiful Rolls (" Blue Butterfly ") at home. It set me thinking about that delectable carriage. The Americans have built very fine roads here. They have succeeded the Romans as the greatest road builders in the world. They have had to, of necessity. As we got farther away from the city, we began to see the primitive Filipino, sitting up, with few clothes on, in his little house perched on poles. On some of the islands the inhabitants wear no clothes at all and live in trees—a very different picture from Manila with its wonderful clubs, fine hotels, good shops, tramway cars, thousands of motor cars, and American officers and ladies riding on horseback. Far out in the country we came across a mediæval

Spanish funeral. I have seen many roadside funerals in old Spain. They are all of the processional sort. This one was headed by holy water and incense, and a fat, gorgeously dressed priest groaning out his litany; then came the coffin on the shoulders of young men, followed by a band with all sorts of primitive and forgotten instruments, and then the crowds of relations and friends—the whole thing very barbaric.

I had to return at six for a reception at the Manila Club, which is an English club, although Americans are admitted as non-voting members. Here, again, I was delighted to see the good terms on which the Americans and the British are.

A number of snipe-shooters had just returned. The shooting costume here consists of a pair of shorts, singlet, and pith helmet. That, by the way, is the exact costume worn by the young Scotch Bishop of Sarawak and Labuan, when up country. He very often has to carry a rifle with him to church!

The Governor gave a banquet to me to-night to which he asked some of the leading Filipinos and other officials. There was present General Aguilando. The name will be familiar to most of those who read my diary. He is the Filipino who, while quite a young man, gave the Americans so much trouble twenty years ago. He is most intelligent. He knew all about our country, and the Boer War, which he said rather resembled his war. He believes that the Japanese Fleet is built to protect what she has grabbed, not for the purpose of attacking anybody.

Just as in Glasgow, where there is so much hard drinking, you find many absolute teetotallers, so in Manila, Aguilando told me, where there is so much smoking, there are quite a number who never smoke, and he is one of them. I asked him why. About ten years ago he thought he would leave off smoking, and has never smoked since.

Next to me at dinner was the Speaker of the House of Representatives. I found him quite learned in our Parliamentary procedure. He is a Chinese Filipino.

The ship was to start at six o'clock, but the Governor wanted to see me off in the morning, and arranged that the departure of the ship should be postponed until eight o'clock so that we had a decent rest. The moonlight was strong again in my room that night, but I had a very fine sleep.

I said good-bye to the Governor with great regret, and I shall watch his work in the Philippines with very much interest.

During the last eight years the Filipinos have been allowed very much their own way. They have "slipped right back," got into debt, and all sorts of other muddles. If the U.S. drops

them, they will be taken over by the Japanese and allowed to revert.

October 25th, 1921.
Hong Kong, S.S. "St. Albans."

The two approaches to Hong Kong are most beautiful. The harbour itself is one of the loveliest in the world. The hills around are much higher than I expected them to be.

Landing in China for the first time has a stunning effect upon one. It was late afternoon when we arrived in this busy hive of men. Great numbers of people of all shades of colour were being carried about in palanquins or sedan-chairs, here called "chairs," and there were rickshaws with rubber tyres (like miniature dog-carts) dragged along by men. There were motor cars "honking" their way through narrow streets in which there was barely room to pass. After the silent ship life, the heat, bustle, noise, shouting, and confusion were distracting.

The buildings on the front are tall, indeed very fine English-owned but American-planned office buildings. Behind the town is the Peak, the famous residential quarter of Hong Kong (reached by a funicular railway), largely composed of fine homes. The British in the Far East do themselves well, as they deserve to do.

Our date of arrival was uncertain. I cabled saying that I could not accept any hospitality at all, explaining that I wanted to see the place and make no speeches but to talk with an old friend, Dr. Pearce, who has been for some years a member of the Sylvans.* He is at the Health Department here.

Dr. Pearce provided an excellent motor car, and on my arrival we motored round the island (a distance of twenty-three miles) on a hilly road quite as good as any in France—a magnificent piece of engineering only finished last year—and asphalt all the way. I was glad to find that John Bull, when he has the chance, can make as good a road as the French or Americans. Hong Kong makes one feel proud of being British.

We had secured a reception-room at the Hong Kong hotel—a palatial structure with a large lounge in which the usual young men and maidens, in white clothes, were lounging and flirting, as they do at any other hotel at home or abroad. The whole place is very capably managed, almost entirely by Chinese of course.

On my return from a drive, I beheld the Peak lit up. The Peak is nearly as high as La Turbie, behind Monte Carlo, and you can imagine what that view would be all dotted with electric

* The Sylvan Debating Club founded in the year 1868 by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, Senior.

lights. When the Prince of Wales comes, there are going to be gigantic illuminations on the Peak.

I dined with Dr. Pearce at the Hong Kong Club, which is larger than any London club, not excepting the R.A.C. The dinner was excellent in every respect.

This club fulfils a different function to London clubs. It is the headquarters and great meeting-place of the leading English of Hong Kong. We sat in a corner of the dining-room, and it was pleasant for once to be without curious eyes being directed upon me.

Dr. Pearce explained to me how the vegetables are all specially produced at the Club farm. No white people dare eat Chinese vegetables grown in the native way.

After dinner we went on board the river steamer, *Fatshan*, for Canton, where I was invited by the representatives of the Government of Southern China, of which Sun-Yat-Sen is President. He was away, but Wu-Ting-Fang, whom I met in America (at Washington), cabled an invitation in Sun-Yat-Sen's name. I was anxious to get the view of this faction of two hundred millions of Chinese.

We were all worn out by the excitement of landing in China, and the effect the number of human beings produced on us. We slept very well in this most comfortable river steamer, the captain of which, of course, is a Scotsman.

October 26th, 1921.
Canton.

We arrived at Canton shortly before daybreak.

As I looked out of my cabin window, I beheld a scene I had never contemplated. When I arrived at Hong Kong, the day before, touts for the chief hotels had climbed on board our ship up long bamboo poles. Sometimes as many as six men were hanging on one pole. Here at Canton we were at once surrounded by hundreds of boats like covered house-boats. Boulter's Lock, during Henley Regatta week, might be a tiny miniature of this scene. The *floating* population of China, who live entirely in boats, is many millions. Some of these boats, all of which are covered but open at the end so that you can see into them, are very beautifully fitted. Women do most of the rowing. Women are also the chief porters at Canton. Children are born in these house-boats and pass their whole lives in them.

On one side of the ship were the boat people, shouting and yelling. Their great red banners gave the names of their boats or what they had to sell. On the other side was the bund, or quay.

The Cantonese, since the Revolution, have begun to construct

great boulevards along the sea front as at Hong Kong. The narrow streets, alive with people, have little shops on each side (as in Egypt and Morocco), most of them with Chinese banners hanging down; sometimes at the back of the shop is a little shrine with the picture of Confucius. One street was all herbal medicines, another all baskets, another all shoes, another all silk work. Now and then a woman carrying heavy packages of goods attached to a long bamboo pole would be seen running along, shouting as she goes; Chinese ladies in sedan-chairs, all proceeding at a queer marching pace, rickshaws, motors, in every street; pedlars shouting their wares, almost nude boys with shaven heads stopping at the shops and buying sweets or mischievously interfering with the old women carriers of sand—the whole scene the most vigorous I have ever witnessed.

I went into a great tea house, which, I was told, was something like Lyons', except that it has six classes of customers. We went up three tiers of stairs. The place was packed with people, drinking tea, eating rice, fish, pork, and sweet cakes.

At corners of streets we saw scribes writing love-letters for young women. I had never seen a Chinese write before. He writes with a little brush, and looks like a man painting a picture.

On arrival at Canton, we first went to breakfast with a fellow-passenger, Mrs. Matheson.

The British here live on an island called Sharmeen; very beautiful are some of the houses. The French have a concession there and a fine garden.

It was about nine o'clock and like an August day (although it is the beginning of the Canton winter). Cool, brilliant sunshine. I saw little English children, wearing great pith helmets, in the care of Chinese amahs (nurses), playing under the trees.

After breakfast I went to an interview with Wu-Ting-Fang, after first visiting the Consul-General, which is, of course, etiquette. I found the C.G. a very able man, living in one of the most beautiful houses I have seen since I left England. (The British Consul-General should have a fine house among a people with whom show—" face "—is everything.) They are considerable snobs, the Chinese. Everywhere I go they tell each other that I am " the big number one topside man." There was always a grab to attend upon me. My " boy " on the *St. Albans* (in which we are still travelling) is said to have become swell-headed and cantankerous with the other " boys."

The interview with Wu-Ting-Fang was arranged, and I went off with the Consul-General. We were received by a Guard of Honour composed of extremely queer-looking soldiers who played

European music to us very badly, and saluted. We proceeded first by sedan-chairs and then by motor car along the broad new streets that lead to the Yamen, or Government House. The Consul-General was preceded by a man carrying his Chinese visiting card, which is a red paper about eight inches long and two inches wide, with great Chinese letters on it.

We were shown into what I thought was a very ordinary modern room. I was glad to see that Wu-Ting-Fang was dressed in a fine blue robe. His son, who was educated at Yale and Lincoln's Inn, was present. There was also a Mr. Chen, born in Trinidad, West Indies. Wu speaks English well, the son speaks it like an American, and Mr. Chen with a characteristic English voice. They urged upon us that the forthcoming delegation to Washington was misleading. I had already been informed that the Chinese delegation is under Japanese influence, and if you look at the position of Pekin and the nearest territory occupied by Japanese, you will see why the Japanese can terrorize the Pekin Government whenever they choose to do so ; and they do do so. Young Wu had been invited to be one of the delegation of four, but he won't go. He made many excuses, one being that he did not wish the Americans to know that China is divided. I assured him that they are well aware of that fact, and that anything is better than that the Chinese representatives should be pro-Japanese.

Wu-Ting-Fang had invited me to a meal, and a lunch had been prepared, but I was not aware of the invitation, as I had left the ship very early and missed the envoy. I had already accepted an invitation to lunch with the Consul-General at his beautiful house. They pressed me to eat something, and would I come to tea with them ?—which I agreed to do. (Tea was served at the morning interview, by the way.)

After a capital lunch and an examination of the many beautiful things the C.G. has collected, we had a consultation about the Chinese delegates. We heartily agreed that the Chinese delegation is under the thumb of the Japanese. Japan has blackmailed us and blackmailed the Chinese, a fact I have been reminded of in every conversation I have had since leaving Australia.

We went off again to the second audience. We were shown up to quite a different kind of room in a different part of the palace. Here, to my surprise, were young Mrs. Wu and young Mrs. Sun-Yat-Sen, both " pleased to meet you." Both of them had been educated in the United States. They wore a sort of semi-European clothes and looked very nice indeed—lovely teeth and complexions. Their feet had not been bound.

We took a little tea and ate sandwiches, then came away out again into the noise, bustle, shouting, dust, rickshaw, and sedan-chair riding. Some of the Chinese who carry you in the sedan-chairs and rickshaws wear practically nothing at all. I got a little more used to being dragged about by human beings, but I don't think that I could ever like it.

At five o'clock we went on board the *Fatshan* and glided down the river in the twilight. There were junks going down the stream, here and there on the banks a river shrine, and tombs everywhere. Hundreds of thousands of square miles of China are covered by tombs. Now we pass a British river gun-boat. On shore I had seen our bluejackets lolling back in the sedan-chairs and rickshaws. The British flag is everywhere about Canton and the river. While the Japanese Alliance has degraded our prestige in the eyes of the East, we are still a very considerable people.

This infernal Alliance has placed me in great difficulty for many days past. Special correspondents of Japanese newspapers came to Manila to ask me to say something about it. I thought the matter over well; and took advice. I said that, as they could talk very little English, and I could speak no Japanese at all, I would make a statement through a British news agency in a British town (Hong Kong). They were disappointed. But I was firm. On arrival at Hong Kong, I again took advice. It was obvious that I could not go to Japan—where newspaper reporters are more numerous even than in the United States—and leave without saying something about the Alliance. The Japanese have the faculty of inventing, twisting, and misrepresenting, and, therefore, to be quite sure, I gave a statement to the correspondent of the English *Japan Chronicle* at Kobe, to Reuter's, and to the Associated Press of America. On reaching Japan, if asked for an interview, I shall hand out a copy of this statement. It was equally obvious that, being opposed to this hateful Alliance, I could not enter Japan under false colours.

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One loses all sense of time and forgets the day of the week and the date of the month travelling like this. We are now quite used to going to bed and getting up at all hours.

October 27th, 1921.
Hong Kong.

We arrived back at Hong Kong at a quarter to two in the morning, and saw the electric lights along the roads and in the houses high up on the Peak. We at once took a launch and went out to the *St. Albans*. We were all absolutely worn out after the

strenuous day at Canton, and the effect of new mental impressions. You know how tiring sight-seeing can be. Sight-seeing when the sights are so new, the heat is great, and dust everywhere, is very wearisome.

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Our ship started off for Japan this morning at six o'clock. I knew nothing of the proceedings, as I was asleep. When I awoke there was a distinct change of temperature. It has not been as low as 70 in the ship's cabin since New Zealand. We are 71 this morning. The sudden drop in temperature is very trying. While 71 is warm for home, it seems that we have to get into heavy clothes here at once.

The sea is scattered with Chinese junks, and, for the first time since Southampton, is very rough. The captain told me that sometimes he can count as many as a thousand of these strange craft in sight. The Chinese are wonderful sailors ; they go out fishing and stay away for months, drying the fish on board. They have a curious trick of suddenly crossing our bows in front in order that we may cut off their devils, which devils then attach themselves to us ! There is also a curious trick of the rickshaw people and sedan-chair carriers. When out in a chair or rickshaw, they suddenly drag you in front of a motor car in order that the motor car may cut off their devils ! Hence the numerous motor-car accidents in the East.

The wireless operator of the *St. Albans* tells me of curious wireless quarrels between American and Japanese operators. I think that I have mentioned before that wireless is as common in parts of the world I have been to as is a telegram at home. The American and Japanese operators annoy each other and make contemptuous signs to one another. I fear that we are very backward in wireless at home. The great German wireless station at Nauen carries its news over a radius of two or three thousand miles. The Japanese are erecting at Pekin what will be an equally powerful wireless. The Americans talk quite easily from Manila to Washington. Look at the map and realize what these things mean.

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We have changed our route again. Shipping is in a bad way. There are no tourist travellers to-day, apparently. This nice little *St. Albans* has now but twelve first-class passengers.

* * * * *

Our route is something like this—
Leaving Japan, November 8th.
Cross the narrow straits to Korea.

Then to Pekin, where I shall spend two days.

At Mukden they want me to see Chang-tso-lin, the Chinese brigand, who has an army of three hundred thousand, and is believed to be in league with the Japanese. He is the real ruler of China to-day. It is he who appointed the delegates to the Washington Conference, and every one agrees that they must of necessity be pro-Japanese.

It is possible that the North and South may be fighting (again) and we must alter our route and go from Pekin to Tientsin, and from there to Shanghai.

Then to Singapore.

Then we shall have a motor tour in Java.

Back again to Singapore and join a ship to Ceylon, where I hope to reduce my weight by a week's golf.

Prioleau has gained eight pounds ; my brother-in-law, Milner, nearly a stone. I have not found a scale strong enough to weigh me yet. Day after day in ships, and, when I land, being dumped at once into a motor car, is not calculated to reduce one's charms.

At Yokohama we reckon we are halfway through our tour as to days, and much more as to distance. Then begins uncomfortable railway and motor travelling.

The eight thousand miles of this voyage have passed very quickly, and, while we have been learning tremendously about world affairs, we have been absolutely newsless. What is happening in Ireland, for example ? The Hong Kong papers were almost useless.

October 29th, 1921.
En route to Japan, S.S. " St. Albans."

Off Formosa. We have had two very rough days, especially in the Straits of Formosa. The islands are visible as I write. One might be in the dark grey Atlantic here.

October 30th, 1921.
En route to Japan, S.S. " St. Albans."

We have now been in the little *St. Albans* thirty days. Not many people have been thirty days on one voyage. I believe that this journey of eight thousand miles is one of the longest mail routes in the world.

The days are passed now in discussion about the Anglo-Japanese agreement, which is universally detested. I wonder if we are a decaying race that we should allow ourselves to be used by Japan as the cat to draw the chestnuts. For two hundred years we have built up our position in the Far East, and now, not only we, but other nations, are being crowded out of the four-hundred-million market of China by these crafty folk.

October 31st, 1921.
En route to Japan, S.S. "St. Albans."

I dictate this as we are off the Japanese coast. Very beautiful. Most coasts are.

As the prying Japanese open everything and detain anything they cannot understand, this instalment of my circular letter will be taken by the purser of a Canadian-bound ship and posted at Vancouver.

CHAPTER XIII

JAPAN

Fujiyama—Golf—Attractive Japanese Ladies—Geisha Dancing—Japanese Newspapers with Large Sales—Clogs—Sir Charles Eliot—The "Tea Ceremony"—A Most Graceful Rite—Mrs. Lafcadio Hearn—Harakiri—Japanese Theatres.

November 2nd, 1921.
Japan.

EFORE getting to Japan from Hong Kong, we pass many islands. The first sight of Japan is noble—great cliffs and, beyond them, mountains.

At seven o'clock this morning, the chief officer came into my cabin to inform me that Fujiyama was in sight. With the usual luck as regards weather that has accompanied us *so far* on this world whirl, I had a clear view of the most beautiful mountain in the world. I saw the whole mountain, snow-capped at the cone, without a cloud in between. That was luck indeed. Many people have come to Japan and never seen Fujiyama at all!

Afternoon, November 2nd, 1921.
Japan.

Let me say again that this jerky diary is often dictated in trains, steamers, and even motors. We have forty or fifty letters and wires a day.

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The approach to Yokohama is also beautiful.

After passing Fujiyama we come to the great Naval Base of Yokosuka. Yokohama is rather a mean-looking place. On landing one is in Japan; little ladies dressed in pretty kimonos and rickshaws (with higher wheels than those at Hong Kong) everywhere; porters dressed like knaves in packs of cards, and others with big letters in Chinese characters on their backs indicating their trade or employer.

I was taken to an hotel where there were many little Japanese

girls, with nicely dressed hair, in pretty kimonos. Thence to the golf club with Mr. H. B. Higinbotham, a Canadian. The golf club is in a racecourse. I thoroughly enjoyed the game, hilly as the course was, after being so many days in the cabin of a ship. We played nine holes and I was beaten one up. My drive out to the club was my first drive through crowded Japanese streets.

After golf, we went out to Mr. Higinbotham's very European house at The Bluff, the foreign residential quarter. Then to the electric train for Tokyo. "My word!" again to repeat the Australian saying, what crowds! The railway to Tokyo was as active as an open-air tube. One of the stations is as big and busy as Finsbury Park or Earl's Court. The very rapid train went at first through miles and miles of tiny little fields.

I shall not forget the sound of the clogs worn by the men and women as they passed swiftly over the station floors. Lancashire is not in it with them. On one side there is a steam train and tramcar route; on the other side a road.

Tokyo and its surroundings have a population of three millions. It was dark when we arrived. It looked like a big American city with low buildings. The moving electric signs in Chinese letters struck me. Again let me say, no one can imagine any place, certainly not Japan.

The Imperial Hotel here at Tokyo seems to be quite good. Both my rooms are large, and everything comfortable. We have fires in the rooms. (A few days ago we were in the tropics.)

We are likely to be enveloped by hospitality. I got ahead of the Japanese newspapers by inviting them all to a Japanese dinner and geisha dancing at the Maple Club—something different to anything I have ever seen or done before.

We bumped through the crowded streets—a strange mix-up of tramcars, big American motor cars, rickshaws, bicycles, Chinese lanterns everywhere, Japanese ladies with babies on their backs —to what I suppose was a suburb, where we entered a very beautiful Japanese garden and then came to a restaurant, where, as everywhere, we were expected to take off our shoes or cover them. There was a great crowd of little Japanese ladies at the entrance gate. I am bound to say they looked extremely attractive. They were there mostly for the purpose of taking our hats and coats.

It seems that in Japan it requires four or five people to do the work of one. (On the railway, for example, I noticed that they have five or six guards to the electric train.) We went along various passages, past rooms with sliding paper panel doors, until we came

to a largish room with little mats on the floor, on which we reclined. This was the reception ceremony. I had as my principal guest Mr. Murayama, the owner of the *Asahi*, who has, for many years, been an admirer of mine. The guests were all men A few were in native costume, and some in evening dress. The majority spoke a kind of English ; others spoke none.

After a short time, the partition at the end of the room opened and formed a very large room, round the sides of which were tiny low tables about four inches high. There were little round braziers filled with charcoal for warming the hands and lighting cigarettes. On the little tables were what I supposed were *hors d'œuvre* in small lacquer dishes. The soup was very good, and fish extremely good, and really I don't know what else, with chop-sticks and paper envelopes. The little cups were about as big as a doll's cup, in which was served, warm, the native wine, Saké (pronounced Sah-kay). I did not quite like the look of it : I didn't touch it. As a matter of fact, I was warned about the villainous drinks in the Far East, and am keeping clear of them. I am riding on the " water waggon," as the Americans say.

Little Japanese ladies knelt in front of each guest, to amuse him and keep him in a good temper. The Japanese costumes they wore were far better than any I have seen in London, and their hair was most beautifully done. In front of me knelt what, I supposed, was the head waitress, an older girl, very intelligent. The little ladies chatted merrily with some of the English and American men. They have names like " Cherry-blossom " and " Plum-blossom." One I spoke to said she was about fourteen. The Japanese on my left said, " They all say they are fourteen."

After two courses at the meal tables, the geisha dancing began. It is most graceful and dignified. The music sounds like Indian or Moroccan music. Six women sat at the end of the room playing guitars and drums. I am told that the dancing is very ancient, and exactly the same all over Japan. How they managed it, so tightly bound up in clothes, I do not know, but they did. It left a very pleasant impression upon everybody.

We bumped back to the hotel at a terrific speed through the wretchedly paved and still crowded streets. It was very cold.

I was half frozen all night, despite the fact that Frederick piled every blanket he could get on the bed and obtained a hot-water bottle. What a change from a few days ago, when we were in the tropics !

I have mentioned in the circular letter that I issued a statement at Hong Kong, a week before entering Japan, opposing the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese agreement. It has made a

great stir here, and I am surprised that quite a number of the Japanese like it. Japan is ruled by four men, the Elder Statesmen. Two of them are militarists. The *Jiji*, which is a very much respected solid newspaper, supports me.

As I write, a great concrete-mixing machine is at work outside the hotel. Concrete buildings are going up everywhere. Little sky-scrapers are mixed up with tiny Japanese houses, which, when fire comes and the wind blows, burn down not in hundreds but in thousands.

November 3rd, 1921.
Japan.

I do not understand the Japanese newspapers. On my arrival yesterday, apparently the whole staff, including the proprietor, of the *Asahi*, were there.

The leading papers, as far as I can make out, are the *Osaka Asahi* and the *Mainichi*. They both have enormous sales (600,000 daily), and make great fortunes. Reporters are everywhere here. At the golf club yesterday afternoon there were three of them, and a photographer followed them around. A policeman appeared (as in Germany), and a long conversation occurred. I saw him writing. The policemen are dressed like our special constables were during the war, plus sword, as in Germany.

* * * * *

We did not think that it would be so cold as it is.

It is a fête day to-day and Tokyo is everywhere decorated with the Japanese flag—a white flag with a red sun in the middle.

We drove out to the Meiji Shrine, where the people were celebrating the birthday of the present Emperor's father. We drove, and finally walked, through thousands of people (all well behaved and orderly, though there was very little police supervision), until we came to the shrine, where we saw a procession headed by gorgeously dressed priests with extraordinary headgear. As we had an appointment to keep, we moved with the procession till we got back to where our motor car was. I shall never forget the shrine—the shuffling of the clogs; the women with their gaily-dressed babies on their backs; the policemen with their military swords; the sunshine and dust; the novelty of the whole thing.

Then I drove to a little bit of England—the British Embassy, an English red-brick building, with, actually, red chimneys. The Ambassador, Sir Charles Eliot, who is of about my own age, was particularly nice to me. It was strange to be in an English drawing-room with English pictures. We talked about many things, principally about the lack of Chinese students in England.

He had been Principal at the Hong Kong University and is greatly interested in the question.

We passed by the Imperial Palace gates, where we saw people on the bridge bowing to the Palace. The Japanese are always bowing to you. On meeting they bow three or four times, rubbing their hands on their knees. Counted by the clock, they will go on for half a minute. The lower-class people bow longer and lower.

Thence we proceeded to see the production of the *Asahi*, which I call *The Times* of Japan. It is a thoroughly modern newspaper office, and the paper is printed on the Marinoni, a very suitable machine for the purpose. The larger edition at Osaka has Japanese rotary machines. I was received by old Mr. Murayama, the veteran newspaper owner of Japan, in native costume with pot hat!

This mechanical equipment is really like that of any American or European office, with the exception that instead of twenty-six letters they have four thousand characters to deal with. Thus it is a most difficult task setting the type rapidly. (I have a photograph of myself standing opposite what is called in England "the case.") They are trying an invention of the monotype kind to make the matter easier.

We went from there to a very beautiful garden lent by Mr. Yamamoto, the coal magnate and shipping proprietor. His lady is very beautiful, graceful, and young. We were the guests of Count Chinda (who was formerly Japanese Ambassador in London) and Countess Chinda. They both speak English perfectly, and have many friends in England that I know. This garden was my first experience of a Japanese garden, with waterfalls, ponds, bridges, maples, and beautiful vistas. All the ladies, I am glad to say, were dressed in very beautiful Japanese costumes, much more beautiful than any I have seen at a fancy-dress ball or on the stage at home, and their manners are perfection. Those of them who speak English do so very prettily.

After the reception we moved across a curious Japanese stone bridge to an open marquee, where a most excellent lunch was served in European fashion, with knives and forks, not with chop-sticks as we have to endure often. We talked mostly about golf, mutual friends, and English country house life. I think that they all greatly liked having been in England. Some spoke French very well.

After lunch we walked up and down the garden, which is very large and has many of those curious gnarled oaks and Japanese pines. I looked back at the little company that trooped

behind us. I thought it was like being in dreamland—exactly like Japan of the idealists. Then came something very unexpected, what is called the " tea ceremony." I had heard a little about it, but did not know it was something about which many books have been written, and of which there are several " schools." The ritual takes years to learn. It was performed by Madame Yamamoto in a little doll-like outhouse—the most graceful performance I have ever seen. The tea itself is like highly concentrated soup, of a bright pale green colour and most powerful. There is much bowing, and the little bowls of tea are held at a particular angle, the tea being drunk in a series of sips. Somebody had told me that this tea kept you awake for nights, and one sip was enough for me.

Europeans cannot perform these ceremonies properly because they don't know how to sit down like the Japanese. We were excused and allowed to stand up, though a very great digression from the ritual. We all agreed that it was one of the prettiest pictures we had ever seen ; the solemnity of the thing, the graceful and beautifully dressed ladies, and the little wooden summer-house, perfectly built, in a little green dell.

We had another interesting experience immediately afterwards. In fact, it was a day of thrills. We drove to the residence of Baron Goto, the Mayor of Tokyo, at one time Home Minister and Foreign Minister—a curious combination. This was the first time I had seen a Japanese house. They are indescribable. They are very like a series of rooms, shut off by paper screens. There is very little furniture. The only criticism of Baron Goto's house is that it has too much furniture. From our point of view it was empty.

We came to one little room in which sat his mother, an old lady of ninety-six, bending low and eating with her chop-sticks She took no notice of us. The Japanese are very impassive, but they are not so impassive as the Chinese.

It was here that I met Mrs. Lafcadio Hearn, wife of Lafcadio, an elderly woman, who, to my surprise, did not speak a word of English. People say that very few words ever passed between her and that queer husband of hers, who began by being intensely Japanese and building up the Japanese legend of charm. He ended up by becoming morose and a disappointed man, because of the tendencies of the new Japan. I suppose that every one who reads this knows the story of Lafcadio Hearn, the Irishman-Greek who went to Japan, became a newspaper man, and settled down by becoming a professor at Tokyo University.

Everywhere we go we are offered refreshments—sandwiches

and sweets, and, of course, tea, which is served in little cups, mostly of lacquer.

After that we went off to a very strange place—the house in which General Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur, voluntarily committed harakiri, which is suicide. He did so with all ceremony at the moment of the funeral of the Emperor, his patron and god.

A typical case of harakiri of peculiar interest to foreigners is described in Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*. The ceremony was ordered by the Mikado himself. A witness was sent from each of the foreign legations. From the ceiling of the high roof of the dark hall of the temple, Seifukuji, hung a profusion of gilt lamps and ornaments peculiar to Buddhist temples. In front of the high altar was laid a rug of scarlet felt. Slowly, and with great dignity, the condemned man mounted on to a raised floor, and seated himself on the felt carpet with his back to the high altar. In this position, which is one of respect, he remained until his death. The wakizashi, a short sword or dirk, nine and a half inches in length, was handed to him. He received it reverently, raised it to his head with both hands, and placed it in front of him. Then allowing his upper garments to slip down to his girdle, he remained naked to the waist. Carefully, according to custom, he tucked his sleeves under his knees to prevent himself from falling backward ; for a noble Japanese gentleman should die falling forward. Deliberately, with steady hand, he took the dirk that lay before him ; for a moment he seemed to collect his thoughts for the last time, and then stabbing himself deeply below the waist on the left side, he drew the dirk slowly across to the right side, and, turning it in the wound, gave a slight cut upwards. During this terribly painful operation he never moved a muscle of his face.

We saw the actual spot where Nogi committed the deed. Immediately afterwards his wife followed by cutting her throat in the approved way.

Thence we went to the oldest shrine in Tokyo, which I will not attempt to describe. Anybody who writes a book about Japan says that they are more or less alike. Almost in the shrine itself, Mr. Penlington (*The Times* Correspondent) and Mrs. Penlington live in a charming little Japanese house. In summer they can practically pull all of it to pieces by getting rid of all the wood, glass, and paper. They can turn four rooms into one by taking down partitions. Mrs. Penlington knows a great deal about Japanese art, more especially theatrical art.

After this we went to the Tokyo Club, which is a Japanese club, to which a great many English and Americans belong. It

is like any other nice comfortable club, but I noticed a lot of dice-throwing for drinks. That is a part of foreign life in this part of the Far East, apparently.

Thence to a very interesting place—the Imperial Theatre, where we saw the performance of a warlike play dealing with Japanese life two hundred years ago. People told me that Japan theatres were dull, and to keep clear of them. That was not my impression. I was reluctantly obliged to come away from there to attend a dinner right across the other side of the city. (You must remember that Tokyo has three millions of people.) "My word!" what motoring it is! The way people run across the road here in rickshaws and pop out behind trams on foot is alarming. I was mighty glad to reach our destination, where there was a large banner in French, "Welcome, Lord Northcliffe, to the entertainment by the combined journalists of Tokyo."

Almost all the guests wore European costume. I do not know why some Japanese wear their own costumes and some English. One reason, I suppose, is that Japanese clothes are so expensive.

I had been worked hard and was ravenously hungry. I enjoyed the meal as much as at the Ritz Hotel in Paris.

CHAPTER XIV

JAPAN (*continued*)

On the Way to Kyoto—Fujiyama—" Everything is Tiny "—Mulberry Canes—Chrysanthemums—Japanese Politeness—" The Most Wonderful Thing I have ever seen "—Beautiful Japanese Gardens—A Wonderful Palace—Raw Silk—Buddhist Temples—A Rope of Women's Hair—Mr. Hara.

November 4th, 1921.
Japan.

HIS morning I got up early and went to visit the Mitsui Charity Hospital, a considerable distance from the hotel. This hospital is supported by Baron Mitsui, one of the two great commercial and engineering families of Japan. There are about five hundred out-patients every morning, and the scene was exactly like that in England at the London Hospital's out-patients' department. Many of them were carrying babies on their backs. The hospital struck me as being careless and untidy.

Thence we drove to the railway station, where the sound of the clogs reminded me of Manchester, only ten times more so. The train for Kyoto is an excellent modern train, like those of the P.L.M., with narrow gauge. The track is good. At the end there is an observation car, and we had a fine view of Fuji shortly after leaving Tokyo.

The country, in places, reminds me a great deal of Italy. Many of the houses have thatched roofs, which again reminds me of Europe. I have hardly seen a thatched roof since I left England.

We continue to travel through country extremely like Italy. It reminds me of the plains of Venetia, except that the crop is chiefly rice and dwarf mulberries, which are about three feet high. Japanese, wearing conical-shaped hats, are busy in their gardens and fishing in the streams. And, above all, is Fuji, surely the most beautiful mountain in the world. Fuji stands out alone; no other mountain is near it, and I tell Snoad, as I

dictate this to him, that he is the only shorthand typist who has ever had the honour of taking dictation in sight of the proud Queen of the Mountains. She can be seen for at least two hundred miles. At the moment we are ten miles from her, and she looks next door.

It was a brilliant day with hardly a cloud.

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I can understand the Japanese craze that affects so many English visitors who do not realize the other Japan—the Japan whose brutality is notorious, the Japan who is obviously trying to rule China in order that she may rule the world.

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Half the crops we pass I do not know at all. We go on by villages with their straight roofs, little children up and down the streets, and men with queer costumes which make them look as if they came off a playing card; now and again there is a horrible advertisement sign in Chinese characters such as we see in English in England and America. [*Query*—What about the *Daily Mail* Million Sale ?] I asked the meaning of one, and was told that it advertised somebody's tooth paste.

This railway is, apparently, as good as any. As I have said, it is narrow gauge. The speed does not exceed twenty-five miles an hour. The lunch served is quite up to that in England, with a very quick service, there being practically one attendant at every table. The number of people on one job here is extraordinary.

Here we go through a modern-looking town with great factory chimneys, decorated with Japanese lettering. It is the town of Fuji. (By the way, the mountain is closed to climbers for the winter. They tell me that on the extreme top of it there is a shrine.) The railway stations have little chrysanthemum patches around them.

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I have been given a nice large room to myself on this train, and the observation car.

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A young Japanese, in Japanese costume, is reading *The Mirrors of Downing Street*. When he came to my chapter he laughed. I told him that it was a very wicked book.

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Growing rice looks like short oats at this time of season. It is hung up in tiny stacks. As E. V. Lucas says, in his rather gloomy account of Japan, " everything is tiny."

The rivers here at this time of the year are dried up, as they are in the South of France. The climate is like what I imagine

Northern Italy to be in the month of November, and the appearance of the country very similar, except that the people are doing things in the fields I don't understand and using all sorts of implements I have never seen before.

The train is full of pretty little Japanese girls, eating some sweet stuff, out of boxes, with chop-sticks.

When one travels round the world one discovers lots of things that are discreetly hidden from home, such as the wealth of missionaries and the missions. I met a young man on the train who is an American missionary looking after property worth a million dollars in Pekin. I did not realize before that mission property is sometimes worth millions, and I do not exclude the Church of England from this statement.

There are two things that pervade Japan—clogs and Chinese letters. I was surprised to see all notices written up in Chinese letters—advertisements, electric signs, and every kind of notice. Japanese is a difficult language to learn. Children cannot read until they are past eight, owing to the thousands of characters they have to master. It must be remembered that the Chinese and Japanese count one year before birth as a year in regard to age.

This railway runs between Fuji and something very like the shores of the Mediterranean; the boats not unlike the Italian boats. I see the women drying their nets.

Every inch of land is cultivated; the land is tilled in tiers. The Japanese are very prone to tell you that their country is so crowded. But this talking about the over-crowding of Japan is nonsense; the northern island of Hokkaido is empty.

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We have said "good-bye" to Fuji. I shall never see her again, but shall never forget her. It is considered a very good omen to see Fuji clearly for the first time from the ocean, as we did. We have been with her for hours in this train, seeing her to perfection.

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It is curious to pass through the railway cars on the way to the restaurant. There are Japanese ladies sitting down in the Japanese way, American girls, with neat stockings and shoes, a severe-looking English party (my goodness! how English we look when we are abroad!), Japanese men in Japanese costume, and others with a horrid mixture of a long sort of coat and soft felt hat.

Mr. Murayama is travelling with us in native costume and wearing a cloth cap. Top hats, felt hats, and cloth caps seem to

be everywhere here. After all, I do not know what a Japanese *should* wear on his head. But top hats and felt hats look dreadful.

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As we get into the silk district we see more and more mulberry canes, which look rather like raspberry canes. Now we come to tea plantations. I wonder how many people know that tea is really a flowering camellia, just as the chrysanthemum is a daisy.

In a great show of chrysanthemums at one station we passed there were fifty varieties.

Now and then I see old women, sitting at the doors of their thatched roof houses, with spinning wheels.

We all agree that it is the most interesting railway ride we have ever had, except the first peep at New Zealand from the train. I won't mention the factory towns that we passed through. They are just like any other factory towns. All the stations swarm. You never have one minute out of sight of people. I called the attention of Milner, my brother-in-law, to this fact. He is very proud of Australia, but there we looked out of the train for hours and saw nobody.

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The aristocratic Japanese I have met are rather like English people. The middle-class Japanese I saw in the restaurant car were like French and Italians—very exuberant. Not one of us has seen anything like German rudeness, pushing, or staring. In national expansion, land grabbing, and militarism, the people are certainly on the German model. I was told that they stare, but they don't stare as they do in Germany or Spain, where one is followed about in small towns by crowds. Here the little staring I have seen doesn't seem at all offensive. We were stared at in the theatre owing to the publication of portraits and accounts in the newspapers. But most of those present went on with their routine. A Japanese theatre is a place where you can live for the whole day. There are restaurants, shops, bars, and lounges.

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It was dark when we got to Kyoto. The Mayor, in his tall hat, a representative of the Government of the Province, and others were all there bowing. Some of them spoke perfect English with an American accent.

I told the newspaper reporters that I would not see them to-night, but to-morrow in the presence of Mr. Honda, who has been supplied by the Foreign Office to look after our comforts.

November 5th, 1921.
Japan.

There was ice on the windows of my bedroom this morning, a considerable change from ten days ago when my cabin was 84 in the morning. We are all standing the change very well, owing to good luck and constant increase in weight of our clothes.

I feel rather ashamed of some of the hotels in our large provincial towns when I compare them with this hotel; in which, I believe, Kipling stayed thirty years ago. I have as nice a suite as I have had anywhere. It was most pleasant to see good coal fires burning when we got in last night.

The town is a queer mixture of factories in the middle and palaces and temples without.

To-day I was introduced to the most ancient and honourable doctrine of Teaism—to which I have referred. It was during the course of a visit to the Imperial Gardens—perhaps the most wonderful thing I have ever seen. Enchanted, bewildered, fascinated by the exquisite workmanship of a Japanese garden of high degree, I heard my host, a representative of the Imperial Household, telling me (in smooth polished phrases which, for their simplicity and lucidity, would have delighted Robert Louis Stevenson and disgusted Doctor Johnson) about a thing called Teaism.

At first I thought I was the victim of that extremely rare phenomenon, an Oriental pun.

" To be all gentleness," I heard, " to learn the rare perfection of exquisite manners," " to teach the inner meaning of courage and of the high charge of its guardianship of personal honour to the Shogun . . ." Well, frankly, I thought I was listening to one of those splendid creeds which, at five thousand years old, are yet young in Manchuria. I loved them just as " Kim " loved the quarter-comprehended dronings of the Lama, but I never connected them with tea.

Teaism is the happy phrase invented by the English-speaking Japanese gentleman of to-day to describe one of the influences which brought about that superlative work of art, a noble Japanese garden. A Japanese garden, such as the Imperial Gardens of Kyoto, is, above everything, a Place of Peace. No sounds, save those of the falling water and rare voices of birds, spoil that utter silence which envelops the Imperial Gardens as with a gossamer veil. Silence! You cannot guess at the meaning of the word till you have roamed amid the flaming maples, leaned over the little bridges which connect lake-island with hillside, and have

watched for hours a couple of mediæval figures in a mediæval punt scouring the bottom of the lake. A beautiful wood-and-paper Japanese house crowns one of the little hills in this perfect garden, a house where my friends and I drank, out of frail cups, the finest Japanese tea. And here it was that I first heard of Teaism—the ceremony I saw in the garden at Tokyo.

The actual tea and the honourable method of drinking it are but symbols of one of the most beautiful doctrines in history. Properly to drink and appreciate tea, you must drink it in a beautiful garden. In order to appreciate both, it is necessary that you be able, at will, to attune your mind to beautiful things—and, say the Japanese, none are more beautiful than Gentleness (which means kindness), Good Manners (which, to my mind, is the same thing), and the Courage which makes the Perfect Knight. Some of us (most, I believe) would say that we have here a Trinity in Unity. The Japanese prefer to have proof of it—or perhaps I should say preferred, for the design and construction of beautiful gardens such as the Imperial Gardens of Kyoto have long been a universal and national business. However that may be, the indisputable fact remains that no garden in the world can approach the Japanese for almost uncanny art. Is there a lake in the scheme (and there is nearly always)? Then the white bridge with its pagoda-like towers, which spans the breach twixt mainland and island, must cast its shadow amid the crimson maple-tree reflections, leaving at the same time something over to make the right contrast with the deep green of the twisted firs and pines. "You see," said my host, "that, in order to get the effect of great space on a small scale, we show you, across a little lake, a small island, a big bridge, two or three big trees in the foreground, and then, on a sharp rise behind, much bigger trees."

There are little bays and promontories in this Imperial lake so perfectly proportioned that at times I would be thinking of Stanley Park at Victoria, B.C., and at others of some child's work in a tiny suburban garden. In such surroundings, under such a cloud-flecked sky, amid such blue-green hills, who but a churl could fail to acquire the alleged essentials of Japanese chivalry—Gentleness, Good Manners, Courage?

I have only hinted at the beauty of these gardens. I have not mentioned the quaint lanterns, which are everywhere in Japan; the trees, great and dwarfed; the hedges, the white stairways, the sanded paths, and the silence.

Next we went to the Nigo Palace, with its rooms of birds, beasts, and trees, where the early rulers of Japan lived and died. The Nigo Palace is a marvel of proportions. You pass under

a roofed gateway, leading across a huge yard up to a gigantic palace. At first glance it is but a replica of a thousand Japanese houses, extraordinarily neat, clean, beautiful, and rather dark. That is its magic. It is inconceivably larger than any Japanese private house could possibly be. I do not know how many vast rooms we passed through, but I have an impression of seeing an endless succession of quiet, beautiful square chambers, leading into each other by means of sliding panels of wood and painted parchment. And although they were ten times as big as any Japanese house I have yet seen, they were so perfectly proporitoned that I might have been looking through that gem of a tea-house where Countess Chinda's friend gave us ceremonial tea the other day at Tokyo. A doll's house and a palace.

* * * * *

The Room of the Pines.
The Room of the Storks.
The Room of the Ducks.
The Room of the Tigers.
The Room of the Hawks.
The Room of the Cedars.

* * * * *

I cannot do more than say that each room had walls showing, with one exception, the birds, beasts, and trees after which it was called—vivid, daring, exquisite portraiture on a background of living gold. The exception was the Room of the Tigers. The tiger, at the date of the artists' work, had long been extinct in Japan, and he and the leopard are drawn secondhand—from descriptions. Perfect matting—lacquer steps—bronze hinges to sliding panels. A perfect piece of work.

But rigid Court rules made my host receive me (in a flannel suit) dressed in a frock-coat, whereas the only suitable dress would have been either the mail of mediæval armour or the monk-like brown kimono of a Japanese nobleman of 1921. (Kimono means long coat.)

Thence to and through Kane Bo Silk Weaving Factory, where I saw the whole process of turning out the finest silks for sewing and weaving, from the raw product to the final stage where it is wound on to reels and woven into beautiful materials. It is an amazing place of industry. Women of all ages control the huge looms and bobbins, wearing a small triangular mask over mouth and nose to protect them from dust and flying particles. Some of the women were Koreans. I was most impressed with the machine-like efficiency of every one working there, and the fact that all machinery came from Leeds, Sheffield, or Manchester.

There are in the factory great variations of temperature. The first stages of the process are carried on in cool rooms. Then you pass through a drying-room, where the heat seems blistering, into a kind of tropical hothouse, where a whirling spray of water keeps the air as damp as a Scotch mist. This plant is only one of sixteen owned by the same firm, and the area of the factory is fully as large as that of any average British motor works. Thoroughness, efficiency, and spotless cleanliness are the key-note of this interesting place. But it takes at least three Japs to do the work of one European in this factory.

Silk, in its raw form, is very like the best Merino wool, such as I saw in Australia.

After leaving the factory we drove to a Buddhist temple called Honganji. I did not realize that there were two temples both of the same sect of Buddhism, and in very keen competition. I was expected to go to both. A Japanese Buddhist temple is a very difficult thing to describe. It is mostly of wood, lacquer, and bamboo, with sliding doors and panels everywhere.

We were first shown into a room where tea, and various kinds of sweets, which we nibbled a little, were served. Afterwards we found the remainder of the sweets in the motor car. The Japanese custom is that what you don't eat they send to your house afterwards. The Abbot, a very good-looking young man, with a rosary in his hand, came in with the usual bowing and hissing. After polite speeches on both sides, he proceeded to show us round the immense long passages opening out into a vast temple, in the middle of which was a shrine. The whole thing reminded me of a Roman Catholic Cathedral—the altar, the burning lamps, the priests bending low in front, and the congregation beyond the railing without. The loud beating of a gong added to the general monastic effect.

We were tired after our long walks in the morning, and thought we had finished, but on arriving back at the gate of this temple we were told that the rival temple was expecting us—*they had telephoned to say so!* There are such queer mix-ups in Japan that one is never surprised to see a telephone anywhere. In the middle of the monastery there was the monks' store, in which I saw typewriters at work.

Taking off the old shoes they put over your boots, we went off to the next temple—a much larger one. My Japanese friend, Sugimura, whom I have known for many years (he was London Correspondent of the *Asahi*), was dropping with hunger and fatigue I had to step forward to lead the party. The Abbot of this temple moved very briskly; and I was tired, but didn't care to say so.

He was out to advertise his temple, as I very soon found out. He called attention to all the " talking points," as we say in the newspaper world.

We saw a rope of women's hair. The rope itself, eight inches across, had been some hundreds of yards long. It had been used to hoist the great beams to form the temple. The hair was the sacrifice of thousands of women between sixteen and sixty.

At that moment, the customary newspaper photographers appeared on the scene, and, much to my surprise, the advertising young Abbot put himself in a motor car with them, and told our driver to drive to a private park belonging to the temple. There the Abbot chose a very good place for a photograph. When the record comes home it will show the Abbot and me shaking hands in front of the camera.

Another bundle of sweets was put in the car as we drove off back to the hotel.

I counted twelve offers of tea at the various places we had been to to-day. It is very weak tea—tastes like straw—not our conception of tea. The Japanese, on the other hand, dislike our tea.

November 6th, 1921.
Japan.

We are sad to-day. We were mixed up with the assassination of Hara, the Prime Minister here. I did not see Hara on purpose when I was in Tokyo. I did not wish to get involved in any discussion with regard to the Anglo-Japanese agreement, which is detested by every European and American I have met. Hara was a forceful sort of man, and was determined to see me. He took advantage of a small meeting of his supporters at Kyoto so that he might be able to see me. Just before the train started from Tokyo he was assassinated.

* * * * *

Very cold again this morning. We left Kyoto with regret. It is a wonderful place, and I shall look forward to reading about it for the rest of my life.

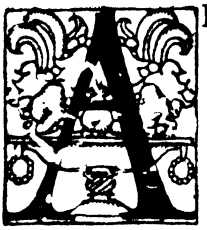
We were up early and off this morning by train to Osaka. At the station there were people in great numbers, rushing hither and thither. I saw no rudeness or pushing or trying to get in or out of the train first.

CHAPTER XV

JAPAN (*continued*)

Reception at Osaka—Sacred Tortoises—The Children in the Temple—Holidays in Japan—Floating Prayers—Exquisitely-sounding Bells—"A Terrific Bell"—Theatre Streets—Nerve-racking Motor Drives—A Perfect Hotel—A Temple of Peace—The Nara Club—Largest Buddha in the World—A Stately Dance—Overshoes—A Trip in the Inland Sea—Cold Weather—"Tipperary."

November 6th, 1921.
Japan.



RRIVING at Osaka, Japan's Manchester, with a population of a million and a half, there were to meet us gaily decorated motor cars, and the usual crowd of reporters, photographers, and spectators. It was Children's Flower Day (like Rose Day), and pretty Japanese girls pinned white roses to our coats. Our usual brilliant weather followed us.

Again let me say that we have seen none of the rude staring we have been told about. I wonder how much staring there would be at Liverpool Street Station about the same time of day (11 a.m.) if a party of Japanese in decorated motor cars turned up and had to face a gang of cameras ?

First we drove to the ancient fortress of Osaka, built of stones nearly as large as those used in Egypt, and said to be the first fortress in Japan. It is built somewhat on European lines.

Thence to a great Buddhist temple—a series of courts laid out on a scale reckless of the value of land, their sides formed by shrines of saints, surrounding a sacred lake, spanned by bridges of white stone and having little islands on which disport themselves scores of tortoises ; gateways, groves of trees, and an uncountable congregation of smiling folk and their children—these are the barest outlines of the Temple of Shi-Tenno-ji. Wherever you go you see the graceful, many-roofed pagoda towering over everything and reflected in the still waters of the Tortoise Lake.

The tortoises live a splendid life of dignified ease, petted and beloved of everybody. For the belief is that any of them may contain the spirit of your ancestors, and as the latter may remain as tortoises for ten thousand years, it behoves you to show them proper affection lest, when your turn comes, you may turn into something less comfortable and secure than a temple tortoise. You would never have a chance of becoming a stork, for example, where the leasehold is for one thousand years only.

It is a beautiful place, this temple, not so much on account of its perfect design and architecture, but because of the atmosphere of quiet happiness. Multitudes of children play among the relics of countless ages of civilization, pushing their fat little bodies up to the very feet of the Lord Buddha himself, who keeps a special golden smile for the great-great-grandfathers and mothers of those who have so well meditated upon the Way that they may become captains of their souls, great students of the Wheel of Life. That is what struck me most in this temple, one of the largest in the Buddhist world, buried in a squalid, bustling, noisy city which has been described to me as the Chicago, the Manchester, and the Leeds of Japan. Great cities, these, no doubt, but not worthy to have such a splendid, gracious temple, where of all the holiday folk who thronged its endless courts the children were the happiest and the most at home. Whether, at twelve months, he crawled painfully on his fat tummy along the gravel, or, at the immense age of six, lorded it among those who fed the wheeling clouds of pigeons, the Osaka child was the person who mattered in the Temple of Shi-Tenno-ji on this Day of Flowers.

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Every one wore a flower in his coat or his kimono, and, as a natural result, it was a holiday. I have only been in Japan a few days and two of them have been holidays—to-day, because it seemed a perfectly sound scheme to wear flowers, do nothing and take your children to help you; Thursday, because it was the birthday of a deceased Emperor.

One of the best things I saw to-day was the floating of a prayer in a tank consecrated to the good wishes of "all dead friends." It is a darksome little place, heavily overshadowed by the beautiful deep eaves of Buddhist roofs, and in the pool, which is fed by a little stream gushing from the bronze mouth of a Buddha, float hundreds of printed prayers. They are cylinders of thick parchment, about ten inches long, with the prayer printed in heavy Japanese script, and they are floated into the pool at the end of long bamboo canes, with a cross-piece at the top—not unlike an

undeveloped polo-stick. An old woman arrived with a little prayer for a dead friend—another old woman, perhaps, a gossip fifty years dead; or maybe a son killed in the wars against China or Russia or the Huns; or a husband. Who knows who was specially brought to the notice of the Lord Buddha by that scrap of parchment? At all events, she was a wise old woman. For she fitted the little prayer carefully on to the cross-piece of the bamboo stick, saw that it held tight, and handed it to a child of four to offer to the Most Excellent. There were many prayers floating to-day in that tank, but none of them, I am sure, is more certain of reaching the Lord Buddha's kindly eye than this one. For Buddha loves little children.

Temple bells were ringing everywhere as we strolled happily amongst the holiday folk. They make a most exquisite sound, a sound quite unlike any other in the world. It is like a kindly silver voice, speaking wisely, gently in an unknown but familiar tongue. You do not recognize the words or the music of the tones, but you know their message well. It is the little, beautiful daily reminder of the infinite turns of the Wheel of Life, the sure promise that, however darkly you may sin to-day, the Lord Buddha will judge you one day as clean and shriven, and you will enter Nirvana. Buddhism, one of the oldest, most mysterious creeds in history, is still to-day a creed for children. Never give up, says the Most Excellent. Can you teach a child anything better?

There is a vast belfry among the scores of beautiful buildings which go to make up this temple. Under its tremendous roof is hung a bell of green bronze. People argued irritatingly as to whether it was twice as big as the big bell of Moscow (which has never been rung); or as big as the bell of Kyoto (which is rung every day); or whether it was smaller than either. But I paid no attention. It is a terrific bell. I give no dimensions to feed the flames of maddening argument; I am content to know that it was so absurdly gigantic that I could hardly believe in it. One of my companions tapped the great foot-thick rim with his stick and stood in a beautiful attitude of attention. Nothing whatever occurred. We heard the faint tap of his stick within something which might have been granite or marble; but the monster said nothing. Then I led him round to where a giant battering-ram was mounted, a fearsome teak beam, two feet at least in diameter, and at least fifty feet long. It is capped with green bronze, and ponderous, ancient mechanism sets it swinging horizontally till at last, with the force of heaven knows how many tons weight behind it, it hits the lower half of the bell on a great raised disc.

Then the bell of Osaka rings, and all Osaka hears and does *not* forget.

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To-day we lunched at the palatial office of the Osaka *Asahi* (*Morning Sun*) newspaper. European food is served everywhere we go, though many of the Japanese don't like it. They prefer their rice, raw fish, dried fish, and other kickshaws. It was a lunch as good as any served in a French restaurant, probably cooked by French cooks.

* * * * *

Shall I ever forget motoring in the narrow Japanese streets? Never! We have been in imminent danger of accidents the whole time. It is not comfortable! The Japanese are, I think, traffic blind, for they pop round the narrow streets on bicycles, despite the klaxon going the whole time. Motor speed is rarely less than thirty miles an hour.

In every Japanese town there is a Theatre Street. In Osaka, Theatre Street is a mile long, and is like a country fair—mobs of people; gay banners with Chinese letters; Charlie Chaplin outside the picture theatres, which are countless; lots of little shops, where things are none too cheap (nothing is cheap in Japan); bookshops, picture postcard shops, advertisements, and blazes of electric light. One advertisement, which I see all over Japan and China, amuses me very much. It is that of a man wearing a Napoleonic hat. I saw it first near a picture theatre. It is a mythical figure, and I thought it had something to do with shrines, but Mr. Honda, the official of the Japanese Foreign Office, who goes with me everywhere, tells me that it is an advertisement for a famous Chinese pill. Since then I have noticed it everywhere: out in the fields, as we pass along, in the newspapers, and in the form of electric signs at night. The Japanese still have great belief in ancient Chinese cures.

This was a crowded day. A large deputation of bankers and others had come from Kobe to see me. Kobe is a great seaport and bears the same relationship to Osaka as Liverpool does to Manchester. I gave them a very plain talk about the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which was interpreted for me by a half-caste, who looked more Chinese than English. So far the Japanese newspapers and officials are very mild about my attitude with regard to the Alliance, which came as a shock to some of them, my newspapers being much read here, and *The Times* having supported the second renewal of the Alliance years ago. But when I go there will probably be an outbreak against me.

After a nerve-racking motor drive in the dark through electric

trams, bicycles, motor cars, and the great crowds waiting for the tramcars, we make for Nara, an immense private car being provided for us. Our objective is one of the ancient Imperial capitals of Japan, and the Imperial Government invited us to see things rarely shown.

We arrived at a very perfect hotel, owned by the Government. When I think of the hotels in Edinburgh, and compare them with this beautiful place; with every American improvement in hotels; bathrooms as in New York; the great dining-room decorated with maple trees with leaves of brilliant yellow and red; and the little dainty geisha girls waiting at table, one of whom I saw bowing very low to Frederick; I begin to realize that it is time we took the hotel business in hand at home.

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The Japanese are superficially polite, and have the art of leg-pulling carried to a degree.

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I have received a number of gifts. A Japanese lady has presented me with a beautifully dressed doll; not a children's doll, but for a museum. A Japanese gentleman, father of a son to whom I was kind in London, has given me a dainty little lacquer cabinet. By the way, I am sending one box of presents home already.

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Going round the world has serious regrets. When I was at Thursday Island I saw pearls which I did not then know to be very cheap (real pearls, not cultured pearls). They *were* cheap. Yesterday I went to Mikimoto's culture-pearl establishment here, thinking that I might buy little necklaces for some of my nieces cheaply. The cheapest I saw was £300—and not very good pearls either.

November 7th, 1921.
Japan.

We left this wonderful hotel at Nara at nine o'clock and had a delightful drive through a flat plain, which was almost entirely one line of villages for miles. The day was fine (as usual). The maples were at their best—their reddest. We saw the peasants in their fields at close range. I was again reminded of the industry of the Italian peasants.

The persimmon here grows high on trees. It is something like a brick-red tomato. They stand out in the sunlight very sharply.

* * * * *

I am now beginning to know many of the leading advertisement signs in the fields.

The Temple of Horyu-ji, Nara, which we visited, is another Temple of Peace—set among lakes and gardens, graceful pagodas, and white-walled shrines—less grandiose than the temple at Kyoto, but with a quiet charm, a sort of gentle loneliness amid its quaintly twisted fir trees, which makes it obviously a place for real meditation. It is thirteen hundred years old, and is all built of wood.

It has a most remarkable museum, which contains a portrait and statue of Prince Shotoku, who, in 607, imported Buddhism into Japan from Korea.

The Hidden Buddha—the holiest place in Japan.

People are never allowed to see the figure itself. It stands in a hexagonal shrine like a great cupboard, with doors on three sides, hung inside with scarlet and gold brocade. The main door shows a magnificent figure of the Lord Buddha, which specially privileged persons are occasionally permitted to see. Behind this, concealed by it, is a beautiful, slim bronze statue of immense age. This is practically never shown to anyone except particularly fortunate foreign visitors.

We lunched at the charming Nara Club, in the middle of the forest, and before we began an old forest-ranger, with a bugle, called up all the deer in the woods. They swarmed round us in scores, snatching biscuits out of our hands, as tame as household dogs. It was a very pretty sight. An excellent cold lunch followed in the exquisite wood-and-paper club house. The sliding screens of the dining-room had been pulled back, and we gazed as we ate on a magnificent show of chrysanthemums growing in little tents.

After this we went to Daibutsu-den, the shrine of what is said to be the largest statue of Buddha in the world. Magnificent are the proportions of this colossal figure, seated in a lotus leaf in the conventional attitude, with upraised palm. From every angle he appears to grow larger, until his size is absolutely terrific. Buddha is a kindly deity, but in Daibutsu-den he becomes decidedly alarming.

Here are a few dimensions of this huge statue—

Height, 53½ ft.
Face, length 16 ft.; width 9½ ft.
Eyes, length 3 ft. 10 ins.
Ears, length 8½ ft.
Thumb, girth 4 ft. 9½ ins.; length 4 ft. 4½ ins.
Palm, length 6 ft. 9½ ins.
And his 966 curls are 1 ft. long and 7½ ins. thick.

The Emperor Shomu in the Tempyo period set up this statue

in 743 A.D. at Shigaraki, but two years later transferred it to his palace at Nara, where it has remained ever since. Three successive temples have sheltered it during its twelve hundred years' life. At one time it stood exposed to the weather for a century, and one of the reasons why it became necessary to build a third temple over it was that brigands took to ambushing themselves inside it.

The next item on the programme was the ringing of the big bronze bell (called the Big Bell). It is struck with a huge beam that swings from a rope. Several of our party had a try at it, but were nearly swung off their feet. The sound of the bell is low, but can be heard at tremendous distances.

Finally what may be our last historic sight in Japan. We climbed to a Shinto temple, with a great gallery of stone lanterns on each side. We climbed for a quarter of a mile through these lanterns. The place was alive with people, as if it were a Bank Holiday at home; school children, priests, and students everywhere. Japan is always alive.

The temple itself is of the usual Japanese shrine shape, familiar in Japanese paintings and pictures.

Then came something that had been prepared for us—a Shinto dance, dating back beyond any time. Two priests sang a kind of chant, a woman played on a long low instrument, which is a kind of flat harp on the ground (she picked the strings with two little instruments fixed to her fingers), and two pretty little girls made grave movements—the whole thing was very stately. They were much pleased when I congratulated them on it.

After this we came in by special electric car to Osaka. Here I visited a great department store in the hope of getting some good modern kimonos, but to my regret I found there were only heavy winter ones, very thick and unbecoming. I shall try to get better ones at Pekin, though these, of course, will be ancient.

The store was about half the size of Selfridge's, and very beautifully arranged. I came away empty handed, not being able to spend the time necessary to explain that English ladies do not need what they call double kimonos, as beneath English ladies' dresses is a series of other garments, not to be named. The chief manager of all was summoned from his sanctum and advanced with about thirty bows and much rubbing of his knees. He made the usual broken English remarks, but I could not wait.

There was one wild rush from the department store to the ship, where for the last time I hope that I shall be rid of the necessity of putting on overshoes, which one has to do everywhere in Japan, even in shops, for the sake of preserving the beautiful

floors. This rule applies to restaurants, theatres, palaces, and, indeed, to practically every indoor place.

I hope, also, that I have seen the last of my motoring in Japan. We had only one small accident, but we nearly had many.

The beautiful ship we drove to had been chartered by the *Asahi* in my honour. I had no idea that I should find a vessel decorated from stem to stern with all sorts of coloured electric lights, Union Jacks, and Japanese flags, the aft of the ship having been turned into a wonderful garden of flowers. Several English people came to see us off, and an immense crowd of Japs. On board there are two Japanese ladies, among a large company (over one hundred) who are travelling to say good-bye to me to-morrow morning.

I dictate this in my cabin, just as I am going upstairs to see a cinematograph performance in the saloon!

November 8th, 1921.
Japan.

As I mentioned yesterday, quite a large party has been invited to accompany us on this trip through the Inland Sea. It is curious to be one of the few English on board among a large party of Japanese. We are so quiet; they are exactly like Italians, except as regards hand gestures.

This twelve hundred and thirty tons steamer was, I believe, taken from the Germans after or during the war.

After the cinematograph show last night came the following feast. I give it exactly as printed :—

Hors d'Œuvre à la Moscovits.
Bisque de Écrevisses à la Monaco.
Stromatée Sauce Château Yquem.
Cotelette de foie Gras en Couronne.
Ris de Veau London-Housse.
Cépe à la Bordelaise.
Asperge Sauce Maltaise.
Giqot de Mouton Rôti.
Salade de Raiponce.
Brisse de Printemps.
Sorbet à la Victoria.
Desserts.

This meal lasted for two hours.

It was rough. The daughter of Mr. Murayama (the proprietor of the *Asahi*), a very pretty Japanese girl, faced me at table, and I thought I saw a sudden change in her—she left; then others left.

We had a great deal of talk about Japanese newspapers, the censorship, and other matters.

Then I went to my comfortable cabin and read an amusing Japanese book, called *The Book of Tea*, which deals with the various aspects of tea all over the world, and Teaism.

This morning I got up very early to have a look at the Inland Sea. Some places are up to description, others not. It is certainly a most beautiful archipelago, and a yachting man's paradise. It is not so smooth this morning as it might be; there is a strong wind blowing.

We are seeing this famous piece of water under what I am told are unusual conditions. Ever since we left Osaka yesterday evening in this beautiful steamer, *Kurenai* (Painted Lady), we have driven steadily into the teeth of half a gale, whereas at this time of year the rule is fair winds and smooth seas. In spite of the cold, which is pretty sharp, I am enjoying every moment of a beautiful voyage. Hundreds of islands, of all sizes and shapes, slide past us, no two ever looking the same. For ten minutes the sun will turn everything into a glory of blue and green, with white clouds charging furiously overhead, and fields of white foam and spray all round us. Then an inky black squall will wipe all the colour from sea and land. A moment later all is sparkling and glittering again, and away on the port side we can see clouds of fine spray, whipped from the wave-crests and blown along the surface exactly like spirals of road dust.

At Miyajima, an island at which we land to catch the train to Shimonoseki, there stands the great Torii gateway, the original of all the huge red gates which stand sentinel over the temples of Japan.

I have just heard that after the dinner last night, of twelve courses, some of my party were invited to a second feast! This, a Japanese one, in a lower saloon of the ship. Here they found all the Japanese men who had been at the dinner sitting on the floor in Japanese fashion, having in front of them the usual little lacquer trays on which were many dishes of Japanese food. In the centre of the group there was a brazier bearing a large frying-pan in which meat was gaily frying together with onions and sliced potatoes. Now and then a Japanese would lean forward and pick out a piece of meat with his chop-sticks.

Hot Saké (Sah-kay) flowed freely. The tiny little china cups were constantly refilled, and everybody was in merry mood. A sort of impromptu concert was held. First, a Japanese sang a song to his own accompaniment on a samisen—a very doleful business, frequently interrupted by the people who were looking

on. This was followed by a Japanese recitation, which lasted at least twenty-five minutes. Nobody took very much notice, the eating and drinking being carried on the whole time. At the end there was loud applause, whether in appreciation of the fact that he had finished or in praise of his lengthy effort, those of my party present cannot say. Then came a dance by a prominent member of the *Asahi* staff, who dressed up for the occasion. At a late hour the whole assembly vociferously sang " Tipperary," the Japanese knowing the tune and words accurately.

CHAPTER XVI

JAPAN (*continued*), KOREA, AND PEKIN

"This Beautiful Land"—Maple Time—The Great Torii—"A Forest of Red-lacquered Columns"—A Dance of "Ghostly Terror"—Merry Japanese Waitresses—"A Perfect Miniature of all Japan"—Reception in Korea—Magpies—Tall Hats everywhere—A Luxurious Private Railway Car—Flash-light Photographs at Seoul—Japanese Dinners—Antung—Chinese with Pigtails—Semi-Arctic Weather—Chang-tso-lin, "the Most Powerful Man in China"—Champagne, Tea, and Sweets—Armistice Day—Mr. and Mrs. Fraser—Pekin: "the Most Marvellous City"—Bricks from the Great Wall of China.

November 8th, 1921.
Miyajima, Japan.

I AM conceited enough to believe that nobody has ever enjoyed such a wonderfully complete first visit to Japan as I have on this long journey of mine. From the moment we landed at Yokohama only a few days ago, up till to-day, every place we have seen, everything we have done has increased steadily in delightfulness and interest until we have reached at Miyajima the culmination of our wonderful journey through this beautiful land. Miyajima, besides being pure Japanese, unspoiled in any respect by European invasion, is unusual because it is at once a popular summer resort for the residents of Osaka and other big cities, and the fount of one of the oldest and least comprehended forms of Shinto worship in the world. We were supremely lucky in seeing the latter in maple time.

We arrived at this little fragile sea-village in a furious rain-storm, which flogged the bay into droves of white horses and set the trees blowing wildly about. The noise of the storm formed the principal part of the accompaniment to the strangest and most terrifying scene I have ever witnessed.

As soon as we landed at the jetty we were led along a winding road by the sea, bordered by weirdly-twisted pines and strange stone figures of man and beast, to the great Shinto shrine. This

consists of immense wood-pillared cloisters forming two sides of a square, the third being the shrine itself, and the fourth the open sea. The whole temple is a forest of red-lacquered columns and huge lintel beams, built on piles, so that at high tide it seems to float.

Exactly in line with the shrine, and facing the open end of the big cloister, stands the great Torii, the original of the famous gateways one sees all over Japan, in front of Buddhist temples. It is a magnificent structure of scarlet beams, standing some five hundred yards from the shore.

Within the big cloister is where the uncanny dragon dance took place, for my special benefit. As we approached it, at right angles, we heard the slow rhythmic beating of a drum and caught a glimpse, between the red columns, of a terrible figure, slowly, very slowly, going through the measures of a dance so strange, so weird, and so immeasurably old that no living man knows whence it originated nor what it means. It is believed to have come from China, and it is called the Dragon Dance. Mr. H. M. Collinson, who joined our party in Borneo and who has studied Thibetan Devil Dances, says that although there is a certain resemblance in the general effect of the two, there is absolutely no comparison between the finished skill of the Miyajima dragon and the crude movements of even the best Thibetan devils. In any case, he says, there is no question as to which is first in ghostly terror. He compares the Thibetan affair to a Surreyside melodrama aping the horror of a Grand Guignol masterpiece. The dancer wore a mask of beaten copper representing a piglike nightmare beast, all pointed snout and heavy-lidded eyes, huge pointed teeth, and flat evil-looking ears. Below this fearful face there fell the most fantastically gorgeous dress ever seen, of scarlet and gold and green and blue brocade, with a wide white muslin train, held in at the waist by a hexagonal belt of eight-inch-long gold plates. The musicians were four—a drummer, two flautists, and a samisen player. (The samisen is a kind of three-stringed lute, played with a huge ivory plectrum.) All were dressed in white, with high, black head-dresses, and the music they played was totally unlike Japanese or any other music I have heard. It had a very decided syncopation, and every now and then it sounded almost like European dance music, played very slowly.

The dance was all posturing and attitudes, with swift whirlings back and forth and sharp heavy stamping. Every movement, every pause spoke of violence, hardly restrained, of locked passions, of dumb torture. In his hand the dancer carried two short wands with which he pointed now at the shrine, now at the open sea

beyond the great Torii, now at our little party near the rails, each time with gathering rage. He seemed to be imploring Something, to be calling upon some god beyond the Gate, a Being in China.

There was dead silence in the temple, save for the whisper of the rising tide beneath our feet, the wail of the wind, and the scudding squalls of rain. It was the most impressive, the most uncanny thing we have seen yet on our travels.

* * * * *

Then came another delightful Japanese lunch at the tea-house called " On the Rocks," where we again sat cross-legged, and were fed with sixteen or seventeen courses, beginning with raw fish and ending with rice. Upwards of twenty merry girls waited upon us, positively charmed at our fearless consumption of Saké (twelve cups are as nothing), and at our remarkable skill with chop-sticks.

While we gorged ourselves upon this dolls' banquet, and furtively tried to stretch our legs unseen, eight geishas danced for us. One of their dances was a " foreign devil " dance, and was supposed to have been imported from Europe or perhaps based upon some ancient European dance, performed by long-dead visitors. Personally, I have no doubt on the matter. The refrain was marked by a perfectly good imitation, " Yo-heave-oh," and a pretence at the pulling of ropes. It was either copied from the " Wandering Minstrel's " song in the first act of *The Mikado* (" And if you call for a Song of the Sea "), or Gilbert came to Japan before he wrote the libretto of that amazingly accurate work.

At the very end, just before leaving, we were taken to see the maple glade, a tiny valley exquisitely planted with glowing maples. A snowy waterfall tumbled down under a toy bridge and past a couple of dolls' houses perched on the fringe of the stream, and the whole place was a shimmer of soft red light. The sunlight striking through Japanese maple leaves at their prime is like nothing but the rich gleam of port seen against a flickering fire.

A perfect miniature of all Japan, to carry away with me.

Evening, November 8th, 1921.

The train to Shimonoseki was excellent in every respect. We had been provided with little square boxes containing three or four courses. The first box had chicken, lobster, ham, and vegetables. The second box (we had two each) contained all sorts of sweet things. These are sold at all the railway stations, and everywhere in the train you see the Japs, sitting *à la Turque* on the seats, eating out of the little boxes with their chop-sticks.

We arrived at Shimonoseki at nine-thirty at night.

We are all very sorry to leave Japan. Our host, of the *Asahi* newspaper, followed us to the last minute. There was a final flashlight photograph, and we are off in a fairly large steamer.

There are five or six American ladies on board. Some one told me that they were missionaries and their daughters. Korean missionaries look like Fifth Avenue or Bond Street.

We were threatened with a bad crossing. In fact, the ship had to put back this morning owing to rough weather. Whether it was good or bad, I do not know, for I did not wake until seven-twenty.

November 9th, 1921.
Korea.

Real Japan is exactly like a living *Mikado*, or, Prioleau says, *The Geisha*. I had no idea that things were exactly the same as a hundred years ago.

The Japanese are complex people, poetic, fond of tradition, polite, brave, and, in many ways, very inefficient. They are spying, very imitative, and very quick to learn.

Korea is another absolutely different country. When we landed at Fusan it was a brilliant New York autumn morning—an atmosphere full of "snap." There was the usual reception by the Governor. What is more to the point, however, we have been given the use of a magnificent private car from here to Mukden. The railway is just like any fine American full-size track railway, and the private car like any fine private car in the United States. Twenty reporters, only one of whom spoke English, crowded into it.

Out in the country a few minutes later, passing by a river which looked like the Nile, I saw people such as I have never seen before. Men wearing funny little tall hats; a lady in a red-lined palanquin, with four bearers, two men in front and two men behind, being borne up a mountain path. Despite the cold day, native women are competing with the best in a London drawing-room, which is saying something. The women wear white trousers which are baggier than those the Chinese ladies wear.

Every inch of land is cultivated. The countryside is dotted with little beehive-like straw houses. The hills, which go far into the distance, are brown and green. It is, of course, late autumn, and I notice ice on the puddles this morning. I see many rows of poplars, which give a confusing appearance of France. These have been planted by the Japanese since their conquest. They have planted over seven million trees. Why? Because there is no fuel in this country, and every kind of quick-growing

tree is needed. A special edition of the *Seoul Press* was issued in my honour this morning, covering me with six columns in which ether is much praise inserted with regard to their tree-planting.

We are travelling through a wide plain between two mountain ranges and a magnificent river. Here we are back to our old friend the magpie again. I have not seen the real magpie since I was in France last. The Australian and New Zealand magpies are not magpies at all.

I touch wood when I talk about our luck with regard to the weather. It is an absolutely cloudless day to-day. We are travelling on the route to Seoul, Mukden, and Pekin, and we are in a merry mood owing to the crisp atmosphere.

The tall hat the men wear looks rather like a Welsh woman's tall hat, only it is shorter. The queer-looking beehive houses have scarlet peppers drying on their roofs. Snoad says the houses look like little haystacks, which is rather true, but the roofs are grooved.

One feels a certain reverence for the Korean villages. It was through here that the converts of Persia passed to Japan. Their religion here is a kind of demon worship, so that Buddhism, which came through here, seems not to have stopped.

We used to wear tall hats when we played cricket and other games. Here the farmers wear them.

(These notes are rather disjointed; they are written in the train as we are travelling. We shall be in this train two days.)

Afternoon, November 9th, 1921.
Korea.

On, on, on we go. At many of the stations Korean and Japanese journalists enter the train; sometimes the typical Oriental from some American University.

Do I think that Korea is able to rule herself? No, I don't. The Koreans strike me as being similar to the Egyptians and Filipinos—very polite, very suave, fond of writing letters and of oratory, but unpractical.

I ask questions about what I am looking at. There is a man with an immense straw hat, covering half his face and shoulders. What is he? He is in mourning. There is a woman in a similar kind of hat, turned up in front. Yes, she is in mourning too. Being rather good-looking, she turns up her hat so men can have a peep at her. How old is this general custom of the tall hat and long, white sort of frock coat? Hundreds of years. Chinese Ming period at least. How many tall hats are there in Korea? Well, the tall hat is the sign of the married man. As there are

seventeen millions of Koreans, my informer reckons there are about four million tall hats.

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The farther north we go the more rugged it gets and the more arid. Every possible inch is cultivated.

November 10th, 1921.
Korea.

The perfect private car in which we are travelling has a special bedroom for me, with hot and cold water. The hot tap works, which it rarely does in the South of France or in Scotland. Pushing up the blind this morning, I see that we have arrived at winter. We cross a wide river frozen at the edges, and snow about everywhere, but the same brilliant sunshiny day that I have had so often round the world.

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Last night we arrived at Seoul, the capital of Korea. There was a terrific deputation to receive us. Some of the flashlights of the photographers were so powerful that I really thought bombs were being thrown at me.

The Governor had gone south to the funeral of the late Prime Minister of Japan. His representative drove me off in a very modern Cadillac (American cars rule Japan, and very fine ones too) to his house, where, at my request, a Japanese dinner was served. Fortunately, it was one of those where one does not have to sit on the ground. But instead of the geishas who had waited upon us in Japan, there were men in European costumes. The Governor's representative chose to speak French to me all the time; it was heavy going, 'twixt chop-sticks, with his and my bad French. The dexterity with which the Japanese use these chop-sticks is extraordinary.

It is difficult to describe Japanese dinners. I'll try again. When you enter the room a lacquer tray is before your seat. On this tray there is a bowl of soup, some raw fish (quite good—we eat raw smoked salmon at home), vegetables, meat, and even sweet things; all in little lacquer bowls with lids over them. Presently, another lacquer tray is brought, and there may be more soup. The sign of the end of the meal is the serving of rice. The rice is the end of all things, including Saké.

We didn't have the usual little procession of ladies bringing in warm Saké. You drink it in cups not much bigger than thimbles. Some people take fifteen or twenty cups at a meal. The little maidens, sitting in front of you, watch until you are ready for another. I did not myself taste any kind of wine or

spirit in Japan. Their European wines are abominable, I believe. One can imagine the kind of champagne from France which is unloaded in the Far East!

I cannot say too much for the efficiency of these busy little Japanese men and their railway, although I know that a great deal has been done to impress me. The English at the various places tell me so.

The Japanese railway routes and restaurants are equal to anything in which I have travelled. Here is to-day's luncheon menu :—

Hors d'Œuvre.
Consommé de Volaille.
Cold Salmon Sauce Mayonnaise.
Pigeon Cutlet à la Japonaise.
Cauliflower au Gratin.
Fillet beefsteak.
Blancmange à la Panache.
Fruits.
Coffee.

Who would expect that in the railways of Korea? Apparently, you can get things at any time. For example, last night when we got back to the train, after seeing the Korean dances which took place on a little stage in the wonderful hotel at Seoul, I was frozen and wanted some hot soup. I got it at once.

By the way, these Korean dances we saw are slow, ceremonial, very ancient, and quite indescribable. They are performed to the queer wailing of Chinese music. The dancers, who were said to be between fourteen and eighteen, came down and flirted with the onlookers afterwards, and sang a little song in my honour, which, I am afraid, would not bear translation.

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At twelve o'clock, Chinese time, we arrived at Antung—which is at the mouth of the wide river Yalu—the first town in China from Korea. I went through the part of the town where there is a fur market. I saw every kind of skin, including tiger skins. I saw two Chinese with pigtails, much to my pleasure, and women with small feet, who, by the way, walked very well. Antung is a queer ramshackle, almost new place. It is a mixture of Chinese, Japanese, and Koreans. The men wear Russian fur hats and caps, and the Russian droshky is often seen.

It is very cold, but very bright—winter, of course. In a few weeks, the ice on the river here will be four feet thick.

Less than three weeks ago we were panting in our cabins under electric fans, with constant lemon squashes. To-night

we shall be in the semi-Arctic. In three weeks, again panting under the electric fans.

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We have said good-bye to the Korean tall hat.

November 11th, 1921.
Manchuria.

What curious places frontiers are! After a few minutes we are right into China, just as in a few minutes of Hendaye on the Spanish frontier you are right into Spain.

We are now in Manchuria. Every inch is cultivated, not as in Korea in small patches, but in huge areas as far as I can see. The farmhouses are like French farmhouses, with plenty of dogs and pigs, neither of which we have seen in Japan.

At the first station we stopped at I had a look at the people. I saw many men with pigtails, trousered ladies moving about in a peculiar way owing to their small feet, and Manchu ladies with extremely high head-dresses.

At every station there are Japanese soldiers. By agreement they have ten Jap soldiers to the kilometre, "to keep off the brigands" (!)

The way the Japs pierced these great mountains, driving this railway straight north, is wonderful.

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The heat of the train has been unbearable, and two of us have fierce headaches. I am one of them. Outside it is, of course, freezing. Here we go all day through brown mountains, on the higher levels of which there is plenty of snow.

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We arrived at Mukden at night. At this place I am to see Chang-tso-lin, the most powerful man in China, formerly a brigand.

At the station an American-speaking young secretary met me with a powerful car, and I had the worst drive of my life to Chang-tso-lin's yamen or palace. Up a main street, round tiny corners we went, many Chinamen having narrow escapes from death. There was the usual salute of the guard at the outer gate, and then, at the entrance to the inner gate, more halting and saluting. Inside the palace, I was shown into an Oriental reception-hall with plenty of "grandfather" and other clocks, and having at one end a large sofa. There were huge cigars and cigarettes, champagne, tea, and sweets.

After a few minutes the brigand chief came in and talked with me through an interpreter. I had with me the British Consul to confirm what was said. Chang-tso-lin, as I have said,

is the most powerful man in China to-day. He is a self-made man of forty-two years of age, and has five wives and large families. He is reputed to have an army of three hundred thousand, equipped with the latest machine-guns and aeroplanes.

He was simply dressed in Chinese fashion, with a large pearl in his hat. He showed a complete knowledge of world affairs. In the course of the interview, he said that he hoped that American and British friends would stand by China, explaining that the present chaos in China was not new, and always got worse before better. He said that China's resources are immense. Its enormous wealth is untapped and not organized. He believed that now the European war was over, Japan would act more kindly towards China.

Chang-tso-lin is an indefatigable worker. He begins work at eleven o'clock at night, seeing every document himself, goes to bed at six in the morning, gives audiences all the afternoon, and sleeps for an hour in the evening—from six to seven. This man is, undoubtedly, under Japanese influence.

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I was in a hurry, of course, in order to catch my train, but Chang-tso-lin delayed the train.

9 *p.m., November 11th,* 1921.
Pekin.

We went off in quite a different private railway car, an old-fashioned one, with its own kitchen. We can control the heat in this car, which is a blessing. The car was arranged for by a Scotsman (there are many here), who had taken great trouble to help us.

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Certainly among the charms of this trip are the wakings-up in the morning. We have had the Hawaiian Islands, the first peep at New Zealand, and so on. This morning is exactly like a spring morning in Provence—cloudless sky, ground crisply frozen, mountains in the distance, otherwise a flat plain; here and there Chinese travelling in their queer wheeled carts. Four hundred millions of them! I never get that out of my mind.

The scenery from Mukden to Pekin is not interesting. It might be Egypt, it might be India. We travel about thirty miles an hour. This railway, in which there is a large amount of English capital, pays a 30 per cent. dividend, the highest dividend paid by any railway in the world.

The country is rich in many ways. At one s
offered grapes, peaches, and walnuts at a ridiculc
Eggs here are a halfpenny each.

We stopped for a few minutes at Tientsin, which, I am told, is not worth seeing, and I can believe it.

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On, on, on we go to Pekin. When we get there we shall have done a journey of 2,800 miles from Tokyo.

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To-day is Armistice Day. At seven o'clock to-night, which is eleven o'clock in the morning in London, we shall remain silent and think of those at home.

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We have arrived at Pekin. I don't relish having to go to a dinner party to-night after this very long journey. David Fraser, our Correspondent here, is such a good fellow that I have not grumbled. The dinner is at Mr. and Mrs. Fraser's house.

November 12th, 1921.
Pekin.

What a lovely day! Cairo or Monte Carlo at its best. Bright, crisp, not a cloud.

When I looked out of my window, the first thing I saw was a Chinese funeral, accompanied by music resembling bagpipes, which reminded me of the Chinese who, on hearing a Highland regiment on the march, said, "I likee pipes, all same Chinese music." I saw many funerals during the day.

We are staying at the Hôtel de Pekin, which is as big as the Ritz in London. How surprising the world is! Here is one of the largest hotel lounges I have ever seen, filled with all nationalities.

I had to dash off to the dinner and saw nothing, but Snoad tells me that they were dancing away till the early hours; the people being mostly English, the rest American.

I noticed in the hotel book a good many Germans. I am told that these Germans maintain they are from Schleswig-Holstein!

How pleasant it is to be in a place where one can get a really good bath after some thousands of miles in a train, where a sponge-down is all that is possible.

Pekin is the world's most marvellous city, I believe. It is unlike anything else in the world. When I have dealt with the bombardment of reporters which begins at nine o'clock, I want to get out to stretch my legs.

In a rash moment I promised to bring home some bricks from the Great Wall of China. The railway officials heard of my wish, and at once sent coolies out to the Great Wall before I reached it. They brought back six bricks. I must keep my

promise, and shall transport these immense things to England. I think they will make a little curiosity for gardens, something unlike anything else, at any rate. They are three thousand years old, and six times the size of an ordinary modern English brick. Think of it! This gigantic wall runs for three thousand miles up mountains and down valleys.

CHAPTER XVII

PEKIN

Wedding and Funeral Processions—" The Most Beautiful Temple in the World " —British Tommies—Golf: Greens made of Brown Sand—Rickshaws—Weather like the Riviera—Sir Beilby Alston—Dinner at the British Legation—Celadon—Chinese Bankers—The Rockefeller Institute—The young ex-Emperor—Delicious Buried Eggs—Dinner at the U.S. Embassy —Shopping in Pekin, " easily the Greatest Curio Mart in the World "— A State Luncheon—The Prime Minister—At the Pekin Club—Cocktails.

November 12th, 1921, *cont.*
Pekin.

AFTER writing some Christmas and New Year letters, in the hope that they will arrive in time, I then, as the novelists say, " sallied forth " to have a walk alone. I do not think that I have been alone, except in my cabin and private room in the train, since the week I had by myself in New Zealand! At the very swing-door of the hotel I met, face to face, an American, Mr. Moore, a friend of Lord French's. " Come out to the Temple of Heaven," he said. " You have brought lovely weather with you, and may not get it again." We drove, very slowly at my request, through the first Pekin street I have seen.

The first thing I saw was a wedding procession. They were going to fetch the bride. The procession was about a quarter of a mile long, consisting of men with lanterns and all sorts of other queer things on poles, followed by a beautiful palanquin for the bride. A moment after we saw a funeral procession—a straggling lot of people following a bier carried by fourteen lusty bearers. In front of this was an empty carriage, where, it is said, is the soul of the deceased. In front of them again were a number of men carrying white wands. The two processions were jostling through the terrific rickshaw traffic. In this town everybody rides in rickshaws. There are some very smart ones here. All of them have pneumatic tyres. The men pull the

rickshaws along at a very great pace. They don't seem to mind it; they are good-tempered fellows, but one says that their lives are brief. The physical strain is too great. After a while we came to a procession of wedding presents. Instead of advertising the wedding gifts in *The Times*, as they do at home, the Chinese show the actual gifts, and here was a procession of at least a quarter of a mile long, each set of presents being carried by four men—lacquer bowls, clocks, blankets, jade decorations; in fact, the entire fittings of a Chinese home. There was a man carrying a large banner saying to whom they belonged. This is all "face" or swank. A few weeks ago in Hong Kong a Chinese funeral took place in which a man spent four thousand pounds on the procession, fireworks, and the other accessories.

The rank or status of vehicles in Pekin is as follows: motor-cars first; next the queer old-fashioned carriages with little windows, in which you see Chinese ladies and children; the rickshaw third; and man walking, fourth. Everything has its rank in China. The Chinese here are like the Chinese in the books—pigtails, turned-up hats, and long robes. Many of the women have tiny, deformed feet. In Southern China (Canton and Hong Kong) I have seen very few of these things. I noticed all sorts of things on the way. For example, the Chinese men are very fond of birds as pets, and carry them on string or sticks in the streets when out walking.

Long nails on the hands show that the Chinese does not work. Some of the nails are two or even more inches long. The Spanish and Portuguese aristocracies adopt the same custom occasionally. After the pretty girls of Japan, we are very disappointed with the raw material here. We have not seen a good-looking Chinese woman yet. (By the way, you must always say Chinese woman or Chinese man, not Chinawoman or Chinaman, which is considered very insulting.)

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Out of the city, we turned to the left and passed through what looked to me like a large spacious garden of olives; here and there was a temple. We came to the Temple of Heaven, the most beautiful temple in the world, I suppose, though as a building the Taj Mahal easily outclasses it.

It is no use trying to describe these things. You have to see them. You have to imagine the beautiful day, and the sacredness and largeness and loneliness of it. I have often seen photographs of the Temple of Heaven, but they do not give you the facts nor, especially, the distances. Here, at the top of the temple, believed to be the very centre of the world, is a circle of

stones, whereupon Chinese Emperors for centuries have prayed after fasting in the fasting temple.

The scene was only marred by three British Tommies with their arms round three Chinese girls (dressed in European clothes), the first time that I have seen this sort of thing since leaving England. (Any sex familiarity in public is, apparently, shocking to Orientals. They shriek with contemptuous laughter when kissing on the film screen takes place. They tell me that public kissing was entirely European until fifty years ago, but that it is gradually becoming popular in Japan.)

Before descending the great steps of the Temple of Heaven, my friend remembered that he had to play polo at a quarter to twelve, which meant that I was obliged to forego my decision not to drive in a rickshaw and be pulled by a human being. I entered one and we started a race. The rickshaw man laughed heartily. The thing swayed so from side to side that I thought I should be thrown out on the rough pavé. We reached the motor and drove again through the mass of vehicles to the hotel, where I found a deputation of Chinese students and reporters.

It has been suggested by high quarters that I should address a meeting of Chinese students and also two American societies here. Immense efforts are, and should be, made to bring the English and Americans together in the Far East. In Manila they are on very friendly terms. Here, relations are very good; but in Shanghai they rarely speak, I am told.

In the afternoon I went to Mr. Fraser's house. Mrs. Fraser and I sat for an hour and a half looking at mandarin coats and other things for my relations at home and my nieces in Australia. What a task is shopping! Four lusty men brought six bales of stuff. I was about as useful in the matter as a woman would be in selecting a rotary press for printing a newspaper. Curiously enough, the British ladies here will wear none of these things. They are very expensive, running up from twenty-five Mexican dollars to seven hundred dollars, which is one hundred pounds or even more. I am told that they are being worn in Paris. The plan is, Mrs. Fraser tells me, to have them sent home and re-made.

Sunday, November 13th, 1921.
Pekin.

A crisp, brilliant, and bracing morning. People came to take me out to the Summer Palace. I won't attempt to describe it. It was built by the Dowager Empress after the French and English destroyed the previous palace, in 1860. It is modern, but very beautiful, and built in Chinese fashion, overlooking a lake. In

the lake there is a famous crude representation of a steamship in marble.

I noticed many more Chinese carrying birds attached to their walking-sticks, many kinds of birds that I have never seen before. I do not know these North Chinese birds, except the magpie, which is the true magpie of England, France and Spain. Another bird seems to be a cross between the dove and parakeet.

We went for a delicious motor drive below the Western Hills to the golf course, where we had a picnic lunch at the club house. The golf club is one of the social centres of this very social Pekin. I shall not forget the golf. The greens are made of brown sand, and the tees are dark earth. The caddies carry little clay tees in tin boxes. Everybody has a Chinese caddy, of course; many with pigtails. I shall not forget that the caddy's fee was a penny-farthing for the round—nine holes. I halved the match with one of the best players of the club—entirely owing to my short game. The putting was most deadly; the "browns" are very accurate.

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I see so many new things every day that it is impossible to recall them all.

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I shall never forget the swarms of rickshaws in Pekin. The rickshaw coolies have a queer trot; I should say about five miles an hour. They seem quite used to it and run along smoking cigarettes. Personally, I hate the things. When one leaves the hotel one is attacked by these men as by hornets.

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In the evening I went to the house of a French lady, who, I suppose, is an amateur dealer in rare things, and bought some silk garments for home. Very expensive they were too, but pronounced by Mrs. Fraser to be the best.

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Pekin is a mighty pleasant place to live in, as all the diplomats and those who dwell in other places agree. Not far off there is plenty of shooting; towards Christmas there is a month's skating. At this time of the year, the weather is like the Riviera at its best, with rather colder nights. Every one agrees that the food is very good in this part of China; certainly there is ample variety.

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I saw, to-day, a kind of pine tree, which grows only in this part of China, and in no other place in the world. Its trunk and branches are just as white as though they had been painted white.

At first, I could hardly believe that the trees had not been whitewashed.

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The aspect I see around me is Anglo-American, but there are many other nationalities, and, while we have the best Legation, one has to realize that we are not the only pebble on the Pekin beach. It is queer to see soldiers of all nations here. Our Legation has its own guard. As a matter of strict fact, the white people are none too certain of their lives here. Even the ladies are taught revolver shooting. The district is swarming with Chinese soldiers, some belonging to this General, some to that; and a great number belonging to my Mukden friend, Chang-tso-lin.

Pekin is, of course, the most interesting thing we shall see on this world tour, with its various cities—the Chinese City, the Forbidden City, the Foreign Legations, and the rest. The whole place is a surging mass of humanity, like Cairo or Bombay or New York—or London for that matter.

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Some Chinese have a curious habit of rolling two hard brightly-polished walnut shells in their right hand. I bought two and found the habit quite catching. It is a sedative like smoking or knitting—" Something to do," said a Chinese to me.

Monday, November 14th, 1921.
Pekin.

A brilliant Monte Carlo day again.

I predict that when the Trans-Siberian Railway is open again, Pekin will capture all the rich sun-seekers of Europe. Much as I am looking forward to some days on the Riviera, I cannot blind myself to the fact that this is a Riviera with a dozen added attractions. It is the first place abroad where I have met British and American people who don't want to go home. With its surroundings it is, beyond question, the most attractive city in the world.

There is no servant question here. And at present country cottage rents are cheap (about thirty shillings a month), and food is correspondingly cheap. That won't last; Pekin is cheap because you can't get here under five or six weeks. There is every kind of amusement—lawn tennis, golf, polo, stag-hounds, fine shooting quite close, and skating at Christmas, as I said. There is any amount of social entertainment; dancing, shopping, and the like. When I look out of my window in the morning I see rickshaws trotting by by the hundred, palanquins with ladies sitting in them, Europeans setting forth for picnics midst the temples and the hills—all the social life of Cairo,

What are the drawbacks? is a question always asked. (1) Sandstorms. The whole of the alleged grass at the golf course was blown away in a sandstorm; they last for hours, and temporarily blind you. (2) Illnesses. I heard of more illness here than I did elsewhere.

I dined last night at the British Legation, a very beautiful Chinese home only slightly Anglicized. What heavenly hangings! What beautiful things! I saw two wonderful pieces of china—one of pigeon blood, the other sang du bœuf. Sir Beilby Alston, our Minister here, has known us since we had our house in Charles Street.

* * * * *

This is the Chinese way of announcing my arrival. It appeared in a list in a newspaper here. "Nalet" means, of course, valet.

"Northcheffe &
Nalet, Mr. Lord."

* * * * *

To-day I wandered alone about this strange place of many nationalities. Curious it is to see the mixture of soldiers here—men from the different Legations; Americans, British, Italians, French, and even, I believe, Danes. Chinese soldiers everywhere. Every day we pass long processions of one faction or the other.

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I have done some shopping lately. I had a commission from home for a species of porcelain called celadon. There are any number of kinds of celadon. Some of them, I think, very heavy and ugly. I don't know which kind to get. Personally, I would rather not have it. At any rate, whatever I buy will be genuine.

* * * * *

I lunched with the Chinese Bankers' Club, a very able crowd of people. Every one says, and I agree, that you don't feel comfortable with Japanese, but you feel very much at home with educated Chinese, who are not at all unlike us. It was a European lunch; French menu, and knives and forks.

In the afternoon I went to the Rockefeller Institute, a wonderful place. It is nearly as big as the London Hospital, and is built on the lines of the Summer Palace—beautiful Chinese architecture. Extravagance everywhere. It cost a million and a half pounds to build—I can believe it. Its chief objects are the training of doctors and nurses for China and the study of Chinese diseases. There is also a small paying patients' department. The doctors are American, Scotch and English, Swedish, Austrians, and others. I won't attempt to describe it, building

after building. It has its own gasworks and electric light works. It occupies a space of half a square mile. There are two hundred American doctors and nurses, and any number of Chinese, learning. The head doctor told me that a trained Chinese nurse is quite as good as any other nurse, quick in an emergency and very thorough. The whole conception is a marvellous example of American efficiency in undertaking things they understand. When they undertake things they don't understand—shipping, for instance,—they are hopeless. Mr. Rockefeller gives this undertaking a hundred and twenty thousand pounds a year.

Next I went to have a long talk with the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Yen (who speaks English as well as you do). He made many apologies for the present Republican Government. He told me of the simplicity of the lives of the four hundred millions. A Chinese idea of a holiday (New Year's Day, for example) is to hang out some little banners with the word "Happiness" on them, and the holiday-maker believes he is happy. The Chinese certainly look happy. They laugh a great deal, as do the Japanese.

Every day we realize the contrast between smart, up-to-date Japan and careless, easy-going China. One of my party said to-day, "Here and in Japan we have seen hundreds of thousands of girls, but not one native feminine leg." In Japan and China they are all carefully hidden right down to their ankles. The jazzing American and English ladies look very queer by contrast.

* * * * *

I have had a very interesting evening to-night. First, a very perfect Chinese dinner. All the people present were Anglo or American Chinese, the kind of white folks who have lived in China for a long time, and don't desire to return home. There are many of them; indeed, as I have said, I have not met one English person who wants to go home.

The Chinese sit on chairs to their dinners instead of squatting on the ground like the Japanese. On my right was Mr. J., an Oxford man of forty-five, who had been Governor of Wei-hai-wei. He has lived in China all his life, and speaks Chinese perfectly. He is tutor to the young Emperor, now aged sixteen. He not only explained to me the meaning of every Chinese dish, but Chinese etiquette also.

The Chinese are, I suppose, the most unpunctual people I know, except the Americans. Mr. J. says that to Chinese society, which is very exclusive, foreigners are rarely admitted.

In Chinese Pekin you are expected to accept every invitation you get. You may, therefore, accept seven or eight dinner invitations on one evening, and you are expected to go for a little

while to each. Remember, that conversation at Chinese dinners takes place *before* dinner, not after. As soon as the final rice has been eaten, the guests go away. That is the end of the entertainment; but you can accelerate or prolong the final rice; put it at one side and continue drinking.

We were ten in number. There were numerous *hors d'œuvre;* the great table seemed covered with them. Every one except myself used chop-sticks. The guests took a little of each dish—all sorts of queer things—but very good. In my honour some eggs were served, which had been buried for years. (Some Chinese families lay down eggs as we used to lay down port wine.) The eggs were delicious; so was the bird's-nest soup. I had had some before. Sharks' fins I didn't think so much of. By the way, it was curious to see Englishmen able to handle their chop-sticks so neatly, picking here and there from little dishes, as birds eat.

There seems to be no order of food at a Chinese dinner. Soup came twice; once about a quarter the way through the meal, and again almost at the end. The first soup was bird's-nest soup, and the second had in it prunes stuffed with something nice. Then came pigeons' eggs that looked and tasted as do plovers' eggs. They are supposed to bring long life. All the dishes have poetic names: "Heavenly Incense" was one. Some Chinese wine was poured out in little cups as in Japan, and these were continually filled up. I could not face this Samshu, as it is called; these Oriental liquids, both native and imported, are not calculated to improve the liver. Some of the sweets were excellent. One was burnt walnuts, like the burnt almonds we have at home. The meal wound up with the bringing in of a green urn, which was lit underneath, and all kinds of delicacies were poured into it. We took some of the contents and poured it over our rice.

Some of the people smoked during the courses, which practice I detest.

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In Pekin, one hears a good deal of talk about the young Emperor's life in the Forbidden City, which no European ever enters. The poor boy lives in the middle of Pekin, and has only once been out of his prison since he was two years old. That was about four weeks ago, when, dressed in white, his hands covering his face, he was taken in a rapid motor-car to see his mother's grave. She had committed suicide owing to the interference with her household by one of the late Emperor's concubines. Every one had humiliated her because of the consequent

loss of " face." (That word " face " haunts us everywhere. " Face " is prestige. To cause " loss of ' face ' " means to slight a person. If you scold a servant in public here he loses " face " with his fellows, and leaves you at once.)

It is said that the young Emperor has begun to learn English, and wants to come to England. Getting up at six o'clock in the morning, he has to begin studying at once. He has never had a playmate, and has never played a game. Life is one perpetual study; he has no amusements whatever. At sixteen he has begun to read books like *Robinson Crusoe.*

Lately, it was found that the boy's eyesight was defective, and a doctor from the Rockefeller Institute was called in to look at the boy's eyes. A two-hours' examination took place, and it was found that both eyes were defective. Unless some of his study is stopped, the boy will be blind at five-and-twenty years of age.

November 15th, 1921.
Pekin.

A brilliant Pekin morning. Colder.

I motored out to the aerodrome. The head of the Flying School took me to see the English, American, French, and Chinese fliers. It is about eight miles out of the town, and all the way we went through crowds of man-pulled rickshaws, palanquins, and old-fashioned carriages. At the flying ground there is an immense number of Chang-tso-lin's soldiers, including cavalry. The drilling seems to consist entirely of goose-stepping; they are drilled entirely on the German model, which they have learnt from the Japanese. A large number of valuable aeroplanes are lying idle here. My brother-in-law went for a flight over Pekin; he told me the view was wonderful.

After this I went out to see the Lama Temple with Mr. Cockell, an English resident, who has been trying to buy celadon for me here. Celadon is hard to get, and it is not much to look at when you get it, though the price is stiff enough. It is as heavy as lead. Up to now I have bought six pieces, of the Ming period. I shall make another endeavour to get more at Tientsin, where I stop for a few hours. I am fortunate in having the assistance of a great museum expert on celadon.

The Lama Temple is like a Spanish Cathedral. But how dirty and tumbled down these Chinese temples are compared with those of up-to-date Japan, where guides and guide-books and all other sources of information are available! This Lama Temple is most beautiful—a very restful place, like the Temple in London on a Sunday.

After that, Mr. Cockell took me to the most delicious thing in houses I have ever seen—his Chinese house filled with lovely things, such things as I see in the Oriental Museum in Paris; a very delightful rambling house with all modern equipment.

November 16th, 1921.
Pekin.

Among the varied experiences of this whirl round the world are my entertainments by the Corps Diplomatique. Oh, that my French were better! So much French is talked.

Last night the American Ambassador gave a dinner of forty in my honour. Again most of the talk was in French. I took in to dinner the wife of the Belgian Minister. Fortunately she knew some English.

The Legations in Pekin occupy territory of their own. They are well guarded. They mostly see each other's society; there are very few "outsiders" there. What can one talk about at this sort of gathering? Their talk is all local diplomatic gossip, of which one knows nothing.

Before going to the banquet, I visited the Rockefeller Institute again, and saw some wonderful films of actual small-pox and hook-worm, a terrible disease which I have heard a good deal of in our hot-climate Dependencies. The tiny worm enters the foot and goes right up the body into the lungs, then into the mouth and down to the stomach, where it breeds like rabbits. I had never seen small-pox before, and I don't want to see it again. It is a horrible disease, and very common in China. I was in my car yesterday when we broke down. Looking at the crowd around I can certainly say that one face in five was marked with small-pox.

It is difficult finding out news here. All over the Far East the Japanese have newspapers exactly like English or American newspapers. When you see a telegram from Japan, don't believe it. Any kind of telegram from Japan is likely to be untrue. They have a very strong military party in Japan, and a very strict censorship.

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I think I have mentioned that curio-hunting is the great sport here. No city I have visited yet, East or West, is such a superb shopping place as Pekin. It must be easily the greatest curio mart in the world. After three days' relentless shopping, visiting countless different shops situated in various districts, and driving mile upon mile through Silver Street, Chinese Lantern and Lamp-shade Street, Carpet Street, Furniture Street, Bead Street, Silk and Embroidery Street, and dozens more, I am told that I have only seen "a tiny speck" of the real Pekin shopping district.

It is a tiring game, going out with a resident of Pekin to buy

curios or anything else. Bargaining has reached its highest and most subtle form here, and it is not only criminally foolish to pay the first price asked, but it is also regarded by the trade as shocking bad form. "Doso tchen?" you say, picking up a mandarin's coat a couple of centuries old, heavy with gold thread and exquisite embroidery. "How much?" "Hundled dollah," replies the smiling celestial. "No, no," you say, gently. "That is far too much 'price.' I can get this coat for twenty dollars. I give you twenty." In the end—a very long and irritating one—you will get the coat for twenty-five, a few other things for a third or a quarter of the price asked, and to cap a vexing hour's work and to cement good feeling, the shopkeeper will probably give you a "cumshaw," which is a "baksheesh," which in this case is a present of something which takes your eye. The whole business is done in complete dignity. Neither side raises its voice, both keep smiling. It is not haggling in any sense. The shopkeeper says, in effect, "I would like to get $100 for this coat, which is worth $20." You reply, in other words, "It is not worth $100, but I am willing to pay $25. That is why I offer $20." There is no question of argument or dispute. Two grave and reverend signori set about finding agreement on a certain subject—the value to both of a coat.

Pekin is, I believe, unique in one respect. By the rise or fall of prices of all commodities you can judge with absolute accuracy the feeling of the country towards a "holy row." If prices rise you can be perfectly certain that things will remain quiet for some time; if they fall, it is a sure indication that there will be political trouble of some kind fairly soon. This has just been proved to me. When I arrived five days ago, no trouble was looked for for some time to come, and the shopkeepers were, I was told, almost obdurate. A couple of days ago, prices fell. Yesterday I bought a necklace of Ming beads, which are greatly sought after and rarely found, for two dollars. So great was the shock and so fearful was I that the man would correct himself and say, "Two hundred, I mean," that I bought them without a murmur. I just whispered, "Two dollars?" and paid. A necklace half the length cost seven times as much only three weeks ago!

I bought a carved porcelain scent-bottle for Mother, and silks, embroideries, and other things—in a few cases at astonishingly low prices. To-day I lunched at the Foreign Office, and gathered that trouble is expected! Whatever the political significance of a tablecloth going for a mere song, or the uncompromising attitude of a seller of oak chests, the charm of Pekin shopping to those who can stand it remains unaltered. The streets are not

all gaily dressed in flags and gold lettering, but their length, the uncountable shops in them, and the limitless stores of wealth they contain, are enough to keep the most ardent shopper busy for a year.

November 16th, 1921, cont.
Pekin.

We had a duststorm to-day. Sore throats start up all over the town ; I have a bad one.

I spent the morning in the Imperial Museum with a Chinese gentleman whose English equivalent name is King. Most educated Chinese use English names.

The museum is in the Forbidden City. As I think I have already said, I received instructions to purchase celadon. When I got here I found that very few people had heard of celadon, but eventually I got on the track of some. There is very little in this museum. There is a great deal of china—sang du bœuf, ox blood, pigeon blood, peach blossom, heavenly blue, and other kinds. We went round and round the big galleries until my feet ached and nearly fell off.

Mr. King is probably the greatest authority on this sort of thing in China. He knows all the collections—Salting's, British Museum, Metropolitan, New York, the Louvre, and Montdidier. He has taken charge of my celadon buying. I wish I had been ordered to buy something else. Some of the best pieces of celadon are very small and insignificant, coming out of tombs, where some of the best porcelain comes from. Two small pieces of pigeon blood worth *thirty thousand pounds* were shown to me.

I asked him if there were " fakes " in this museum. He says undoubtedly there are. I asked him about private collections at home and in the United States ; he thinks all contain a great number of imitations.

Thence we went to one of the leading jade establishments and made some purchases. Jade is not so easily copied he said. If I had been a free agent I should like to have bought red lacquer of the Ming period, which can still be had, but my orders were for celadon, and they shall be carried out, with few exceptions at his advice, but I shall look with suspicion if anyone at home shows me anything Chinese. Some of the cleverest " fakes " look as though they were made thousands of years ago. I asked him about the celadon at Chang-tso-lin's house in Mukden. He turned up his eyes expressively, just like a French woman when she says, " Oh, la, la."

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There were rumours last night that some soldiers are causing

trouble on account of not being paid by the Government. Driving back to the hotel to get ready for a State luncheon, we noticed the crowds around the banks. The situation has developed. There is a run on the banks. Some of the notes we had yesterday are worth nothing to-day.

The banks are guarded by police with drawn swords. The anxious crowds seem very peaceful, however. It appears that the Government has paid the wage arrears of the police the last few days. There are sixty thousand unpaid soldiers, and if they don't get paid they are coming to get the money, or loot. Perhaps they will come and take my little store of silk and celadon !

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The State lunch to me to-day was a tremendously long affair. There were no speeches, thank goodness. We sat down a hundred strong. It surprised me how many Chinese speak good English or good American.

I had to hurry off from the lunch to put on a morning coat and tall hat to be received by the President, whom I interviewed for the first time in the history of newspapers. He is a charming old scholar, but unpractical. I had to consume some tea, cigarettes, and sweets, all served in priceless porcelain.

Then I interviewed the Prime Minister at his house. Round the walls of the room I was in there were large bookcases, but instead of books they were filled with porcelain and other rare morsels. Every inch was stocked with beautiful things. Judging by what I saw at the museum, he had about two hundred thousand pounds' worth of things there. As for sang-du-bœuf pieces, two of his vases stood two feet high.

He had a cigarette tube three feet long, which he rested on the ground. We were offered tea and champagne, and cakes and sweets were brought.

He had practically nothing to say about the crisis, except that the Government wants money badly. He offered me one of his treasures, which I promptly declined. Later he said that the treasure would be sent to the hotel, but I explained firmly that I had no room in my luggage for it.

Then I went to the reception at the Pekin Club held in my honour. All Pekin was present, including the Corps Diplomatique. It was just like any other reception, and took place in a nice parquet-floor hall, with a good band. I only saw one Chinese and one Japanese. The ladies were all " smartly gowned," as we say in the newspapers. Every one was talking about the present state of affairs, wondering if they would have to take refuge in the Legation as they did in the Boxer rising.

I notice that there is a great deal of cocktail drinking in Pekin I don't know whether women drink cocktails in London, but they certainly do here on the slightest provocation. However, every one looks well in Pekin. It is a dry, bracing climate.

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A week hence we shall be in hot weather again. In ten days we shall be at Singapore. (Interpolation.—Now, three weeks later, I have returned to Singapore from Java, and am struggling with this awful hotch-potch !) It freezes here at Pekin every night; at Singapore it is the same temperature night and day.

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I have not mentioned risings of "ghosts" lately. At the reception to-day there were any number of them—people I had forgotten years ago.

November 18th, 1921.
Pekin.

We have all got winter colds, no doubt the result of coming to this cold but bright climate after the tropics. We shall be in the tropics again in a few days, and will be in hot weather almost until our arrival in the Mediterranean. Doctors here say that one ought to be *very* careful on returning to Europe in winter after such a climate as Singapore, Java, Indo-China, and Siam.

All sorts of rumours to-day in Pekin. By the way, the city is always shut up at seven o'clock at night; none can go in or out after that time without a pass. This is partly to keep out the soldiers that belong to the various factions. The papers may or may not have told you about the raids on the banks, which I have witnessed. There is again a good deal of talk of the Europeans retiring to the Legation quarter, as they did in the Boxer rebellion. If there is going to be any fighting, I shall stop to see it and alter my plans. This doesn't disturb the social life of Pekin. Jazzing still goes on all day long. One end of this immense hotel is a ballroom, and you can hear the band going all the afternoon and evening, and see distant figures revolving, moving up and down as they do in the modern dances.

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I dislike the drinking in the Far East. I am told that it is no uncommon thing for a woman to have three or four cocktails before tiffin (lunch). At a reception given to me the other afternoon, I saw the women drinking cocktails at five o'clock. The climate here has nothing to do with it; it is habit. This climate for the moment is rather like New York: brilliant, bracing, stimulating. Everywhere I go I am offered cocktails and

" whisky-soda " (or " stingers," as they say in the East). The worst brands of champagne are in evidence everywhere.

I did some more shopping yesterday. I went on the veranda of a house belonging to a lady in the Legation. Another stream of coolies brought up silks and painted lampshades. A hundred-dollar banknote on waning banks has become absolutely valueless in the bank crisis, and the thousands of curio and silk dealers are anxious to sell out their stocks at any price. As I am buying only the best things the value doesn't change much. Here, the curios we have collected are thought very beautiful, but I wonder if they will be considered as rubbish when I get them home.

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I had a mixed deputation of Chinese and Japanese journalists to-day—most of the Chinese, I am glad to say, in their native costume.

A Japanese said, " Didn't your pleasant tour in Japan affect your view as regards the Anglo-Japanese agreement ? " I said, " Certainly not. Why should it ? " These people evidently think that they can affect one's opinions by banquets and official hospitality.

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I dined last night with an Australian and an American who probably know China as well as anyone. Mr. Donald, who has acted as *The Times* Correspondent, and Mr. Andrews, who was born in China, speak all dialects, and travel throughout the interior of the country year in and year out. They share a very beautiful European house. I agreed that the more you see of China the less you understand it. China is the most interesting country we have been to.

I spoke at the Anglo-American club to-day and had a great attendance—a record in its history. I doubt whether my speech was reported in Japan ; the local Japanese newspaper mentions it, but does not report it, while the other papers give it primary place.

CHAPTER XVIII

PEKIN, TIENTSIN, NANKIN, SHANGHAI, HONG KONG, AND MACAO

"A Wonderful Place"—Tientsin—A Cheery Chinese—Boat Life in China—Presentation at Nankin—The Shanghai Club—The Prince of Wales's Visit to India—Macao: "A Last Relic of Portuguese Greatness"—Hong Kong illuminated—Tropical Conditions.

November 19th, 1921.
Pekin.

OUR stay in Pekin, which everybody has so greatly enjoyed, draws to an end. It is a wonderful place—everybody says it is a wonderful place. As I think I have said before, it is the only Far Eastern station I have been to where English and American exiles don't want to go home. Climate, surroundings, historical associations, good food and excellent servants, wonderful curio markets, sunshine and bracing air all combine to make one happy here. To those who take an interest in world politics, the situation in this town is interesting enough. The chief hotels are excellent.

Yesterday morning I went for a long walk with Fraser along one of the walls of Pekin. Not the wonderful Great Wall to the north, but one of the city walls. At noon I had to address a number of Chinese about Chinese students, or the lack of them, in England, in which subject my newspapers have for a long time taken interest. In the afternoon I had another attack of celadon. With difficulty I found one small piece. Prices are infernal. The Americans are here in hoards, buying up Pekin treasures. Pekin is the official reservoir of all treasures of China. It is curious that English and Americans who *live* in Pekin don't seem to possess much porcelain or silk. In the house I dined in last night, there was very little sign of China. It was the home of a secretary of the American Embassy. It might have been a home in Paris.

A brilliant morning. We set forth in a curious Government

railway car to Tientsin and said good-bye to the camels, rickshaws, funeral processions, wedding processions, wedding-present processions, crowds in the streets, Manchu ladies with their strange but attractive head-dress, and the queer old-fashioned carriages which always have a mirror inside them.

I shall lunch at Tientsin (after I have seen a little more celadon) with the ex-President of the Chinese Republic, thence to Shanghai, where we go on board on Sunday, sailing away some time on Monday for Hong Kong. We have been here through a very interesting time—the run on the banks and the non-payment of soldiers, which might have led to trouble. Had there been serious trouble, I should have liked to remain to see it.

During my stay in China, I have noticed, in the Chinese Press, much of which belongs to Japan, that the little articles of the *Daily Mail* are " lifted " to the number of a score a week. Here, for example, is an article by Sir William Beach Thomas, and another by " The Barrister " in the *Weekly Dispatch.*

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There is much interest here in the Prince of Wales's visit to India. I pray that he will get through all right.

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I am proud that I have seen the Great Wall of China, which is one of the largest engineering feats in the world. It is wide enough at the top for two motor cars to pass, and, as I have said before, is three thousand miles long, extends up mountains, down valleys, round corners, and across rivers. It sometimes descends so steeply as to be beyond the possibility of automobile traffic. It is not only wonderful, but beautiful, and it is still a great delimitation mark in Chinese affairs.

11.45 *a.m., November 19th,* 1921.
Tientsin.

Arrived Tientsin. The immense rail journey from Pekin to Tientsin is dull ; flat all the way. Tombs everywhere.

Tientsin struck me as being a very uninteresting and dusty place. But I had a great haul of celadon.

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I was entertained at lunch by the ex-President of the Chinese Republic—the ordinary lunch and speeches.

Sunday, November 20th, 1921.
Tientsin to Shanghai.

We have been travelling since half-past eight yesterday morning through this immense China. Looking at the map of China our journey appears as nothing. During the night we

passed through Shantung, where Japanese soldiers are everywhere.

We have not seen one hill since leaving Pekin, only flat plains midst vast marshes and huge rivers—and earth tombs.

There is no Sunday here. As far as the eye can reach, teams of cattle are ploughing or harrowing. The universal costume of China seems to be the blue suit. I see women and children working busily in them ; the women in trousers, of course.

The Chinese Government has provided me with a nice private car for this long journey, and also with a very cheery Chinese, educated at Cornell, who is full of fun. I was amused to learn that the Chinese meaning for private car is, " Enshrouded-in-much-dignity car." I asked my Chinese companion, " What do the Chinese call the Japanese ? " He said, " Devils from the Eastern Sea." " What do they call Europeans and Americans ? " I asked. " Devils from the Western Sea." " What do they think of foreigners ? " " Not much," was his reply. " Do the workers I see in these vast plains know that China is no longer a monarchy, but a republic ? " I asked.

" No, they only know the tax collector."

" Would they care if they knew that a republic had come ? "

" No, they are fatalists. ' It is written,' they say."

" How many wives have you got ? "

" One, and no unofficial wives like the foreigners have."

This man is an engineer, and showed me some engineering articles he had written in English. He says that he prefers foreign meals to Chinese, because the Chinese diet is so rich. He told me that the ex-President, with whom I lunched yesterday, always had European food. That is remarkable, because European food often makes the Chinese ill, and *vice versâ*.

The Chinese Government will not let us pay for anything in this train. I had a straight hint at Pekin that they would be offended if we offered to pay.

This is almost our last peep at China. We shall arrive at Shanghai to-night, and have a drive through the town in the morning before sailing for Hong Kong. Thence we visit Macao.

Every now and then we pass a river and see Chinese boat life again. I am told that the boat life of China exceeds the population of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Belgium put together.

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My Chinese friend has shown me some coinage. The value of a *cash* (from which we get our word " cash ") is one-fortieth of a

farthing; in other words, forty cash go to one farthing. What can you buy with a cash? You can buy hot water.

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This journey, of which we think so little, is really longer than from London to Rome. We are so hardened to railway travelling that we think nothing of it.

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I slept from eleven last night till ten minutes to eight this morning, only waking up once, when I saw the Japanese soldiers, at Shantung, trying to peep into the private car. They have as much right to be at Shantung as they have to be at Birmingham.

November 20th, 1921. *Late Afternoon.*
Nankin.

Nankin is a very interesting-looking place. Here we crossed the Yang-tse-kiang river, a special launch being provided for me. At the other side a tip-top private railway car was waiting—excellent cooking and service. Some twenty reporters were there, who had come all the way from Shanghai to greet me. (My speeches about the Anglo-Japanese Alliance have brought the Chinese very much on my side.)

A presentation was made at Nankin, and another one on arrival at Shanghai. What a scene it was! They poured into my carriage with the various Englishmen who had come to receive me.

The plan was to go straight on board the *Nyanza* (as I said), but it was such a wet night—the first wet night I have had anywhere—that I determined to go to the Astor House Hotel, an excellent hotel, but very noisy. Looking out of the window of the hotel, Frederick remarked that Shanghai was just like being in Liverpool, near the docks.

I found many cables from England and America waiting for me, also a lot of invitations, and we were all well at it until two o'clock in the morning ere going to bed.

I was surprised at the vitality of the American Press here. America, with its films and newspapers, is spreading in the Far East, as everywhere else.

November 21st, 1921.
Shanghai.

It is a wet morning. Except for the rickshaws, oiled paper umbrellas, and the strange waterproof clothing made of reeds, one might be in Liverpool.

I had the biggest rush of the journey here. All the Chinese journalists came to greet me, and took me off. Altogether I visited ten newspapers, one of which had a fine Hoe printing press. The workers had all been prepared for my coming, and there was

the usual meal offered at each place, and I was expected to eat, if only a little.

My guide was one Francis Zia, a most intelligent young Chinese. At each place a speech was given. There is no doubt that these people are clinging very much to England.

I saw Mr. G. (our Correspondent), editor of the *North China Daily News*, who came to see me.

Shanghai is one of the most unexpected places I have ever been in. I saw the famous bar at the Shanghai Club. It is said to be the longest bar in the world. At half-past twelve the Shanghai business men stand up in a long double line drinking all kinds of drinks. They say that this drinking is absolutely essential. They probably need it; but, as far as I am concerned, I have never felt the least inclination for alcohol in the Far East, perhaps because some of the compounds are so vile, or, perhaps, because I find that one glass of wine gives me a headache here.

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There is very little Chinese about Shanghai, and we left it without any regret.

Afternoon. November 21st, 1921.
Shanghai to Hong Kong.

The *Nyanza* is an old P. & O. tub of about eight thousand tons, very badly designed in comparison with modern ships. We have one of the most mongrel crews imaginable. It consists of British officers, a few British stewards, Goanese, and various kinds of Indians. I keep to my quarters, but I understand that the passengers "eat to the gong." That is to say, the waiters line up to the gong before every course. The food seems all right, though I object to fish that came from London, and I tell them so. We long for the *St. Albans*, the yacht-like ship that brought us from Sydney to Yokohama, in which we had the most wonderful food I have ever had in ships. The passengers are an equally mixed lot. English going home (the *Nyanza* is going straight to Tilbury, and with it Pine, with New Year letters and postcards, which he will post at Marseilles), Japanese, Parsees, Hindus, Greeks, and people who look like Huns but say they are Swedes and Danes.

Though the first night was roughish, we slept like logs after the turmoil and speeches of Tientsin and Shanghai.

We are running along the China coast, and now and then we see the land.

The temperature in the cabin is now down to 60, yet, in a few days, the whole company and crew on board will be blossoming out in white clothes, and we shall be sweltering; and swelter

we shall, except in the mountains of Ceylon, until we get to the Mediterranean. There is on this ship a great deal of talk among Orientals about the Prince of Wales's visit to India. Every one is very anxious.

November 23rd, 1921.
Shanghai to Hong Kong.

A tiresome bit of voyage this to Hong Kong. Retracing one's steps is always tiresome. Prioleau calls it rough; personally, I must say that, so far, we have not seen anything as rough as an ordinary day in the Channel, since leaving Southampton. As I said yesterday, we are a queer mixture of passengers. Among us there are women returning home to England with children and nurses. What an easy time those people have at home, compared with these unfortunate wives who are dragged about the world, with no real home!

The question of fat is one of our chief topics. Prioleau and I are summoning up courage to face the scales at Singapore, if we can find any correct ones. My brother-in-law, Milner, says that he can't button his clothes. The only drawback to our world whirl is lack of exercise. Directly we get ashore we are in the hands of local committees, who, literally, *won't* let us play golf.

November 24th, 1921.
Hong Kong and Macao.*

We arrived this morning in beautiful Hong Kong, the harbour of which is one of the loveliest places in the world.

I sacrificed golf for a voyage to the ancient Portuguese settlement of Macao, the earliest European outpost in the Far East, except Malacca.

We were advised not to go to Macao by a few unimaginative people, but I was very glad that I went to see the last relic of Portuguese greatness. In New Zealand we were transferred at once to England, in Manila to Spain, and from here to Portugal, and later, from Java to Holland and from Indo-China to France. Macao is just like a little piece of Portugal with Chinese in the streets instead of Portuguese. I have a feeling that Portugal will not long be here. The inhabitants are very much averse to aggression on the part of weak powers like Portugal. They are making difficulties for the Portuguese. The Governor, who has a tremendously long name ending in da Silva, speaks English quite well. He is anxious to get away from the responsibility which he has in Macao. The Chinese have the Portuguese by the throat, as they control the whole of the water supply.

* The greater part of the entry for this date is reprinted from Lord Northcliffe's articles on Macao in *The Times* of 5th January, 1922.

When Portugal was invited to take part in the deliberations of the Washington Conference about the South China Sea there was a lifting of the eyebrows, until somebody remembered Timor and Macao.

I have only seen Timor from a distance; I have just visited Macao, and found it a much more interesting place than the average resident of the Far East had told me. The Chinese Britons of Hong Kong and Shanghai are a busy folk. They come from home intent, as a rule, on making their fortune in a certain period. They work hard and play hard; and not many of them have time or inclination for historical research. In any case, in dealing with Portuguese, who are a peaceful, if politically excitable, folk, it is difficult to realize that their ancestors were among the aggressive European adventurers into the Far East. They were at Malacca in 1511; and in 1557, during the Ming dynasty, they settled down at Macao with many bloody encounters before them.

Our yacht for the day was a Chinese river-boat, with a Scottish captain and engineer; and, for excellent reasons not unconnected with river piracy, the Chinese passengers were barred off, as in a cage, from the rest of us. We set out from Hong Kong, that young and lovely daughter of British enterprise. If there is a more beautiful harbour than Hong Kong, I have yet to see it. The Peak might be La Turbie behind Monte Carlo; and I seemed to see the lights of Monte Carlo when I saw the lights of Hong Kong by night.

We pass close to the famous Repulse Bay, which is called the Mentone of the East. For nearly an hour we might have been cruising along the French Riviera between Villefranche and Mentone; and the wonderful new road, thirty miles long, which has been made by the enterprising folk of Hong Kong, is not unlike the new roads on the Riviera. The sunshine was as bright as at Cap d'Ail. But, whereas that part of the Mediterranean is a shipless sea, here were thousands—literally thousands—of gold-sailed junks tacking to and fro, with that absurd air of sailing backwards which they get from having poops thirty feet above the water and bows about four.

Four hours of a delightfully peaceful passage in historic waters, and somewhere near the mouth of the Canton river, about forty miles from Hong Kong, we came in sight of Macao—Macao dozing in the sunshine, comfortably at rest upon a sharply jutting promontory, which on the river side gives good shelter to the pirate-chasers. To the people of Hong Kong Macao is their Monte Carlo; but I am not interested in Chinese gambling,

which can be seen secretly or openly at San Francisco, as in Borneo or at Macao, and is the same everywhere.

To me Macao appeared as a beautiful little Portuguese city. There is a certain melancholy about it; but it is the melancholy not of solitude, but of ruins, of avenidas, of lovely gardens tended by hands long forgotten. It cannot be regarded in any other light than that of a pleasure-town. Allowing for small differences of local taste, its counterpart might be found anywhere between San Remo and Cannes, especially on the Italian side of the frontier.

There are not many Portuguese in the sunny and shaded by-ways; and the ever-increasing Chinese, their rickshaws and sedan-chairs, and the sharp crying of hawkers remind one that one is not in Portugal, nor even in Portuguese cities like Azimoor, Mazagan, or Saffi in French Morocco. Yet in itself Macao is very Portuguese. The pale pink and pale green houses, with balustrades and verandas, take one for a few seconds back to the Tagus, just as in Manila one is wafted suddenly to Seville, or in New Zealand fancies oneself sometimes in the other England in the North Sea.

Macao may be the last stand of the Portuguese in the Far East; but, if they are going down, they are going down proudly. A revolution in Lisbon seems to have small effect in this little outpost of their once great empire. They have laid out and they go on laying out fine roads in Macao; one of them a magnificent road which skirts a curving shore called Half-Moon Bay, almost exactly like Mentone-Garavan. And their botanic gardens and avenidas and open spaces are flower for flower the same as the best things in France and Italy—better, I believe, because of the complete absence of artificiality in their beauty.

Camoëns, the great Portuguese poet, lived here, and wrote many of his poems on a little tower in a bamboo forest, whence through an opening he could see for miles up river, and, on the right, out to sea. This bamboo forest is a part of the gardens of Vasco da Gama, and is a beautiful, shady place, full of poinsettias, temple flowers, gold mohur trees, and that deep, deep red Honolulu creeper for which tropical gardeners sigh in vain.

Close to Camoëns's retreat lies a forlorn old cemetery, where are the graves of many Englishmen. Among them we found the headstone of Lord Henry John Spencer-Churchill (fourth son of George, fifth Duke of Marlborough), who was captain of H.B.M. ship *Druid*, and senior officer in the China Seas. He died in Macao Roads on June 2nd, 1840, and the stone was put up "by his officers and petty officers in testimony of their esteem and affection."

Another headstone preserves the memory of one Lieutenant Wintle, of H.M.S. *Royal George*, who died on the China Station in 1817. Imagine circling half the world and reaching Macao to find the graves of two English naval officers! And we of to-day fancy that we are setting the world an example in travel!

On one side of Macao, beyond a wharf, carpeted as far as the eye can see with bamboo trays carrying decayed and decaying fish of all colours, sizes, and smells, you see out in the Roads (where Churchill died) armed motor-launches, and staunch old junks with the muzzles of what look like three-pounders grinning out of their square stern-ports. Upon just such little ships as these must Wintle and Churchill have looked their last in the reign of King George III. and the earliest years of Queen Victoria.

On the other side of Macao, the Hong Kong side, stands the Governor's residence, a pretty white house bowered in trees, with an old castle above and villas and gardens lining the fine motor roads. The Governor himself, da Silva, son of a former Governor, and one of a long succession, is a young, alert man, who speaks English well. I discussed with him the present embroilment of Macao and the Chinese Government. He spoke sensibly on the subject; but at Hong Kong that night I found those who thought that the result of the complicated dispute would be the squeezing-out of Portugal after all these years. Macao can never again be what she was in the days when the junks were the only means of sea transport.

As the *Sui An* bore us back in the rich light of late afternoon, past islands and hills that glowed like amethyst in the level rays of the sun, past lights that sparkled out from amid the trim trees hiding the little villas, it was for all the world like sailing from Lisbon. We felt that we had seen something unique—an unmarred piece of Old Europe living its own life in grotesquely unsuitable surroundings.

November 25th, 1921.
Hong Kong.

A month to Christmas, which we shall spend in some very tropical place like Indo-China or Java (No—in Malay States), much to the annoyance of my home-loving British valet, Frederick. His idea of Christmas is a fine dinner in the servants' hall, with crackers and paper caps handed round afterwards.

Arriving back from Macao last night, we again saw Hong Kong illuminated. It is wonderful. Imagine a giant Monte Carlo with a hundred times as many lights!

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Most of us have now contracted severe Pekin colds, and, following Sir Frederick Treves's advice, I filled myself with quinine.

I had to go to a dinner-party, and sleep at the Peak, the high land immediately behind Hong Kong, having, for that purpose, to travel up an intensely steep funicular railway. My host's house is nearly as high as La Turbie. Arriving at the station at the top, sedan-chairs met us. It is curious to see the English people gliding along in these chairs in the dusk. The person being borne bumps up and down in a strange way. Part of the English garrison is in barracks at the top of the Peak, and I felt very proud to hear the bugle sounding out. Hong Kong is a wonderful place, as I think I have said before. The house I went to is a very large one. The usual dinner-party was there—very nice people—but I was tired, and could not get away to bed till long after eleven o'clock.

They are well contented with themselves, these Anglo-Chinese, and have a very excellent time—golf, racing, lawn tennis. Every one seems to have a boat of some kind. It is delightful to get out of the hot town up the Peak into the cool, which you can do in ten minutes. But there are drawbacks, as, for example, torrential rains in the rainy season. I do not know what season this is, but sunflowers are out and English violets, some of which I have in my coat as I write this.

Here at Hong Kong we pick up Pine, who has been waiting the best part of the month, while we were in China and Japan. He is going straight home, and will post all our New Year's cards and letters at Marseilles. Those who don't get cards from me will know that they have been stolen in the post, for I have missed *nobody*.

Letters arrive here in most irregular fashion. I am still getting letters that were addressed to me in New Zealand.

November 26th, 1921.
Hong Kong to Singapore, S.S. "Nyanza."

This voyage from Hong Kong to Singapore is the ninth we have had, and the only roughish one, so far. A wonderful record. This *Nyanza* is the worst ship that we have been in, except the small Japanese boat which took us from Shimonoseki to Fusan, Korea, a distance of eighty miles.

November 27th, 1921.
Hong Kong to Singapore, S.S. "Nyanza."

Each morning, as we get equatorwards in this old P. & O. tub, the temperature rises. In the cabin this, Sunday, morning it is 80.

I want my little circle to sit up and listen when I say that anyone who goes out to the tropics to live, no matter in what exalted position, is a hero or heroine. This is our third visit to the tropics since we left England, and we are in for at least six weeks of it.

In fact, we don't leave Port Said till February 14th, but that is cold by comparison with what we have to go through. On shore, the tropics mean that, after a broken night in a mosquito net, with electric punkahs going (if you are lucky, for in many places there are none), you are wet through ; you crawl out in the dark dawn into a shower bath of tepid water. Thank goodness, the night is over ! Your clothes are wet through almost before you put them on. A day of dazzling glare begins. You encounter the grinning black-and-yellow faces of the natives. Now and then, I get a peep into a bungalow and see a white lady within, from Beckenham or Highgate, or, more often than not, from Glasgow or Edinburgh, clothed in her bedraggled dressing-gown. These are the people who are holding the Empire together, and they deserve anything they may get in the way of pay and early retirement. Their one consolation seems to be that they have plenty of servants. When they retire to Torquay they will bemoan their ex-ayahs and amahs, and the days of their magnificence.

I think the way they come down to the steamers to taste a little home food is pathetic. Death and illness are very common among them.

Personally, I can see no points whatever in tropical life, but, of course, I am much too old to change. The only people I find who like it are (1) Scotsmen, who will go anywhere in the world, make money and settle down as good citizens without grumbling. (2) People who at home would occupy humble official positions, but are able to figure here as Under-Secretaries, Members of the Council, and the rest of it. (The social status in these little communities is steam-rollered down to exact accuracy.) (3) People, including missionaries, who come with a sense of duty to hold up the flag. (4) Suburban folks, who, instead of having one little household drudge, bloom into petty magnificence begotten of the obsequiousness of four or five Orientals. On the whole, we are perhaps the best people at this game. The Americans in Manila don't like it, and mainly seem to be trying to carry out New York cabaret life in the semi-tropics. The Japanese can't stand it ; they are mighty bad emigrants. The French are wonderful officials, but bad emigrants. The Germans aren't so bad, but they will not take the responsibility, preferring to come to other colonies. The Portuguese inter-marry with the natives. The Dutch are good, as good as we are, except that they give the natives little freedom unless forced—in which, perhaps, they are wise. Free natives are ungrateful natives, and I should give them very little freedom. The Chinese are excellent emigrants ; very honest. The Australians are good, and the New Zealanders

are much more numerous in the tropics than I expected to find them. The natives prefer home-born British even to them. Thus at Fiji, the natives and European settlers are anxious that Fiji should not come under New Zealand. With all our faults, we transplant best. A Harrow boy said to me the other day, "We transplant because we have to. If I were at home I might become an estate and house agent, an insurance clerk or stock-broker's clerk. Here, at any rate, I can play polo, shoot, and get valeted."

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There are some folks who don't mind being hot all day. They change their clothes three or four times before night. They are, actually, I believe, in better health than those at home. For the most part, others survive, go through their work dutifully, and long for the time when they will get home—only to find most of their friends dead and themselves forgotten.

November 28th, 1921.
Hong Kong to Singapore, S.S. "Nyanza."

Hot and steamy in the cabin this morning; electric fan going, port-hole open, door open, and ventilators all open. It was 80 at dawn. I notice that my party begins to look pallid. I wonder whether it is best to be in rough weather when it is hot or when it is cold. When it is hot and they close the port-holes one can hardly breathe. When it is cold, there is nothing so cold as a ship.

We are planning our two months in the tropics. I am giving out my orders to-day. (1) Pith helmets to come at least three inches down the back. (2) No cotton underclothes. (3) No alcohol. (4) No iced water. (5) No very cold baths. (6) Plenty of quinine.

I wonder why it is that tunes and verses get into one's head. There is a tune now going round the world called "Whispering." I hear people singing it on deck every night, and can't get the tune out of my head.

We have been talking a good deal about elephants we are going to ride—if we have to. A stupid rhyme has got into my head—

"The elephant ate all night,
The elephant ate all day,
Do what he would to furnish food
The cry was 'Still more hay.'"

In my last batch of letters from home there was the usual "when are you going to take a holiday?" My dear people, do you realize that the greater part of this tour is cabin and deck chair—ample holiday for anybody? The present little voyage, from Shanghai to Singapore, is almost just that between Liverpool

and New York. The last voyage was over eight thousand miles. On arrival at Singapore to-morrow night, the 29th, or Wednesday morning, the 30th, there will be, no doubt, a good deal of fuss and banquet, but it will be immediately followed by another voyage to Java, another to Indo-China, and another to Ceylon, where I hope to work down some of the fat. Then comes a voyage from Ceylon to Bombay, thence another to Aden and Red Sea, the Red Sea alone being fourteen hundred miles long. We are mighty glad to put our feet on land, but I can assure you that not one of the party, except Frederick, has ever felt the least bit bored even by these tremendous voyages.

We learn more from the fellow passengers we pick up on the trip than by almost any other means. On this ship, for example, I have talked with the following people: Portuguese, Bombay Mohammedan merchants trading with Japan; Australian commercial travellers; a Norwegian mining engineer; an Englishman, living in South Africa who is taking a holiday in China, Japan, and Java; the British Consul at Kobe (Japan); Americans going round the world (two ladies); Japanese going to Scotland to fetch a ship; and people of whom one knows nothing and who give away nothing as to their affairs. There are always these on every ship, just as there are people who see nothing (I think I mentioned a Mr. Giles who saw nothing). There are always people who see nothing and can't understand why they came. Also, there are prejudiced people, such as Englishmen who object to everything everybody says. Americans are as bad. We met one American who said, "Whenever I meet an Englishman, I make a point of telling him what I think of his little ant heap." But travelling in the Far East is a revelation as to Britain's greatness, and our vast possessions make Uncle Sam "sit up and take notice," as he says. There are English mothers taking their children home to England from China. Some of the tiny ones speak nothing but Chinese, having been brought up by Chinese servants. I say to them, "Chin-chin" (How are you?) and "Chow" (food), the only Chinese I know.

Apropos de bottes, my journalistic theory is that every man has one story in him, and it nearly always works out. I met a man at an Australian sheep station, and I said to him, "What is your chief story?"

"Well," he replied, "I saw the *Hampshire* go down."

November 29th, 1921.
Hong Kong to Singapore, "S.S. Nyanza."

Nearing Singapore. Everything hot and steamy; cigarettes droop in the fingers.

CHAPTER XIX

SINGAPORE AND JAVA

"Very Green, like Fiji or Ireland"—Government House: Sir Laurence and Lady Guillemard—Chinese living in Palaces—"The Most Delicious Fruit"—Christmas Goods in the Shops—Golf: Sensitive Grass again—A State Banquet—Off to Java—"Canals as in Holland"—The Great Javanese Dish—A Palace of Marble—Botanical Gardens—"Innumerable People."

November 30th, 1921.
Singapore.

E arrived off Singapore last night at about 11.30. Curiously enough, it was a cool night, down to 82, and every one slept like tops.

The Governor at Singapore wired me, saying that I should be met at seven o'clock, the boat being due at the quay at six. It is seven o'clock, and we are still waiting for the quarantine doctor—the beginning of the Singapore slowness we have heard so much about.

We wondered what Singapore would be like. We had read a good deal about it. As we approached the land, it seemed to consist of a long series of low-lying islands. The place is very green, like Fiji or Ireland.

Landed, we are at once in a very busy place; boats of all kinds; and rickshaws running about everywhere.

There was the usual meeting on the landing-stage; aides-de-camp, reporters, cinematograph operator, dark and grinning, and the rest of them. An excellent English motor car drove me off to Government House. We passed through the town, seeing all sorts of people we have never seen before. The place looks bright and gay, not quite like any other place we have been to. The reason it is green is because there is rain every day, at this time of year, about four o'clock. It is not so hot and steamy to-day as, I believe, it usually is.

Government House stands high over Singapore, and I have a fine view from my window overlooking the green forest. I

am busy with cables and letters, which follow us steadily around, with invitations from Ceylon and Bombay which one must deal with.

His Excellency Sir Laurence Guillemard and his Lady are old friends of ours. They are very nice people. There are all sorts of local difficulties here—labour, tin, rubber, and the rest. Everywhere we go the Governor has his difficulties.

This morning I drove with her very nice Ladyship, who is a great admirer of Lady N., to the museum, where I saw many strange birds, beasts, and fishes. I did not realize before what a figure the kingfisher is in this part of the world. I had noticed him in Borneo, and he is very numerous in China. Many kingfishers don't catch fish at all, but are fly catchers. Here I saw also that horribly human proboscis monkey with long human nose.

Singapore is pervaded with the shades of Sir Stamford Raffles, the companion of Charles Lamb at the late East India Company's offices, who foresaw the future of this place, though he was hardly ever here.

The Governor has kindly let me have a quiet day to-day.

It takes at least twenty-four hours to find one's bearings here; everything is so different. I am surprised to find the Chinese living in palaces and the English in very modest houses. The best motor cars are occupied by Chinese—notably the only Rolls-Royce. All sorts of things are surprising. The food is surprising. I had a fruit called the mangosteen, certainly the most delicious fruit in the world. His Excellency says that the fruit has never got home; they have tried again and again. I am sending some by Pine. The mangosteen is a little larger than the walnut in its outer covering. You squeeze it, and it opens, and you find little sections, as in an orange, though white.

Just a word as to clothing outfitters who know about the Far East. Be careful about them. My bootmaker has provided me with ridiculous shoes which won't stand the heat. My hatter gave me a hat which weighs a ton.

The European children here seem happy. I saw them playing to-day guarded by their Chinese or Malay amahs, of whom they are very fond. These nurses spoil them, however, and they have to be ordered home when they are seven years of age. On the whole, the children look very well.

When I think of the various busy spots I have seen, from Canton to Hong Kong, and now this place, I marvel at the virility of our race. We seem to be able to live and work in every kind of climate. Everywhere I see them going down town in the

morning exactly as at home. It is half-past eight as I write this A quarter of an hour's walk in the shade would make one wet through, but these folks are hurrying about, riding in motor cars and rickshaws, making their way to work. There is supposed to be business depression in Singapore just now, but I see no signs of it.

December 1st, 1921.
Singapore.

This morning I thought it quite cold, but at six o'clock I found that it was 82.

Government House life here is like Government House life elsewhere. Except for the difference in climate, I might be in Melbourne or any other Government House. The Governor and his Lady are very kind. They have left me very much alone. I saw interesting people this morning. Their Excellencies are having a State banquet to-night, so that I may meet more.

I went out in the business section of the town this morning—Malays, Chinese, and Eurasians working in the blazing heat. It is funny to go into offices and see black clerks and typists. The Malays wear little velvet caps. They are well-mannered people.

Singapore is a very big port, they say the fifth in the world. In Singapore no one knows about any other place. We are trying to find out about Saigon (Indo-China) and Batavia (Java). No one knows. It is said that rival steamship companies won't tell about each other.

It is curious to notice all the Christmas goods in the shops; 1922 almanacs and the rest. It is a much more prosperous and much bigger place than we at home know. The cost of living here is said to be the highest in the Far East.

As I have said, it rains here every afternoon, hence the beautiful greenness of everything.

In the early evening I played golf with General Sir J. S. Fowler (commanding troops) and the Chief Justice; the same queer kind of golf I play everywhere, but greens this time, much of the grass being sensitive grass, as in Borneo. The caddies were little Malay boys.

It is very interesting to see John Bull's governing machine at work in these places. I do admire the way the people tackle their jobs in this infernal climate, for such it is. Everything is damp. As I dictate I am eating Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, which are like putty. The men and women are wonderfully vigorous with their golf, lawn tennis, and riding. On talking to them I find most of them long to get home; none would stay

here but for the absolute need of earning their living, and the enthusiasm they have for their work.

My secretary tells me that they have jazz dancing here in the afternoon, as everywhere else. St. Andrew's Ball took place last night; people were at it till four o'clock this morning.

I had a gorgeous orchid given to me to-day, six foot three in height! It is a sort of tiger-lily, a very beautiful thing.

On the golf course this afternoon, soldiers were drilling. They are South Staffordshires. They wear khaki shorts, their knees bare, and pith helmets.

December 2nd, 1921.
Singapore.

Again, I thought it cold this morning, but it was 82.

The morning bath is one of the two happy moments of the day, the other one being when sitting in the coolish air after dark at the golf clubs.

I have been thinking over all the people I have met in these distant places. They are the *élite* of our race. They are not afraid of doing things, making great bridges, harbours, and roads. A large proportion are Scotch. I have come to the conclusion that the adventurous ones come from the old country to leave behind the suburban tubeites. What a different life that daily face-to-face in the tube seems to be from life in this part of the world! Again let me repeat that the vigour of our folk in the Far East is wonderful. Golfing yesterday afternoon, at the Garrison course (I think it was called), was real hard work. The vigour of the ladies, who take full advantage of the heat to wear very little, is remarkable. After the game we sat drinking fresh limes and soda. At the bottom of the table, near the ground, were slowly burning incense sticks to keep off the mosquitoes. At dinner at night electric lights burn under the table for the same purpose.

Last night's dinner was what used to be called in the days of Champagne Charley, the Coal Hole, Thackeray and Leech, "a slap-up affair." It was the first time I have ever dined with Chinese ladies. They were incrusted with diamonds. Out here, the O.B.E. is a high distinction. Chinese ladies and the leaders of the community wore it, and it looked well midst their soup plates of diamonds. Against their dark skins, diamonds look extremely well. Two of them spoke English as well as we do. I was glad to see them in Chinese costume. One arrived in a Rolls-Royce, and a gorgeous one at that.

His Excellency and his Lady do things very well here. I am not fond of pomp and circumstance, but those who are told me

that the servants, in their white liveries, red hats, and silver staffs in their hands, wore the costume of the old John Company (East India Company). There was a good deal of ceremony. During the dinner the band of the Staffordshires played toppingly.

Last night at dinner I found again how small the world is. The lady on my left knew half of our circle. The Governor and her Ladyship know nearly all our circle.

We have a very busy month before us, most of which will be spent at sea in small boats. I have hired some sort of a vessel to bring us back from Java—three days' voyage.

Yesterday I went to see the film of my arrival here. I shall never be able to look a weighing machine in the face again.

I hear that a year or two back there was a mutiny in Singapore, of which we heard practically nothing. A local native regiment got loose and started murdering people, rushing up and down the streets asking everybody if he was English. Those who said "Yes," had their throats cut at once. One English wag said that he was Irish. They let him, and the others who followed his example, alone. Presently, one of His Majesty's ships came round the corner, and I understand that the bluejackets did their work very thoroughly indeed. The local Chinese behaved very well. The mutineers seemed to have special aversion to golfers, who were surprised to find themselves being murdered in the bunkers.

December 2nd, 1921, cont.
Singapore to Java.

Be it never so humble, there's no place like a ship.

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I lunched at the Singapore Club, where they do themselves very well, with cocktails and "stingers," beforehand, a "stinger" being a whisky and soda. ("Stenger"—a Malay word meaning "half.") Most of those who lunched have been out here for from fifteen to twenty-five years. They get one year's leave in either three or four or five years. Some say they get bored stiff after they have been home doing nothing for a few months. A considerable proportion are Scots.

Pine went off this morning with his parrots from Australia, Stilton cheese from New Zealand, Hong Kong canaries, and a lot of baggage we shan't want any more.

We said good-bye to the charming people at Government House, where we had been very much left alone.

It is 5 p.m. We have started for Java in a Dutch ship called the *Rumphius*. It was rather like a German departure; plenty of beer-drinking, eke of champagne. The ship is packed with all nationalities, mostly Dutch, and the fat and fat-legged women

and girls look like ungainly Englishwomen. A good noisy crowd of farewellers on the deck.

It is a long time since I have been in a Dutch ship. They are well managed, but this is a bit like a country fair. The servants are Javanese, who look rather like small Goanese. You do not call out "Waiter" or "Boy," but "Yongess." Like a Dutch house, the ship is spotlessly clean. I have a deck cabin as big as a reasonable-sized bedroom, with a bathroom adjoining containing merely a wooden dipper, with which you sluice yourself —which is all you want this hot weather.

December 3rd, 1921.
Singapore to Java.

National traits can't hide themselves. The Dutch owe their comparatively small place in the world very largely to their national meanness. Though the steamship fares are extremely high, they have cut off the wireless to save money. The electric light also goes off at dawn, and is not turned on again till dark. At the last meeting of this company, they discussed the cutting off of the electric fans (which they effected in our next Dutch vessel). I suggest they cut off one of the engines. Truly—

> "It is said that in commerce the fault of the Dutch,
> Is giving too little and asking too much."

They are a hardy folk. A breakfast passed my window this morning composed of raw herrings, pancakes and treacle, cheese with carraway seeds in it, and a fine glass of iced beer, foaming atop.

I wish the novelists who write about the islands we are passing would say a little more about the heat and perspiration, and a little less about the waving palms and the dusky queens.

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There are the usual numbers of Japanese on board.

Sunday, December 4th, 1921.
Java.

We have had another perfectly smooth voyage, the only incidents being lightning and thunder and tropical rainstorms.

Arriving at Batavia (pronounced Batahvia) was like arriving anywhere else in a ship. Very few places are seen at their best on arrival. Batavia is yet another variation of Europe in the Far East—this time Holland. There are none of the hateful man-pulled rickshaws, but, instead, funny little pony carriages in which one sits back to back with the driver.

I went in a motor car first to see the Portuguese beginnings of Batavia, the entrance to their fort. They were in the East

early—1500. The Chinese seem to occupy, as usual, the best motor cars, and there are any number of cars, all Yanks, with but a bare sprinkling of British or European machines. It is Sunday, and so far as the Dutch are concerned, they keep it. The place is green like Singapore, with a good many " Flame of the Forest " trees, here and elsewhere called Flamboyant or Gold Mohurs, with flat, cedar-like branches (the foliage being of the acacia variety), covered with flowers of a vivid post-office red.

There are canals as in Holland; and the Malays, who swarm in this city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, are dressed in brilliant colours. There are Chinese, Indians, Hindoos, and Mohammedans—a rare Oriental medley.

The new part of the town has beautiful Dutch-Oriental houses, with open front rooms, like those at Scheveningen, but they stand each in its green compound or garden. An interesting feature is the small pavilion which faces the entrance to the house proper, the exact facsimile, in a different style of architecture, of the *selamliks* of Turkish and Egyptian big houses, where the host receives his men friends. There are fine roads, wonderful garages, new buildings going up everywhere, picture theatres, and Chinese Luna Parks.

We are stopping at the Hotel des Indes, a marvellous rambling series of open-air buildings built in and around a compound in which are growing colossal banyans. The one opposite my bedroom window would shelter thirty or forty people among its central trunks alone. The bedrooms consist of a veranda sitting-room, leading into two large rooms in each of which as many as three beds can be arranged comfortably. The back room leads into a big corridor where the bathrooms are. These are the same as on board the *Rumphius*, having a huge square stone tank and a dipper. The blocks of rooms, not unlike glorified military quarters, look out upon a compound and face the central lounge, a pleasant, cool place open to the air on two sides.

The dining-room is a fairly good room, but even if it had been a bad one, we could have forgiven it for the great Javanese dish we ate there. It is called rijstafel, which means, in Dutch, rice-table. When you order it you are first handed a dish of dry, boiled rice, as for curry. Then you get an incredible number of things to put on top of it or on the plates which are provided to take the overflow. We had to-day the following :—

Beef, roast and dried; mutton, roast; chicken, fried dry, boiled, and roast; fish, fried and dried; eggs, poached, fried, and hard-boiled; fried white of egg with mashed prawns; egg-plant (called, locally, " bringah "); cucumber, whole; curried

noodle, three kinds (noodle is a Dutch form of vermicelli); fried ground nuts; fried bananas; anchovies; seventeen different kinds of curry-accompaniments including ginger, scalding chillies, soft *wet* Bombay duck, a local seed, and chopped coconut.

This was served to us by ten men, in procession, like the banquet scene when the Russian dancers did "Scheherazade." At a really important eating of rijstafel, as many as fifty footmen are needed to keep pace with the accessories to the innocent and bland boiled rice.

I noticed that, except at rijstafel time (when a thrill passed through the crowd), the Javanese waiter was very slow and very stupid.

I am told that the interior of Java is very like Ceylon, which makes me rather sorry we are going to spend a week in Ceylon. From what I hear I am very sure that three days here will be enough. I don't see any different trees or flowers here from those we saw at Borneo. I have seen no kind of native we have not already seen, but I see neat, orderly Holland.

By the way, the captain of the *Rumphius* made a remark last night which would have pleased my Old Lady of Totteridge,* because she made exactly the same comment to me sixteen years ago, when we were in Holland together. I was remarking to the captain on the extreme cleanliness of his ship, which was typically Dutch, I said. To which he responded in his broken English—

"It is a pity we Dutch do nott allretty so often wash the corpse (body) as we do the house front."

When one remembers that the heat in this part of the world is the same all the year round, and that there is no variation of seasons, no spring, summer, autumn, or winter, it can be realized how monotonous and trying life must be to those who don't like it. They tell me that the Dutch are more content to remain in the Far East than we are. They certainly build more permanent houses, for this afternoon we drove past many miles of beautiful villas, and saw many more miles of them building—exactly the houses one would expect of Holland architecture orientalized.

I don't know whether this is more a meeting-place of Eastern people than Singapore, but it seems to me to be so. True, the bulk of the population is Javanese, a smallish folk. I was rather surprised at the number of British Indian shops, and I saw more fezzes than in Singapore. It is Sunday, so I can't judge the business activity of the place. There are wonderfully fine depôts of European manufacturers, perfume shops from Paris, French,

* Mrs. Harmsworth, Senior.

and Italian motor-car firms. The only English advertisements I have seen are of Dunlop tyres, one advertisement of Sunlight soap, and some advertisements on the steam trams of Perrier "Tapfel Water." There are many German establishments here —and increasing again. I notice that a good many of the German locomotives come from Dusseldorf. The only British articles I have seen here are one Invicta steam roller and one Daimler car. American motors are, of course, absolutely supreme. There are a few Rochet-Schneiders, F.I.A.T.'s, and Braziers. Prioleau saw a garage advertising Armstrong Siddeleys.

We went to the oldest part of Batavia to-night again. The Chinese fish-market occupies now some of the finest old Dutch buildings.

I wonder if people in England realize the growth of the meetings of all these Oriental peoples. It is, I believe, largely a new movement. True, the Arabs spread from Africa to south of the Philippines long before the Portuguese and the Dutch and ourselves came here. But the present great movement is a new one.

December 5th, 1921.
Java.

I dined last night at the Governor's palace, among some thirty guests. The palace is certainly one of the most beautiful buildings I have seen, the greater part of the flooring of the loggia which runs the length of the house being white Carrara marble, specially imported from Italy. Tremendous fluted columns support the roof of the loggia, and the effect of this Corinthian edifice, leading back into a series of magnificent chandelier-lit *salons*, is superb. We saw it first from the road, as we drove up, but later on, when the bright women's dresses and the gold-laced officers' uniforms were reflected in the mirrors and on the glass-like surface of the marble, it made a really beautiful picture. The dining-room is also a wonderful room, panelled in white marble, one end opening on to a garden at the further end of which stands another portion of the palace. The table was very well decorated with little clumps and trails of Jacquaranda or Flamboyant. The women, who curtsied low to the Governor-General, were, on the whole, badly dressed, with a strong touch of the German *hausfrau* in the clumsy lines of their clothes, but they, as well as the men, were uniformly charming in manner.

There were two military A.D.C.'s and one naval—the Lieutenant Welter who came on board the *Rumphius* to meet me. He is a very jovial fellow, and in some ways reminded me of Lieutenant Sullivan, the naval A.D.C. at Singapore Government House. In other respects the function was as those in Victoria's

days at Buckingham Palace. Except when we were actually dining, we (the men) never sat down once, but stood, for altogether about two hours, on the exquisite but unsympathetic Carrara marble floor—half an hour before dinner and an hour and a half afterwards. The electric glare was great, but the dinner was excellent, and not too long. To our relief it was no longer than an ordinary big dinner-party at home. In fact, it was shorter, as the men left the dining-room with the women, arm-in-arm.

Motored off early this morning to see the famous botanical gardens at Buitenzorg (pronounced Baitenzorrh), probably the most efficiently run gardens in the world. I certainly enjoyed three of the most interesting hours since we left Southampton. The road out from Batavia was packed nearly the whole way, and I was told that the drawback to motoring in Java was the numbers of people everywhere, which is not to be wondered at when the vast population of these islands and the fewness of the roads are taken into consideration. The Assistant Resident, who accompanied me, is married to an Englishwoman, is most intelligent and humorous, and has often been in England. He was very well informed on Dutch and English colonial history. The flora were truly tropical. Banana trees seem to prevail, their leaves being wide and beautiful. Tapioca is a delicate shrub which might be anything. A sago palm looks like any other palm. You eat the dried pith.

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Later on, after thirty-eight very interesting miles, we reached Buitenzorg, which means *Sans Souci*, the very first hill station of the Dutch, established in 1600 and something. It is a delightful spot filled with old Dutch buildings, with a deer park, adjoining the palace, which might have been in England. I was interested to notice a memorial to the wife of Sir Stamford Raffles, for five years Governor of Dutch Indies.

In talking to Dutch people one must remember that " India " means *their* Dutch India, and not what they call " British India " (*our* India). Their *West* Indies are Surinam and Curaçoa.

The visit to the gardens had been highly organized, by telephone from Batavia. There are twenty-seven Dutch curators and professors and an army of Javanese. First of all we saw orchids, which were disappointing. They said that Sanders of St. Albans, England, knows more about orchids than anyone in the world. The rarest orchids are often quite unbeautiful and insignificant. One was so small that we had to use a magnifying glass to see it. After the orchids we went to the palace, which is about as wide as Buckingham Palace, with two stories only,

displaying the same use of Carrara marble that I noticed last night in the palace at Batavia. The portraits of all the Viceroys of the Dutch East Indies were very interesting, going back to 1610, and including Sir Stamford Raffles and Lord Minto. We had refreshment at a charming Colonial Dutch house belonging to one of the curators. His wife and little daughter spoke English perfectly.

It was not as hot as Batavia, though at the end of a five-mile walk, much in tropical glades, I was parboiled.

The following were the things I liked most :—

Lotus, which I have never seen in such perfect bloom before.

The Economic Section, which is about two miles from the orchids. Here I picked flowers of both the tea and coffee plants, and very fragrant they are. The flower of coffee smells like tuberose. Coffee has a bright glistening leaf, the berries being red. The berry *we* know lies inside a red shell, and is covered with a sort of viscous stickiness.

Pepper.—Grows on pepper trees not unlike those in the South of France. The pungent little green peppers are dried and ground.

Cocoa.—Looks like a small yellow and brown corrugated vegetable marrow. Inside there are seeds lying amidst a rather delicious green stuff—like coconut.

Vanilla.—Looks exactly like a scarlet-runner bean.

Cocaine.—Small leaves and red berries like Solomon seal. The leaves are dried.

Cloves.—These are little flowers of which we eat what remains when the flowers fall off. The leaves smell exactly like cloves.

The man who showed me round the Economic Gardens, which occupy a square mile at least (owing to the large space devoted to new kinds of rubber and guttapercha trees), has travelled everywhere and knows Kew very well. He says that, with one or two exceptional men, Kew is hopelessly out of date, and that our own Colonial botanical gardens are much better, notably those in Ceylon. He says that at Kew we are working on dead things and not on live things.

I saw many interesting fauna ; deer not much bigger than rats, and the proboscis monkey, the most horribly human animal I have ever seen.

December 6th, 1921.
Java.

The impression left upon me by Java is *people*—innumerable *people*. Solitude seems very difficult to find except on mountain tops. People are round you everywhere, especially on roads and

in hotels. They seem quiet; they wear the sarong (petticoat) and little round caps. The problem of keeping them from epidemics and finding work for them is successfully solved by the Dutch, to their credit. On the other hand, their needs are very simple. They don't drink, being Mohammedans; their worst vice is chewing betel nut and occasionally running amok. They waste nothing. Yesterday, passing some ricefields, which are, of course, nearly always full of water, I asked what the coolies were carrying away. "Goldfish," said my guide. The natives are very fond of eating this kind of carp, and cultivate them.

I heard more about the graceful dove or pigeon orchid yesterday. I think I mentioned that it blooms on the same day and hour everywhere by some mysterious ordinance of nature. Some were taken to the Hague, divided into two portions for a garden at Amsterdam. They flowered on exactly the same day in both places in Holland as they do here.

The zoological connection of things is very curious. In some of their southern islands the Dutch have Australian kangaroos, small wallaby, wombats, and a thing like the duck-billed platypus, with a sharp-pointed nose instead of a beak.

CHAPTER XX

JAVA (*continued*)

A Press Dinner—Holland in the Tropics—" Marriage by the Glove "—A Tin Mine—The Lazy Javanese—On the way back to Singapore.

Tuesday, December 6th, 1921.
Batavia, Java.

LAST night, a dinner to me by the Press of Batavia, or rather a part of it, as there is a great deal of Press jealousy here. The dinner was very long. I sat beneath a portrait of the Kaiser. There was a near-by band, and those fierce, glaring electric lights which I have noticed ever since my arrival in New Zealand. People who live in countries with strong sunlight seem to like brilliant light at nights.

I notice a peculiar aroma in the street here, like that of a sugar mill, and I find that they keep the dust down by molasses. Perhaps this is the only place in the world where the streets are " tarred " with sugar.

I had a very busy time this morning, visiting the wonderful medical school called S.T.O.V.I.A. An idea of its size can be gathered when I mention that the corridors connecting the wards and other buildings are more than nine hundred yards long. It is a school for teaching doctoring and nursing to the Javanese, half-castes, and a few Dutch. In counter-distinction to our system, the Dutch treat their Eurasians as equals. The head of this institution is a Eurasian of Dutch and Malay parentage, educated at Leyden. Some doctors are German trained. The Dutch are rightly proud of their medical treatment of their fifty millions here in what they always call " India." They have a hard fight. The hospital was full of malaria. The doctors asked how we were escaping it, and I pointed out that some of us took five grains of quinine every day, and in some cases no alcohol, and that we were most of the time at sea. He replied that we had been fortunate.

I wonder if the Dutch are right and we are wrong, or whether the mixture of Hindoo and English is inferior to that of Dutch and Malay. I met no Eurasians at the Governor's palace. I noticed there that the company seemed almost British, probably in my honour, with a little of the bowing of the Germans, but no heel-clicking. Yet the atmosphere and Press are pro-Hun.

My hourly surprise is not to see the man-drawn rickshaws running about the streets. The Dutch, I am glad to say, won't have rickshaws, though they have plenty of Chinese to pull them.

The atmosphere here is Holland, and rather makes me want another visit to that nice little country on the North Sea.

I have made further inquiries. The attitude is not violently pro-German but by no means anti-German. The Germans "propagand" hard here, and attacked me in the Press, by anonymous letters and by pamphlets.

We are off to Singapore, *en route* for Saigon, Indo-China, and Bangkok. The K.P.M. steamship company have very kindly changed the sailing of this steamer, advancing her from Wednesday to Tuesday. We are returning as far as Singapore in a delightful Dutch ship of the mixed cargo and passenger variety. The accommodation for my party is better than on most yachts.

Had a hot and busy day with the British Consul-General, and the Commercial attaché. They told me some deplorable stories of catalogues and printed matter pouring out from British houses, printed in English, instead of Dutch or Malay, with the prices, weights, and measures in English, the prices also referring to the prices *at* the manufactory in England—not as delivered *here*. The Chinese, who are the chief merchants here, drop these into their waste-paper baskets. There is a lot of business to be done. We are still third on the list of foreigners trading in the Dutch East Indies. Both Dutch and Chinese have a preference for English goods. The Consul says our motor people won't take the trouble to find out what's wanted here. Two-seaters and small cars are no good. The Chinese and Dutch want family cars, to hold six. In the Far East large businesses have messes for their clerks, and they want cars to take the young men to and from their mess. With regard to Manchester goods, where we have a stronghold, the Japanese hurt us by sending newer patterns. The Javanese ladies want their native costumes varied every year, like all other ladies, and anybody who has the words "the Unchanging East" in his head had better get them out of it, said the Consul.

I had another peep at old Batavia. The Staathuis, the church, and the houses are exactly like old Holland. They are building

much more rapidly than in any English town or city I know. The buildings are very beautiful too.

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The more we travel the more my little party seems to like the sea; or, perhaps, to propitiate me, pretend they do. (Note by present transcriber: "There is no pretence.") My own motto now is, not yet having been caught by typhoons or monsoons, "Be it never so humble, there's no place like a ship." Locked up in one's cabin one can get a little away from the squatting and creeping natives. I think their perpetually monotonous faces must have something to do with the home-sickness of Europeans. I don't believe the Dutch (or the English) are a very home-sick people, but they have a word for it—"Heimweh."

The newly-arrived young Dutchmen get very home-sick up country till they are married. In Holland they have a method of tying up would-be brides for the Far East called "Marriage by the Glove," which is no improvement on our Anglo-Indian system. The *fiancée* of a man out here goes through a form of marriage in Holland with a friend of the bridegroom in Java, and is then shipped out. Our damsels go out to *our* India or Singapore unfettered, to be married on arrival, and, as everybody knows, many of them wisely change their minds *en voyage* and marry attractive passengers. The Dutch parents try to prevent this by having the girls legally married before they start, but unfortunately the scheme doesn't work. If a Dutch girl changes her mind she has to face a divorce, and does so. Now that the Dutch East Indies and Holland are within a month of travel by mail ship, young men, as a rule, prefer to go home to fetch the girls themselves and thus avoid trouble.

I don't believe it is necessary, when one has travelled as much as I have, to spend undue time in any one place. Java is famous for its mountains, jungle, lakes, volcanoes, mud lakes, geysers, tropical plants, foliage, coffee, cocoa, tea, rice, sago, tapioca, vanilla, cocaine, cloves, and other spices. With the exception of coffee, cocaine, and vanilla, I've seen all these things in other places. I met an Englishman to-day, a widely-travelled man, who had done Java in six days, and he said he had seen it all before. It was, he said, certainly beautiful (as it is), but he had been to Ceylon and the West Indies. I fear, therefore, that I shall find Ceylon quite disappointing. I have already seen the whole of its flora. What *has* interested me in Java has been watching the Dutch administration and comparing it with our own. I think they may be a slower people than we are. We have been in Malaya for only one hundred years—they have been here for

three hundred. The officials look with envious eyes upon our work in Malaya—and they told me so. They rank Stamford Raffles very highly. I think they are firmer with the natives than we are, although, of course, the Javanese is a dove compared with the Indian hawk.

At the Press dinner (which, by the way, was given at the Concordia Military Club, not unlike a Methodist cabaret), I asked a leading journalist where the political leaders of the natives were. "In prison," was the brief reply. The Dutch cannot understand why we don't arrest Ghandi. They say that the effect of our tolerance of his vagaries is to make the Orientals think that we are afraid of him and them.

Thursday, December 8th, 1921.
Batavia to Singapore.

These people are linked up by myriads of newspapers. When I was in India twenty-seven years ago, this new kind of little newspaper was only beginning. Connecting news agencies they had apparently none. To-day Java is linked with China, Japan, and India by many news agencies.

The place of embarkation, at Tanjong Priok, is quite a considerable motor drive from Batavia itself. We passed at least three hundred motor cars, but not one English one. Mostly German, Austrian, and Dutch, some Overlands, Fords, Hudsons, and a F.I.A.T.

Our ship, the *Siberg*, is the first I have travelled in fitted with Diesel engines.

We stopped one day out at one of the several ports on the island of Banka. It was as neatly laid out as a Dutch village, with a fort of the old Dutch East India Company, some two hundred years old, all red brick and loopholes. The Resident Magistrate took me to his house and explained the place to me, over some iced mineral water, the ice being brought by motor car from Muntok, where we are to stop to-morrow, and where, he said, there were many English graves. When and why we held this place I shall find out when we get home.

He told me the island has excellent roads throughout, long-distance telephones everywhere, and a bi-weekly mail.

Then, with the chief engineer as guide, we paid a visit to the big tin-mine which lies about three miles away, being driven there in three cars over some charming home-like scenery. The road was perfect, and might have been anywhere near Frensham Ponds or in Hampshire. Every now and then we passed small lakes which were once tin-mines, and all along the road we met crowds of magnificently-built Chinese labourers. Some of them

were pushing wheelbarrows, which made the same dismal creaking sound as those we saw in China—a precaution against devils and evil spirits, I've been told. The mine itself is a sort of succession of terraces flooded by a stream which pours down from the top of a hill, directed into various channels by power generated by a stationary engine—an English one, I am glad to see, a Marshall. The process of washing the tin out is mysterious, but very like the accounts I have read of the old days at Kimberley and Ballarat. The most interesting part was the sight of rows and rows of these splendidly-built Chinese, plying pick and spade knee-deep in the rushing grey torrents. They were as fine a type of the human animal as I have ever seen. The engineer and the officials who accompanied us told me that they have very little trouble with these Chinese miners, and that they were infinitely better and more reliable workers than any other breed. We saw their messing sheds, and sleeping sheds, all spotlessly clean, with plain couches covered with fine matting; and, finally, the Pay Department, a table where a Chinese sat and made up scores of little piles of notes and silver. If or when there is any trouble, such as a fire or a fight, a hollow log is thumped which produces a hard but unresonant sound as a signal for all hands to assemble at the sheds.

A very interesting and unexpected experience.

Thursday, December 8th, 1921.
Batavia to Singapore.

My thermometer went down to 82 in my cabin, owing to the north wind. The captain came in this morning, and broke the news that we may be late at Singapore and miss the French ship to-morrow. Our ship has been detained by a heavy current.

Muntok is just one of those neat and orderly Dutch settlements. The chief man in the place came off to see me, and explained that they had been waiting since 6 a.m. for us, and hoped that I would come ashore for at least one hour. He told me that malaria is very prevalent just now, which is the curse of these countries. Hospitals I have seen at Manila and Sandakan and the great S.T.O.V.I.A. at Batavia are full of malaria.

People at home who write by every mail about my activities should, I again remind them, realize that this world whirl is largely a sea voyage. For example, we took a ship at Singapore last Friday. At Batavia we were mostly in the open air. All this week we shall be at sea, until at least Tuesday morning next, the 13th. From Indo-China and Siam home it will be almost entirely by sea. And we all like it.

We have on board a troupe of thirty-two Russian opera singers, who were stranded for want of funds at Java. They come from Vladivostok, and they have given some successful shows at Singapore. They then came on to Java, where, owing to their theatre having been let over their heads, they got into difficult straits. To make matters worse, two of the men, one of whom was the cashier, were arrested for spreading Bolshevik propaganda, and imprisoned for three weeks. Eventually they were released, and by the intervention of the Dutch Government and the British Consul at Batavia, the whole troupe were shanghaied for—naturally—the nearest British territory.

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We crossed the equator, for the fourth time, to-day.

Friday, December 9th, 1921.
Batavia to Singapore.

This Diesel-engine-driven Dutch cargo-boat is having a hard struggle to get to Singapore in time for the French cargo-boat, *Amiral Latouche Tréville*, which will leave at four o'clock this afternoon for Saigon. Will it do it? To-morrow's diary will show. Meanwhile, a word about the Javanese that I have encountered, who—I am assured by an Englishman who has lived amongst them for three years—are typical of the whole of the Islanders. (This I doubt.) They appear to me to be the idlest people I have had to do with; the slowest, the stupidest, and untruthful to boot. They are certainly the worst chauffeurs I have driven behind, and as ship's stewards they are absolutely the last word in the art of annoying. My good-tempered valet, Frederick, is at his wits' end about them. We breakfast on deck at *eight*. At *seven* o'clock each morning the table is laid, with eggs boiled and left to get cold. Two Javanese servants, with their sarongs (petticoats) and little caps, squat on their haunches and eye the breakfast as though it was some sacrificial feast. What annoys Frederick is that they make the same blunder again and again. Only a patient people like the Dutch could stand it. Part of their duty is to refill the water-bottles in the cabin each day. After complaining and gesticulating till he was weary, Frederick tackled the captain, but they had the effrontery to tell the captain that they had performed their task and that if he came to the cabins they would prove it. At first I thought their action, or inaction, was due to our lack of knowledge of Dutch, which is, of course, the language of the master among the Javanese. A Dutchman knows the Javanese, and can make them do what he wants while he stands over them, but next time they will make exactly the same mistake. I sat beside a syce (chauffeur) for a

hundred miles in Java. At every crossing, turning, or bridge, I said " plan-plan " (slowly), yet twice in the afternoon of the last day of the visit, our fool nearly had a severe accident by taking us over a right-angled bridge at full speed, although I shouted " plan-plan " at him. Yet there are people who talk about giving these idiots self-government.

No wonder the Chinese wax fat among them !

My experience of Chinese was very often of chauffeurs, and as *drivers* they are excellent. Like all Orientals they neglect engines. I noticed that in Morocco, except with the Berbers who are the best native mechanics in Africa.

We are running along the coast of Sumatra against a strong head wind.

CHAPTER XXI

SINGAPORE TO COCHIN CHINA

The Pace of Life in the East—Mosquitoes—" Beastly Rickshaws "—The French Foreign Legion—A Noisy Ship—" Tipperary " again—Charming Passengers—Sir Arthur Pearson.

Friday (evening), December 9th, 1921.
Singapore.

ON arrival at Singapore we received the unexpected news that the French boat from Marseilles was late, and would not sail till the following morning.

Here we are again, in hustling, noisy, rickshawing, cocktail and stinger-drinking Singapore.

I am not yet used to the perpetual wearing of a solar topee, white clothes, and the hotel-lounge drinking.

There are two great rival hotels, the Raffles—which always figures in Far Eastern novels—and the Europe, which is said to be quieter; so quiet, indeed, that when my old friend Still, editor of the *Straits Times*, came to talk with me, we had to shout at each other to get above the noise of the motor-horns, the tramways, the Chinese clogs, the strange queer native shouting, the horrible expectoral noises, and always the hotel jazz band. The pace of life among Europeans (at any rate amongst the British) in the Far East, averages much swifter than at home. There is something of the feverishness of the Stock Exchange or the Wool Exchange about Shanghai, Singapore, or even staid and beautiful Hong Kong. The chances of quick death are greater here than at home.

At Singapore, Government House was going on just the same. The A.D.C.'s with their table plans; the entrance of His Excellency, duly followed by her Ladyship—a proceeding which takes place in a hundred Government Houses every day in India, the Far East, Australia, West Indies, Canada, and Africa. It is a spacious and beautiful Government House with the servants in

their livery of "John Company" (the East India Company) as established in the year 1600.

We said good-bye to our kind host and hostess, preferring to sleep at the hotel, close to the ship, which was to sail at six.

Let those who read this rejoice in their nice quiet English bedrooms. Going to bed in a Far-Eastern hotel is a caricature of a night's rest. "Frederick, turn on the electric punkah." The thing is like a two-bladed screw of a ship fixed to the ceiling; it makes an irritating noise and blows half a gale. "Frederick, look inside the mosquito curtain and see if you can catch any." Two are caught. "Frederick, what about the ice-water in the big thermos flask?" "Frederick, how can I smoke within the beastly mosquito curtain without setting fire to the hotel?" and so on.

Singapore goes to bed very late. Its sleepers don't even require a sheet over them, and after a sort of night's rest the coffee comes in—with the intimation that the ship won't sail till ten. Evidently Frederick's mosquito hunting is not thorough, for I am badly bitten this morning. The opening of the lattice shutters in the front sitting-room, to which the bedroom is annexed, lets in the glaring sun. It is already 85 degrees by the thermometer. The coffee is good—better than at home—but the morning papers, except their editorials, are wretched productions. Some scrappy cables from home; more about Fatty Arbuckle; a hint that the Irish question is really settled; unintelligible rubbish about the Washington Conference.

In the bedroom is a flight of steps which goes up to the private bathroom overhead. The bath is a great earthen bowl; the "cold" water is tepid. Breakfast is eaten in the semi-darkness of the close-shuttered bedroom, and is not bad. Here one has our old friend the papaw—best of all breakfast fruits—iced, and three eggs about as big as bantams'.

Thank goodness the night is over. I hope I am making a final farewell to the chichars—the little lizards which run about the ceiling all night calling "chi char" to each other whilst hunting flies and mosquitoes.

Saturday, December 10th, 1921.
Singapore to Saigon, S.S. "Amiral Latouche Tréville."

Good-bye to the hotel with its countless tip-waiting servants, out into the glaring street and beastly rickshaws, past the cricket ground (looking nice and green as it had just been watered) and the cathedral and churches—excellent copies in stucco of those at home. Good-bye to Raffles Square—the centre of Singapore and busiest place in the Far East—down to the wharf where our French

steamer is lying. She is the *Amiral Latouche Tréville*, of a cargo-boat company called the "Chargeurs Réunis." We had been told that there were some troops on board. The troops are six hundred of the Foreign Legion—Germans, Swiss, French, even some English; every kind of exile strayed from society. They are not allowed to land, of course, but somehow or other I did not like to see them standing up in rows in the steerage.

We had the usual Oriental departure. The money-changers clinking their cash—everybody selling everything.

It is a dirty-looking, and is a dirty and untidy ship, the best part being the cuisine and the ladies, who are good-looking and well dressed—most of them wives and daughters of officers going out to Saigon and Tonkin.

The captain invites me to the bridge, and tells me something about his queer passengers. Six have already jumped overboard and escaped—three near the Suez Canal, and three at Colombo. We were but a mile away from land when the cry of "man overboard" was raised. When I got on deck I could just see two little dark spots struggling in the water with the boat making for them. The incident seemed one of mirth to the passengers. My feelings were very different. The water is full of sharks here, and the men had no earthly chance of escape. After half an hour they were brought back—naked. There must be something behind it which impels men to run such a risk. (Later—it appears that they jumped overboard for a wager!)

That agreeable young Frenchman who sits by me at table says that the psychology of the Foreign Legion is strange. They will leap overboard because their companions dare them to do so. To the ladies on board the thing seemed to be a pleasant thrill, and an opportunity of using their kodaks.

The ship left Havre five weeks ago. We are seeing her at the end of a long voyage, but, in any case, she is no credit to France, or anywhere else—except as regards the cooking and the ladies.

A thing I noticed that I have never seen before is that Annamite men, rejected by the French Seamen's Trade Union, look after a number of children on board.

There are no electric fans in the cabins. None the less, in spite of the general babble, the horrible throat-clearing noises of the Annamites, the romping and crying of children, the barking of dogs, and the noise of my own typist at work at hand, I had an excellent two-hours' nap—at a cabin temperature of 85. I love our French friends, but the Almighty did not intend them to run ships.

This little vessel has a thousand souls on board, and that

should not be allowed. Thanks to the fact that I am on a visit to the Governor-General of Indo-China, my party can't grumble at the accommodation. We have the best on board.

Sunday, December 11th, 1921.
Singapore to Saigon, S.S. "Latouche Tréville."

Just outside my room is a piano.

The hours here are: Café-au-lait 7 a.m., déjeuner 11 a.m., diner 6.30 p.m. Half the passengers take their meals an hour earlier. Last night they played and danced till 11.15. One of the passengers hammered out French dance tunes. The passengers are typical middle-class military and civilians. They don't do the "Shimmy Shake" or "Bunny Hug"; these people dance Mazurkas, so I imagine the French folk we see at the Ritz and at Monte Carlo are not typical dancers. For an Englishman, one of the curses of travelling is that forgotten war-song, "Tipperary." In the great British Dominions you never hear it. The first time I struck it was in the Fiji Islands, where the natives sang it to me. In the Philippines, the famous military band played it at me. In Java, at a banquet, a Javanese band strummed it. Last night, the thump of this dreadful piano played it for a full hour and the people danced to it.

N.B.—Don't travel on a French or any other cargo-boat that is also a trooper. I don't mind the noise of the children (the poor little things are fractious, because they do not get proper sleep in the day as they should), but I do bar the barking of the officers' sporting dogs, the perpetual bugling of the soldiers, and the absence of electric punkahs.

We are entirely in France here; handshaking and cap-lifting first thing in the morning, complete absence of the stiffness and self-consciousness of English passengers and the little class-distinction at meals or elsewhere. Everybody does what he likes; no one minds, but the result is pandemonium. A Frenchman from St. Malo, where they don't talk as much as the inhabitants of the Midi or Paris—and don't talk all together—says that he has been trying to get an afternoon's sleep ever since he left home nearly six weeks ago, and has only succeeded once.

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I was glad to find that the two soldiers who jumped overboard yesterday have not been put into the cells. They were sufficiently injured, the colonel said. A wise decision, for I wonder what would happen to the passengers if six hundred desperadoes of the Foreign Legion took it into their heads to mutiny and seize the ship—as they could do if they wished and were united. We also often wonder what would happen if anything went wrong with the

ship. There are not boats enough for a fifth of the human beings on board. Still, the ladies are merry and gay, making up before their little hand mirrors as in France, and displaying a wealth of stocking not exceeded by the American ladies in their deck-chairs —which I may say is "going some."

* * * * *

Meals are exactly the same as in a bourgeois French restaurant —bottles of red wine up and down the table and excellent long sticks of bread. The food is the best we have had on any vessel since the *Aquitania*. There is the same shouting among the chéfs as in France.

Here is the owners' own account of it—

SERVICE DU RESTAURANT.

La Compagnie des Chargeurs Réunis a voulu et obtenu que la nourriture à bord de ses paquebots soit de tout premier ordre et justifie ainsi de bon renom unaniment acquis de la cuisine française.

La préparation des mets, la qualité de choix des aliments ainsi que leur variété permettant aux repas offerts aux passagers de soutenir la comparaison avec ceux des meilleurs restaurants. Voici, à titre documentaire, un exemple des ménus servis à la table des différentes classes :

MÉNUS DES PASSAGERS.

PREMIÈRE CLASSE.

Petit Déjeuner de 7 heures à 8 heures (1).
Café, thé, chocolat, lait avec pain et beurre.
Soupe à l'oignon.

DÉJEUNER à 10 heures.

Hors-d'œuvre assortie.	Pommes soufflées.
Œufs plat florentine.	Emmenthal Pont-l'Évêque.
Poulet à l'estragon.	Fruits de saison.
Steke grillés.	Café, thé, cognac.

Vins Blanc et Rouge, Bière.

LUNCH à 14 heures.

Consommé, jambon, viandes froides, fruits.

DINER à 18 heures.

Consomme à la moelle.	Salade.
Turbot sauce hollandaise.	Souffle au chocolat.
Civet de lièvre à l'ancienne.	Fromages.
Asperges en branche.	Fruits assortis.
Côte d'agneau à la broche.	Café, thé, cognac.

TOUT LES SOIRS à 20 heures, il est servi du thé.

Monday, December 12th, 1921.
Singapore to Saigon, S.S. " Latouche Tréville."

If the officers and sailors of this ship were as efficient as are English seamen ; if the cleanliness were like that of our ships ; if the children—little mites of two or three years—were put to bed in the afternoon, and not allowed to remain up late, the *Latouche Tréville* would be perfection for its size.

I have often wondered whether French people ever sleep more than three or four hours. In my younger and automobling days in France my attention was constantly called to the fact that French parties were on the road before we were up, although we all went to bed at the same time. Last night the ladies were dancing at ten past eleven by the clock. This morning at before seven they were out on the deck, with beautifully arranged complexions.

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The two men who jumped overboard the day before yesterday were a Greek and an Armenian. I am told we have over forty-five nationalities among the six hundred men of the Foreign Legion (men at their last resources and soldiers of fortune). One of their highest officers is an English colonel. He is not with us. Frederick found one of the men in his cabin this morning before daylight. To-night, being the last night of the voyage from Europe, they may make a final grab for what they can get, and I propose to lock my cabin.

How one sleeps during the sea part of these world journeys (if one is not addicted to French restlessness) ! Human beings spend twenty-six years of their life asleep, without much trouble. A maker of long voyages could do much more than that.

It is the variety that helps the mind. This time last week we were in Holland (Java). On Thursday we were in England (Singapore). To-day, on this French ship we are as much in France as though we were at Bordeaux.

The official wireless correspondence of the visit to Indo-China is as follows (I wonder if our French is passable) :—

" *Gouverneur-Général à Lord Northcliffe, bord 'Al Latouche Tréville.'*

" Vous adresse expression de la satisfaction qui'ai éprouvée en apprenant que circonstances vous permettent répondré à mon invitation. Vous prie agréer. nouvelles assurances de mes plus hautes cordialités.

" LONG."

" *Lord Northcliffe à S.E. Gouverneur-Général, Saigon.*

" Réitére votre Excellence expression de ma vive reconnaissance pour l'aimable télégramme qu'elle a bien voulu m'adresser."

" *Chef Cabinet Gouverneur-Général à Lord Northcliffe, bord 'Al Latouche Tréville.'*

" S.E. le Gouverneur-Général m'ayant chargé de préparer votre installation Saigon et programme votre séjour en Indo-Chine, vous prie bien vouloir me faire connaître personnes vous accompagnant Saigon et au cours vos déplacements dans colonie stop aurai l'honneur vous recevoir au nom S.E. le Gouverneur-Général à votre débarquement Saigon stop hommages de mes très respectueux sentiments."

" *Secrétaire particulier de Lord Northcliffe au Chef Cabinet Gouverneur-Général, Saigon.*

" Lord Northcliffe me charge de vous remercier chaleureusement votre aimable télégramme et de vous faire connaître qu'un secrétaire l'accompagnera, ainsi que valet de chambre anglais au cours visite Saigon stop suite circonstances imprevues Lord Northcliffe se trouve obligé de quitter Saigon pour Bangkok par le Donai le quinze courant."

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The captain, a nice, young, intelligent and patriotic Frenchman, tells me we anchor to-night at one o'clock off Cape St. Jaques, proceeding at dawn to Saigon. We land at eleven o'clock. We shall be glad to be away from the noise. There never was such a noisy ship—and the dirt! But we shall be very sorry to leave the very charming passengers, and the excellent cuisine.

The temperature is down to 79—the lowest we have had since Pekin.

Tuesday, December 13th, 1921.
Saigon.

Arrivals are very similar. We are running up a tropical river, lined with banyan trees—which I first saw in the Gulf of Mexico when I was half as old as I am now.

Our piano left off at ten last night, but the babies began their yelling between five and six this morning. The cabin opposite mine is occupied by a husband and wife and three babies (one with whooping cough !), yet Madame turns out as in the Avenue du Bois. How is it done ?

We were made to laugh a great deal at table last night by a married Frenchman who sits near us, about his two-months' sojourn, when a young man, with an English family named —— in Oppidans Road (on the Eton College Estate), Belsize Park. The strange food and five religions of the family, papa's bibulous habits, " and," remarked Madame, his wife, " you forget Mabel " —Mabel being one of the daughters of the —— household, who (under proper chaperonage, of course) had tracked him to his native Bordeaux.

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I was handed a telegram on arrival, giving news of Sir Arthur Pearson's death. I have known him since 1884—a strange, erratic, but noble character. He is much in my mind to-day, of course.

CHAPTER XXII

COCHIN CHINA AND CAMBODIA

Reception at Saigon—" A Miniature Paris "—Monsieur and Madame Long A Terrific Programme—Milking a Rubber Tree—A Forest full of Tigers—Monsieur C.—Bonzes—Champagne and Sweet Cakes—Tremendous Motor Travelling—A Royal Barge on an Inland Sea—The Vast Temples of Angkor—Maréchal and Madame Joffre.

Wednesday, December 14th, 1921.
Saigon.

AIGON lies forty miles up the river de Saigon, a tributary of the Donai. The ship wound round and round, as though in the upper reaches of the Thames ; some parts of the de Saigon being as wide as at Gravesend.

We were met by many pleasant and polite folk here ; a Directeur des Affairs, in addition to the Chef de Cabinet and A.D.C.'s, le Maire, la Presse, and others. My little party was amazed to discover that we were in a miniature Paris—wide boulevards, fine shops as in the Rue de la Paix, and a palace of tremendous size, wider than Fontainebleau. We were driven, not to the palace itself, but to a villa in the park, where we have beautiful rooms, our own servants, a motor car in attendance, and, *surtout*, privacy. At one o'clock a motor fetched us to *déjeuner* at the palace—decorated inside in the rococo style, great vast staircases and salons as in any French palace.

The natives here are Annamites—about the same stature as Japanese, quick, light, and in appearance very like the Chinese. In the towns they are mostly employed as household servants.

In the Grand Salon were sitting Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle Long. Monsieur Long is deputy for the department of Drome, where is situated his native town, Crest Nord, between Valence and Montelimar, which is not far from Avignon, where the Mistral blows. I know that country well, so we had plenty to talk about.

There is a vista from the Grand Salon like that overlooking the fountains and the *tapis vert* at Versailles.

Ever since we entered the good ship *Latouche Tréville*, we have been having food which tastes like food, and were not, therefore, surprised to find *déjeuner* as good as French chefs can prepare.

We are in a republic, and Madame Long takes precedence of her husband. I went to head the procession to lunch with her, and I gave her the right arm—which, I found, was the wrong arm. She sat me on her right, which is the reverse of English fashion.

The Governor propounds a terrific programme for the next few days. Evidently the tropics don't devitalize the French very much. Thursday morning we are to start at 5.30 in four motor cars for a 270-kilometre journey into the interior to Pnom Penh, the capital of Cambodia. Madame and Miss Long will accompany us, whence, after another long motor ride, a six-hour journey in a boat—and so on and so forth. I will describe it when the time comes. The object is to see the very rarely seen Brahminical and Buddhist ruins of Angkor. Maréchal Joffre is to meet us there, and all sorts of kings and people.

In the afternoon a very nice Chef de Cabinet, Monsieur C., who learnt English at Brighton, took me for a terrific motor drive along perfect French roads, through Saigon—with its churches, cathedral, boulevards, fine shops, restaurants, and cafés—to Cholon, the Chinese town, thence for some sixty miles into the country at great speed, past miles and miles of enormous ricefields.

The Annamites are a polite people, Chinese-looking, and have a great mania for education. Schools are everywhere. The small boys bow gracefully as we pass by, and in no servile fashion. Other small boys are riding the water buffalo, controllable by boys but not by men.

At six o'clock there was a Press reception meeting (Frenchmen and Annamites)—what I believe in France is called a *Vin d'honneur*. It was prettily arranged at the Hotel Continental. Later the park and boulevards were lit up, in my honour, with some fifty thousand electric lights, which outlined every window of the palace and shone on Union Jacks everywhere. Then the usual sumptuous French banquet—everybody there, and the table decorated with lotus blooms.

Wednesday night, December 14th, 1921.
Saigon.

Very hot. Heard the " brain-fever " or bell bird.

Went through the crowded city, and also Chinese city, to a rice-cleaning mill.

We lunched at the Hotel Continental—just as good a lunch as in Paris—then an eighty-kilometre drive along perfect roads marked in the French manner with kilometres and hundred-metre stones. The forests often reminded me of Fontainebleau. Saw a rubber plantation and witnessed the "milking" of a tree. It was marvellous to see the little cup filling with cream as soon as the tree was cut. In the factory this latex looked like cream cheese. The cream cheese is then put through a roller until it comes out in the form of what is known as crepe, a sort of milk-white india-rubber, which is hung up to dry, then smoked like bacon, and the thing is done.

The coffee trees here were covered with berries.

It is a strange sensation that of driving through a forest which is full of tigers. Coming back in the fragrant darkness we constantly came across a bird whose eyes glistened like glowing rubies in the glare of the motor head-lights.

Dinner *en famille* in Government House.

Thursday morning, December 15th, 1921.
Saigon.

Do the French ever sleep? There was no hurry over the dinner last night at the palace. Yet we are to start at 5.30 a.m. to the minute. The daughter of the house was dancing on the French flagship, *Montcalm*, all the afternoon, and was anxious to go to the cinema last night, yet she is going with us this morning.

* * * * *

We have been up since four. Frederick is learning what it is to drive native servants in this delightful little villa. He came into my room this morning and said, "Only sixty-one days more"—and that from a man whose expenses for the world whirl must be between one and two thousand pounds!

5.20 a.m. The car is at the door in the moonlight.

We drive over to the palace. There are the Governor-General, his wife, daughter, and *suite*—already waiting patiently with Guard of Honour—all like ourselves, of course, in white. A blare of bugles and we are off. Mon Dieu! What a speed, and what dust! We are through Saigon and out in the moonlit road as though it were a motor race.

My companion, Monsieur C., the Chef du Cabinet, who is also acting A.D.C., and I bring up the rear (as the newspapers say), and when we *can* see through the dust, it is through fields of rice—where are many low Buddhist tombs. The road is red, and in a short time we are covered with something like yellow ochre. I protest against the speed, and C. gives an occasional cry of "Nyang, nyang"—meaning "Slowly, slowly"—to the two

military Annamite chauffeurs. It hasn't much effect! The car is a beautiful De Dion, and the speed indicator shows over sixty kilometres an hour along the straight, French, perfectly-kept roads. There are vast ricefields, exactly like wheat in August. There are rubber plantations (dull and monotonous trees they are), whole forests of bananas, and cotton-fields. Coffee grows with gleaming leaves. A pepper tree now and again lines the roads—its beautiful white blossom rather like an acacia. There are coconut palms; groups of natives who bow gracefully—some lifting the hat, some holding the left elbow in the right hand; occasionally a Chinese pedlar jogging along with his bamboo over his shoulder, at each end of which are suspended his goods.

There are many birds—mostly storks and cranes. We stop for a moment, and it is like spring at Rome, the bird-notes being very spring-like. Here and there a parrot, and many cooing doves. It is nesting-time.

Bonzes (yellow-gowned Buddhist priests), with boys carrying their food utensils and mat beds (" Take up thy bed and walk "), are often passed. They are the curse of the country, these Bonzes—parasitic idlers, with the convenient doctrine of not being allowed to work—who levy tribute on the inhabitants. C., the A.D.C., is a merry wag and remarks that we have many Bonzes in England. These clean-shaven, lusty-looking fellows —some of them mere boys—are the only ones who don't salute as we go by.

On, on, on we go. There are three ferries *en route*, clever mechanical arrangements, with Chinese-looking arches of welcome. At these ferries we stopped for a moment to talk to the French Resident and the chief representatives of the inhabitants.

There are always native musicians squatting on the ground—two of them encircled by rings of gongs, two with kinds of xylophones, one with cymbals, and one with a fat reed clarionet. They play a caricature of the " Marseillaise." Once I recognized a Scotch tune; another time the American " Marching through Georgia."

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As the ferries—on which are the cars—cross the great river, there is the popping of Chinese crackers, which are suspended on trees. This kind of thing, with slight variations in the foliage and birds, goes on till we leave Cochin-China and come to the frontier of the kingdom of Cambodia.

At the ferry there are some dozen Frenchmen, a great group of Bonzes, and many natives—all come to receive His Excellency the Governor-General.

Prioleau travels all the time in a car with the sixteen-year-old daughter of the Governor-General—the "Dumpling," we call her—full of fun.

At most of the stopping-places was a refreshment table, with mineral waters, and always champagne.

At Pnom Penh, the capital of Cambodia, I am housed in an excellent villa adjoining the Residency, and after a hasty bath I change my ochre-coloured garments which are wet through owing to the heat.

Now for a rest, I thought! Not at all! There is the *déjeuner*, in every way worthy of Paris, and after a slight *siesta*, we are taken charge of by the Mayor—a jolly Frenchman from Toulouse. When I mentioned that I knew Toulouse, its newspaper the *Depêche*, its *Pâté de fois de canard*, and Tivolier, the chief maker thereof, he was delighted but merciless—for we start off for a tour of the town of Pnom Penh in motor cars. Pnom Penh has a population of a hundred thousand, and the Frenchmen here are like Americans. They called my attention to the fact that it is a town of the future.

We go to the palace—a very beautiful series of buildings. The King has gone forward with the French Resident to Angkor with Maréchal Joffre. We see everything except his private apartments. It is a spacious place, of many buildings in the Siamese style—quite new to us. There are the Silver Temple with floor of silver; the Hall of Reception—all bright colours and golden chairs; a famous figure of Buddha in solid gold, with eyes of diamonds, and diamonds everywhere else; a small chamber where the ashes of all the kings are kept in vases.

We then enter the Art School, where the young Cambodians, from eight to twelve years of age, are hammering out silver ware; and women weaving silks. The wife of the Superintendent is a Parisienne who speaks perfect English with an American accent. She tells me that practically all the products of the school go to the United States. Last week they had a hundred and fifty American visitors here!

We are worn out with standing about in the heat, but there is much to be seen, including the Royal Elephants—white, so-called, but really grey. We are indeed in the land of the Elephant—which figures largely in all kinds of stone. I never noticed before what tall houses elephants live in. These elephants are not always approachable—sometimes only with gifts of sugar-cane and green grass.

After that, a voyage on the beautiful wide river in a sloop.

We visited the waterworks on an island. Champagne and sweet cakes, of course.

After that we hastened back to change for a banquet at the Residency. A perfect dinner and any number of creepy, crawly, and jumping insects on the table. We lead the ladies out—on the left arm, which is the custom in France; and then coffee, liqueurs, and cigars, *and*, we hope, BED. Not at all! We motor round the town to see the really wonderful electrical illuminations. The palace, the Residency, and all the Chinese shops are outlined in electric lights—like Paris on a fête day.

At about eleven o'clock there is the prospect of bed, and the Governor-General assembles us and calls out in a loud voice, "Le Programme"; we are to start at 5.40 a.m. again.

Friday, December 16th, 1921.
Saigon to Angkor.

Frederick has been left behind at Saigon, and I am servantless.

Shall I forget those mosquito net-covered beds? Never!

After strict injunctions to my bare-footed Cambodian attendant to call me at 3.45 a.m., I take a cold bath and get into my cage. Prioleau and I have not had much sleep owing to the noise. They go to bed so late here. We are bitten so badly at night, and are up so early, that we are really worn out. We have only just learnt that if you leave a mosquito the tiniest hole, he will get in—with many attendants.

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I soon go off into a kind of half sleep, and then into a heavy slumber. The electric light is turned on, and I am suddenly awake.

"What time is it?" I ask the Cambodian.

"Four o'clock."

"Liar." I can see by the glimmering of dawn that it is much later.

There is no such thing as a "cold" bath in the Far East, but I rapidly get what I can. There is a sound of motors; bugles are blowing—and it gets lighter quickly. I go out to the front of the villa—and there is the Guard of Honour and the Governor's motor car in front of the Residency!

The servant still swears that it is about four o'clock.

A lightning shave; a gulp of coffee; some queer fruits; and before I have my shoes on the A.D.C. is at the door.

"His Excellency is waiting."

Things are jammed into my bag anyway, and we go out into the moonlight again.

A fanfare of bugles—and the Governor-General, Madame la Gouvernante (a very nice woman), the "Dumpling" and Pricleau, and I are off at forty miles an hour again.

* * * * *

Bowing natives; triumphal arches; a wonderful sunrise. The country is quite different now, and looks like England. Wide open spaces; fine cattle. I said to C., who has travelled greatly in England, "Do French people ever sleep?" "I do sometimes," he replied, "but did not last night. I had to be working on to-day's programme. Your cabin on the boat is No. 6, where you will be able to sleep."

I insisted upon keeping out of the dust, so it was agreed to keep a mile behind the last car. C.'s eyes and throat and mine were full of dust last night. The cool morning air revived me. At about eight it became torrid. You cannot keep your helmet off for many seconds for fear of sunstroke.

Now and then we stop at a Residency, and are received by a French lady and her husband—with ices, champagne, bowing natives, officials, and the chief French functionaries in white gloves. They look healthy these Indo-China Frenchmen—for they go home every three years. There were ices for all of us, and tea, coffee, and excellent fruits; but His Excellency was off like a bullet.

The distances are great, as anyone who looks at the map will see.

The small port of embarkation for Angkor was an extraordinary scene. As we approached it, and at about a kilometre ahead, I could see something queer wobbling about the road. C. told me it was the native dancers—who were in great hideous masks about three or four feet high. Passing through these we came to something like the Royal Barge when Queen Elizabeth visited London in state. On the big square barge there was the usual great table of refreshments. The usual officials, black and white, reminded me that a bottle of whisky (which I detest) is always politely provided for me. Here were little daughters of the chief Cambodians, looking like Chinese girls, covered with gold anklets, diamond ear-rings, many rings; shy, and looking downwards. We were surrounded by boats filled with natives. In one boat were three dancing-girls with tall gold hats (copied from the Siamese pagodas), with two black fools who were extremely funny. In another boat the usual gongs and xylophone band. Although we were under the roof of the barge, the heat was infernal.

The mass of boats accompanying the barge proceeded down

the river—the music, dancing, and fooling accompanying us. There was the usual popping of crackers.

We came to the great lake—which was like an inland sea. It is so full of fish that when the dry season comes they are scooped up in baskets. In smooth weather the water is covered with fish oil, which I saw.

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There was the usual perfect French lunch on the steamer, served entirely by Chinese, who are the best servants in the world. A young Chinese, all in white, with his stylo pen in his front pocket (all Orientals carry these), is good to look upon. Their neat, lithe figures in their white European clothes, make these Chinese look smart.

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Eventually I turned to cabin No. 6, which was a relief, pulled down the mosquito net, and got two excellent hours' sleep, although the vibration was excessive—for the Governor-General was two hours late, and was forcing the ship. After six hours' voyage the journey terminated.

Owing to the shallowness of the lake, we boarded a smaller steamer and were again surrounded by twenty or thirty boats containing musicians and dancers. This lake falls in the dry season—I don't know how many fathoms. We passed for some miles through sunken forests with trees all around us. Difficult steering! A population, far greater than that of Great Britain, lives in boats in the Far East. We passed many little floating houses among the trees.

Meanwhile, the music playing the "Marseillaise" and all the rest of the tunes—the never-ceasing beat of the "tom-toms"—the ring of the gongs—the wail of the clarionets, and the clink of the xylophones.

In one boat I counted twenty-two oarsmen, all standing up.

At length, in the dark, we stopped and had a motor drive through twenty miles of jungle. Suddenly we came across a great blaze of light, and in the moonlight could see one of the vast temples of Angkor. I was asked to send cables descriptive of this scene to the Havas Agency in Paris. I was told that the main temple is four times bigger than the Place de la Concorde. Personally, I estimated that its quadrant was forty times bigger than Trafalgar Square.

Our headquarters are what is known as "The Bungalow." Here are assembled all the officials who have come to see the wonderful show to-morrow—Maréchal Joffre, Madame Joffre,

and all manner of high and mighties. The high officials come from Tonkin and everywhere else.

A whole town had been built of reeds for the occasion, including a palace for the King of Cambodia. I reckon that our official party at the Bungalow and its annexes was many hundreds, including many ladies.

There is not so much stiffness and snobbery as with us, but the military sheep and civilian goats were evidently divided.

It seemed to me that there was roomful after roomful of guests dining. In the Holy of Holies was a small room in which were His Excellency Monsieur and Madame Long, Maréchal Joffre and Madame la Maréchale (who speaks English as well as I do). The Resident of the Court of Cambodia and I were secluded with these elect.

Joffre is gentle, and does exactly what any entertainment committee or pushful individual wants him to do. Madame la Maréchale—his second wife—who was educated at Kensington, said to me, "The Maréchal never complains of anything." "What about the mosquitoes?" I asked. "He complains of nothing."

There was a roomful of young folks (the "Children" we called them), and with them were the A.D.C., Prioleau and the "Dumpling," about a hundred strong. What a noise they made!

The very perfect dinner lasted till about ten; then bed? *Pas du tout.* Motors were assembled, and we drove through the vast temples by moonlight.

There are many huge faces of Buddha—as big as the Sphinx, some of them. They have been staring there since Alfred the Great was king. I shall never forget them. The enormous temples of Angkor were built by people from India and Ceylon between the years 800 and 1200. What induced them to build a mass of buildings as large as such towns as Reading or Rochester or Chatham or Amiens, no one knows. Prioleau thought the buildings very much like Oxford colleges on a monster scale. The thing is huge—impossible to describe. Cloisters nine hundred yards long, and bas reliefs in perfect condition.

I heard strange noises in some of the places by moonlight—monkeys, whose voices were almost human, screeching, and the note of the "brain-fever" or bell bird, which goes on automatically for hours.

In the middle of the night I was disturbed by a lizard two feet long (named a Tokay, from its loud cry). I was not bitten that

night by mosquitoes, nor the next night. However, they were buzzing fiercely all around my close cage.

This has been a very wonderful day. I shall never forget it.

We have a slight respite, for next morning we are not to be up until 6.30.

CHAPTER XXIII

INDO-CHINA AND SIAM

The King of Cambodia—A Wonderful Procession—Terrific Heat—Bangkok—Prince Saidyakara—Dinner at the Royal Palace—Ropes of Flowers—Christmas Crackers—The Emerald Buddha—An Opium Factory—Dr. Eldon James—" A polite little People."

Saturday, December 17th, 1921.
Angkor.

ON our arrival at Angkor last night, the little King of Cambodia, with some one hundred attendants, came to visit the Governor-General. He is eighty-three years of age and has two hundred wives (including an extremely good-looking new addition, aged nineteen !). He is quite dark, very intelligent, and has been to Europe. He has the Siamese type of face, is covered with jewels, and is very gay and amusing. It was his scheme to revive a royal cortège to the great temple—as in the twelfth century.

Indo-China is much bigger than France. People come from the Chinese and Siamese borders to see this unique pageant.

Prioleau and I were a little fresher, after a better night. We spent the morning in the ruins with one of the three savants whom the Government keep there.

The King of Cambodia has the same position as one of our Indian Princes. He is immensely wealthy.

The great procession commenced at three o'clock to the minute—in terrific heat. We sat in a small temple, which was the Grand Stand. The whole pageant was an exact reproduction of the bas reliefs on the walls of the temple ; Princes, Princesses, Mandarins, the King himself, all gorgeously arrayed in wonderful silks, and carried in tall palanquins—dazzling in the sunshine. " La Favourite," the before-mentioned damsel of nineteen, loaded down with gems, was a great attraction to the ladies. There were fools with quaint gesticulations—royal dancers by the

hundred—the Ministers of State—Brahmins—the whole ending up with fifty magnificently caparisoned elephants.

I can't remember half of it, but I shall never forget the spectacle.

Afterwards, the King and the Heir Apparent were borne in their palanquins to the Grand Stand, and were very nice to me.

I enjoyed watching the thousands of natives as much as anything. There is no doubt they positively revelled in the display. As in all Oriental shows they are very democratic. The poorest natives, with their children, sat in the front places. There was the usual Derby dog who refused to move, despite the shouting and stone-throwing; and NOW, we thought, to an early bed at last, for to-morrow is another 4.30 rising. Alas! nothing of the kind. After a great banquet, the King had ordered the whole of the *corps de ballet* to go through curious Chinese-Japanese-Javanese dances in the moonlight, with the royal band of five hundred singers—the singing being very like that in Roman Catholic cathedrals.

The old King arrived, headed by the torch-bearers, and directed the proceedings himself. There were many queer dances, some of them like Russian dances, only slower. A tremendous display of fireworks was taking place at the time, and not one of these immobile-faced girls even looked at them. I don't know the value of the diamond rings worn by the girls, but it must be immense. The chief of them condescended to shake hands with us. Her little hand felt just like taking a handful of stones.

Madame Joffre had had enough at eleven o'clock, and we took the occasion of her departure to go with her, so as to be up at 3.45 in the morning—as we were.

Sunday, December 18th, 1921.
Angkor.

The long return journey across the lake, and the long road to Pnom Penh have been described before, but this time the banquet at the Residency was on an enormous scale.

In order that I should have time to see the great ceremonies, the Governor-General had stopped the mail boat to Bangkok, keeping her waiting for two days at Kep—a point halfway to Siam.

Monday, December 19th, 1921.
Indo-China to Siam, S.S. "Donai."

We are now on board the S.S. *Donai*, a small coasting steamer, having boarded her at Kep—after a long ride which started in the dark, as usual. Prioleau and I have gone to bed for twenty-four hours, and here I am dictating again after a good sleep.

I leave Indo-China with a great respect for the efficiency of

the French administration. Agriculture, mines, roads like billiard tables, bridges, young and efficient Residents, telegraphs, railways, punctuality—we shall never forget. The French may be bad colonists in the West Indies, but they are great administrators in the Far East. They watch India unceasingly. What happens to India may happen to them, and they know it well. Not one word ever reaches them of the Prince of Wales's tour, about which they are very anxious. There are rumours of trouble in Calcutta—not very definite.

To-morrow night we reach the Kingdom of Lilliput—Siam—with its little Navy and its extensive Flying Corps. We are told that Court etiquette is very rigorous, and we don't like the idea. Many of the Royal Family were educated in England. One of the Princes was at Harrow with Prioleau.

We believe we shall be spending Christmas Day in the royal railway carriage, at a temperature of somewhere around 90. Frederick groans at the thought. He talks continually of the plum pudding at Carlton Gardens, and he is longing for the harbour of Marseilles.

We have motored altogether nine hundred and twenty miles in Indo-China.

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The temperature in my cabin is 88 degrees.

Tuesday, December 20th, 1921.
Indo-China to Siam, S.S. " Donai."

In Tiger Land—otherwise Indo-China—the tigers are apparently as common as rabbits, and can be heard by any nocturnal motorists.

We have lost all calculation as to days, even the day of the week. There has been a great argument as to whether it is Tuesday or Wednesday.

Prioleau and I are tremendously bucked this morning as a result of sixteen hours' asleep apiece.

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By the way, all servants throughout the East are called " Boys." The French in Indo-China clap their hands and call " Boy." When I awoke this morning, I heard Frederick saying, in what he thought to be French, to the Annamite, who was creating a dust by sweeping up my cabin, " Boy, Apray Munjay."

" What on earth do you mean by that, Frederick ? " I asked.

" After your lordship's breakfast "

" But what do you mean by ' Munjay ' ? "

" After your lordship's eating, I meant."

We are having the same pond-like voyage as has been ours all round the world—SO FAR.

Here it is often very rough.

I have come to the conclusion in travelling round the world, that things are always different from that which one expected. I didn't know that Japan was so old-world, or that Indo-China has the best roads I have ever seen or travelled on; that the banana, newly picked, is really a delicious thing to eat, and that there are scores of varieties of it; that raw indiarubber looks and feels exactly like cream cheese; that tigers can be shot at night by anyone who dazzles them by an electric light carried on his hat; or that the tiger is the most ingenious, far-seeing, cunning, planning animal of all (far cleverer than the dog); or that Oriental cockroaches are as big as large prawns. I jumped high, tired as I was, when I saw one crawling on my bed last night.

The sea-way from Indo-China to Siam is like voyaging amongst the South Sea Islands, for we stop at many beautiful little islands.

Excluding my little party, the passengers are six: two French nuns and a French lady travelling with them; a young Englishman returning to Siam from tiger shooting; a Japanese in native costume, who pretended not to be able to speak English, and an American cash register salesman, Mr. Bingham, from Dayton, Ohio.

Wednesday, December 21st, 1921.

The voyage from Kep to Bangkok is usually very rough, but this little old French ship, with its excellent food (free wine and liqueurs), has not faced a ripple bigger than that on a Hampstead pond.

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At the moment of writing we are approaching Bangkok Every one on board says that a two-days' stay will be enough.

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Travelling teaches one much. For instance, the money-lenders of Singapore, or "chetties," as they are called, don't drive about in motor cars and wear fur coats as ours do, but walk about the town with shaven heads and next to no clothes on.

We are told that the trouble about the King of Siam is that he declines to follow the traditional custom by refusing to marry his eldest sister—a procedure which greatly shocks the aristocracy, a number of whom have been educated at Eton and Harrow!

Here in Siam, thank goodness, I shall be able to say good-bye to my fluent but erratic French, for at Bangkok—amongst the sort of people we shall meet—English will be spoken.

Wednesday, December 21st, 1921.
Bangkok.

This little ship (the *Donai*) has been a great rest to us. This morning we arrived very fresh, in good form, up the long river that leads to Bangkok. Here we were met by all sorts of official people, as you will have read in the newspaper reports, I expect.

We were taken from the ship in a fast motor launch to a royal palace—the Sukhoday Palace—where we are housed very luxuriously. Afterwards I drove a great deal with Prince Vaidyakara, who has been put in charge of us, through the wide roads of Bangkok. The Siamese are, indeed, little people, though numerous.

We shopped at some Chinese bazaars, after which I played a few holes of golf at the racecourse, losing two balls in the water-jumps.

This has been the hottest day since we started.

In the evening I dined at the Royal Palace with the King, a short little man, who is very well informed. He told me that he had been at Broadstairs once, and hinted that I did not call upon him ; to which I replied that I had not ventured to do so.

Here is the greatest royal style I have ever seen anywhere. The palace is like Buckingham Palace, and, I think, copied from it, with a wider drive up to it.

At the doors of the palace, the servants wore three-cornered hats, which, I believe, were introduced at the time of the Siamese Mission to Louis XIV., a picture of which can be seen at Versailles. The servants inside the palace were of the Beefeater order, with great spears and queer mediæval hats.

We were kept standing for a long time in an ante-room. After a while, the King sent for me. He talked of my newspapers and my affairs. I had to wait the royal pleasure before talking. Dinner was then announced. The King led the way to the dining-room. There was " heaps of style," as the Irish say. Footmen, wearing magnificent liveries and silver facings, stood behind every chair. I was glad to see the old-fashioned punkah swinging across the great table, instead of the electric fans. Here is the menu, cooked by French chefs, except one Siamese course, which I have marked *. (I hear that the King has two of the best French chefs in existence.)

MENU.

Consommé Alexandra.
Médaillons de Kabong Nelson.
Mousselines de Caille au Champagne.
Tournedos Melba.

Dindonneau Truffé.
Salade des Lords.
Plats Siamois.
Coupes Victoria.
Corbeilles de Friandises.
Fruits.

I found that the flowers on the table were arranged in ropes, called Malis—a national custom. They were given to the guests. The whole table was decorated with Union Jacks, and my Mali, which I have before me as I write, is a very beautiful rope with colours of the Union Jack. There were huge Christmas crackers with the royal crest on them. I noticed the maker's mark—Tom Smith.

Here I met a Dr. Eldon James, the American adviser to the Government of Siam. I think that they are wise to have an American adviser.

Thursday, December 22nd, 1921.
Bangkok.

Three days from Christmas, and Frederick was depressed at the absence of the servants' hall. I brought him a cracker from the royal table last night, which bucked him up a bit. We are to have our Christmas dinner in the train, which train is being provided by His Majesty.

The map will show that it is a long way from Bangkok across the frontier into British territory at Penang, where, at the request of the Governor, I am to visit more rubber plantations.

Thinking over last night's banquet, I have come to the conclusion that I have not yet seen anything so magnificent. With the exception of the garlands of flowers, it was entirely European. My conversation with the King, on whose right I sat, chiefly concerned King Edward, Queen Alexandra, Buckingham Palace, and Balmoral. He knows plenty of royal and political chit chat. He is very well educated. He went to Sandhurst, and is a colonel of the Durham Light Infantry.

The programme, printed in the papers, for yesterday was as follows :—

> " At 11 o'clock a.m. the Royal Motor launch with Momcow Vanvaidyakara, Special Secretary of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, Phya Mitradham Bidaksa, Director of the same Ministry, and Chamun Amor Tarunaraksha of the Chamberlain Department will meet at the mooring in the river opposite the British Legation the Steamer *Donai* which conveys Lord Northcliffe from Saigon to Bangkok, and on

embarking on board they will welcome in the name of the King and His Majesty's Government His Lordship's arrival in Siam, and conduct Lord Northcliffe and His Lordship's party into the Royal Motor launch, which will convey them to the Royal Landing, whence His Lordship and party will proceed by Royal Cars to Sukhoday Palace, which has been placed at His Lordship's disposal during his stay in Bangkok.

"At 8 p.m. Lord Northcliffe will be received in an audience of His Majesty the King, after which His Lordship will dine with His Majesty at Ambara Palace."

Everything is done in a most careful, precise, and elaborate style.

The night insects last night surpassed anything I have ever known. Outside the section of the palace in which I am living was something that made a sound like a person shouting "Chock taw." This is a lizard about a foot and a half long. I slept in a magnificently comfortable bed with a good mosquito net, and I am glad to say that nothing biting got through. This morning on the floor there are heaps of insects. I saw them being swept out of the room like dust. The frogs fairly shrieked. But I was so tired that I knew nothing from midnight until half-past six this morning.

The night comes at six and the dawn at six. The cooing of the doves starts exactly at the latter time. There are, of course, no insects in the morning.

Etiquette here is kept strictly very Edward VII., though our late monarch had not the loose cash that this King has—nine hundred thousand a year. Siam is a very rich country, and, like the Straits Settlements and Indo-China, not properly opened up or explored. I don't remember living before with so many flunkeys and so much luxury, and, personally, I don't think it is good for anybody.

I see that my title in the Chinese newspapers is, "King of all the editors in the world." I certainly have some unruly subjects.

The palace in which we are housed belongs to Prince Sukhodaya, who is at present away in Europe. It stands in a park all its own. The cawing of the rooks all day long reminds me greatly of home. My rooms might be in an English country house, though higher; the connecting doors are only little swing half-doors.

I don't know how many servants we have to wait upon us, but there are a great many, dressed in white coats and blue

sarongs tied up in their Siamese fashion. We have five motor cars at our disposal, the King's future brother-in-law to look after us, and some one just outside the scale of royalty to help him. They leave us alone, and we do exactly what we want to do, except that there are certain family calls which we are asked to make. It is curious to be living in a country which is ruled by one family. Every one seems to be an uncle, a nephew, or a brother of the King. His brother, Prince Purachatra, is undoubtedly a very able fellow. He is absolutely English in manner and education—Harrow and Balliol.

What we especially like is that we have not been tied down to any programme. All has been kindly arranged, even to the newspaper reporters, who call here at exactly six every evening.

It is very hot by day, but the mornings are down to 72 at six o'clock. They warm up at eight o'clock.

To-day I saw, among other things, the old palace and temple of the Emerald Buddha—indescribable, immense, with wonderful colourings, and the most magnificent entrance I have ever seen. Prioleau will be spending to-morrow morning trying to photograph parts of it.

At lunch at the British Legation we met the chief Englishmen here, most of them Government employees and public school and university men. I am asked exactly what I would like to do and see. I see it at once. There are no excuses or delays. I asked to see the opium factory, of which they are not particularly proud. It is a large tall building, which looks like a small-arms factory. All the machinery came from Birmingham, I noticed. The opium is inserted in little tubs and sold at various prices. The Siamese wish to get rid of the opium monopoly, but can't do it at present, as one-third of their income comes from opium.

The palaces we called at during the afternoon are immense buildings, filled with a good deal of European furniture, but also with wonderful mother-of-pearl and silver inlaid iron-work. Both these are becoming higher in price by reason of collectors from all over the world. I bought a little, but the bargaining was too irksome.

I think that I said it is a good scheme for the Siamese Government to have an American adviser. The Siamese are a buffer-state between England and Burma and France and Indo-China. I like the adviser, Dr. Eldon James. He strikes me as being absolutely fair.

In the evening I was entertained by the British Club. They told me that the gathering to meet me was the largest on record. I could not escape without a speech.

Bangkok is unlike any other place I have ever seen. The city extends for immense distances, with very long roads and very long canals everywhere.

The Chinese here seem as busy as everywhere else. They inter-marry largely with the Siamese, and the result is excellent.

I am seeing only one side of Siam, of course, and that is the educated-in-England-or-France side—Etonians, Harrovians, and the rest.

The Siamese are a good-looking, polite little people. There is at least as much etiquette as in any place I have been to, and they are most particular about it. We were warned of that in Indo-China, where, also, there was a good deal of etiquette.

The wealth of Siam is based on rice. The country is one vast paddy-field, paddy being the term used for rice with the husks on,

The language is very difficult. Words are few, but the intonations many ; thus the same word may mean many different things according to the inflection that is given to it.

Friday, December 23rd, 1921.
Bangkok.

I sent off many Christmas cables to England on Wednesday when I arrived here. I am getting cables, but whether they are in reply to mine is difficult to tell by their contents.

I think that we must be getting used to the heat, or that the heat is more bearable here. My rooms are 88 all day long, but I don't feel it much.

This morning I went by special train with Prince Purachatra to the aviation field at Don Muang, an account of which I shall hand to Reuter's correspondent.

My visit seems to dominate the newspapers here. One newspaper in the Tei language (Siamese) is called the *Daily Mail*, and is a copy of my *Daily Mail*. The papers have been extremely good to me.

CHAPTER XXIV

SIAM TO FEDERATED MALAY STATES

A Beautiful Private Railway Car—An Aerodrome in Siam—Dinner with Minister for Foreign Affairs—"The Ladies were a mass of Diamonds and Rubies"—Pretty Siamese Ladies—Exquisite Manners—Christmas Day; Two Christmas Dinners—A Surprise—Tropical Rain—A Rough Railway Journey.

Saturday, December 24th, 1921.
In the train, en route from Bangkok to Kuala Lumpur.

CHRISTMAS EVE—Mother's birthday.

I am writing this in a very beautiful private car belonging to Prince Purachatra, who has given us the car and a restaurant car for ourselves as far as the frontier of the Malay States, three days' distance. We are to stop every night owing to the fact that tigers, buffaloes, and elephants are about. The elephants are so mischievous that they like to pull up the lines for fun. The country is just the usual tropical palms, bananas, rice, towns, temples, and rivers covered with people living in boats.

Yesterday was a great gala day here, principally in honour of Marshal Joffre. We went to bed this morning at two o'clock, and were up at five, but I had three hours of the very best.

Yesterday I went with Prince Purachatra to the aerodrome at Don Muang, which has a staff of 650, and 115 aeroplanes mostly French Breguets and Nieuports. They gave me a great display, not only of flying, but of jujitsu and queer Siamese boxing. They fly extremely well. They can make every part of the aeroplane except the motor and the rubber tyres. I wonder how much initiative they would have in organizing an air fight.

In the afternoon we saw some astonishing temples. No one who hasn't seen them can picture them. One immense church had a huge Buddha in the centre, with, all round it, life-size figures of disciples of Buddha praying before him. I should think there were a hundred such figures. I must confess that

the more I see of Buddhism the less I understand it. We saw a casket containing the body of the chief of the Buddhists lying in state—a large golden casket standing erect. He is to be cremated in March. We then went to a hospital, a model, brand-new place, with everything up to date and perfectly clean. Thence to the library, where we saw books written on palm leaves hundreds of years old. Then to the museum, where I looked at specimens of two or three pieces of Burmese work I have purchased. There will be none left in a few years. It is always going to America and being bought up by the native Princes, whose incomes are fabulous.

In the evening we dined at the palace of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, an old gentleman who has been in office for thirty-five years. He speaks English and French quite well. The ladies were a mass of diamonds and rubies. It was the first time I had talked with Siamese ladies and the Princess, who is very charming and motherly. As at the Royal Palace, at the King's banquet to me, the tablecloth was a silk Union Jack, and for each guest a rope of flowers to be worn round the neck.

Afterwards we went to the theatre, where we saw a French play performed chiefly by local French people, one part being played by an English lady. It was very well done.

The King was brought up in England, speaks and writes French and English perfectly, and is a rather remarkable monarch. As I have said, his income is nine hundred thousand pounds a year. He went through Sandhurst, knows all our royal family quite well, knows all about English politics and the personal side of them, writes plays in English and French, and leading articles in the local newspapers, and has a most topping Rolls-Royce, which made me rather home-sick. His *fiancée* has a Rolls-Royce, as has also the Court Chamberlain. There are besides thirty-seven other cars in the garage, which is as big as a railway station.

The King sent for me during the theatre performance to present me with his photograph. I had to go and fetch one of mine from the palace we are in. (I was glad to get out of the heat in the theatre.) There have been suggestions that I should receive an Order from the King, but I have point-blank declined. I haven't any Orders, and I don't want any.

After the entertainment there was tremendous band-playing and bugling, followed by the royal procession to the supper room, where, I suppose, about a thousand people were present, mostly English and French, dressed in the very latest. Siamese ladies are very pretty, very tiny, and very misleading as to their age. A girl I thought was thirteen was twenty, and so on. They are

the youngest-looking people in the world, and among the smallest. Siam is a nation in miniature. I heard at Singapore, that when the Siamese royalties came there, their feet could not touch the floor when they sat on the chairs at table. Their manners are exquisite. The way the upper-class change from Siamese to European clothes is extraordinary, as is their ability to play either Siamese music or " l'Pagliacci."

What will be their future? Probably no good. There is corruption in their Judiciary; they are beginning to disrespect the European advisers you meet at the head of every department; and their Buddhism is weakening. I cannot imagine them becoming an aggressive people like the Japanese. They may be overrun by the Chinese, who are swarming into the country. They themselves are partly Chinese, and very proud of it, looking down upon the Japanese, who, they say, are Polynesians. The Siamese are a mixture of Malay and Chinese. I believe that no one knows who the Japanese are. Certain it is that they copied all their art from China and all their modern devices from Europe and the United States. All these various races look alike until you see them together, when you will realize that a Siamese is no more like a Japanese then an Italian is like a Scotsman. One is glad to get away from that monotonous Japanese bowing, hissing, and " I am very sorry," with which they open half their sentences, varied by " I am very sorrow."

The Siamese detest the Japanese.

To return to the royal supper. There was a mass of motor cars outside the theatre, adjoining which was the great supper room, yet every one got away quickly. It was the first time since leaving home that we found many British cars. Prioleau counted thirteen different makes.

Back to our palace in the starlight; in bed at two o'clock, fast asleep at a quarter-past two; awakened by Frederick tapping me through the mosquito net at five-fifteen; up and into a cold bath (cold for the tropics, that is to say); then after much bowing from the various attendants, down through the garden where the royal launch waited for us, the fastest small boat I have ever been in. Then to this beautiful train, all built in Birmingham. I have a perfect bedroom, bathroom, dining-room, and observation car.

I am quite aware that the Siamese want their case set forth in my newspapers. But they do the thing courteously. They were there in large numbers this morning to see us off—members of the royal family and of the British Legation.

It is curious living under an absolute monarchy for some

days and not having any complaint from the English about something or other. Before arriving at Hong Kong I received wireless messages asking me to receive a deputation of the Constitutional Reform Society of Hong Kong, and so on and so forth. I was not staying in Hong Kong, so I got out of that. The British here in Bangkok are numerous and very rich, and have no complaints apparently, yet I am sure there is another side to the Siamese question. I received a curious note last night which said, " Beware of the gold and dust," meaning, evidently, gold I am supposed to have received from the Government, and dust that has been cast in my eyes. We are so insular that we don't understand the Japanese. The Government not only control newspapers in Japan, but all the advertisements which are given out in Japan—bankers', steamship companies', and the rest.

We leave Siam with very great regret. It is an interesting and unknown country. One leading English official in the Siamese service tells me that he was lately at Delhi, in India, and was told by an English official that Siam was part of Further India !—whatever that might be. Siam is a kind of water-jump between British Burma and French Indo-China. The Siamese are afraid of both of us, and, in consequence, have a ridiculously large army and a preposterous navy. To make things quite sure, the official adviser to the Siamese Foreign Office is, as I have said, always an American, usually a member of the Harvard Law School, who has everything provided for him and three thousand pounds a year salary.

The currency is ticals. The present value of a tical is two shillings and three halfpence. They are known as " ticks." We are all very confused about the different kinds of money we have to deal with. There are Hong Kong dollars, Singapore dollars, Mexican dollars (known as " Mex "), the peso (Philippines), and piastres (Indo-China). Now we are on our way to rupees, and then to Egypt where we shall have piastres again, which, at this time, are worth about twopence halfpenny. All very confusing. What will there be in Palestine ?

My little party consider that they are spending a very curious Christmas Eve. Putting the difference of time between England and Siam as eight hours, we wonder very much what people are doing. I suppose there is the usual rush to the Riviera. We have had quite enough Riviera—too much, much too much sun. We have only seen rain seven times since we left England. In this part of the world, the sun begins at six and leaves off at ten minutes past six at night. You need no clock. Playing golf in good light at five minutes past six, your opponent says, " Time

for another hole." At ten minutes past six you can't see the ball.

I like the English in Siam, or rather the British, for most of them are Scotch. I must confess that it is the best that goes abroad. All carry responsibilities, all have to decide for themselves. As one of them said to me, " We are all the time on our best behaviour to show the world what we can do."

We have had crackers a great deal lately at parties, and in this train there are two complete Christmas dinners for us; one a royal gift, and the other from British residents. The last three days Christmas cables have been coming to me from all kinds of people, many of them unexpected—some from Australia, some local, and a great many from home.

We are making for Kuala Lumpur, the beautiful capital of the Federated Malay States, and Penang. Because of the earnest desire of the Governor that I should visit the former place, I am passing Penang and going twelve hours down towards Singapore, and back again to Penang, a tiresome ride and re-ride. We *were* looking forward to a day or two quiet at Penang, waiting for the ship. Penang is a sort of winter resort. Now we are looking forward to some rest in the mountains of Ceylon. If we can succeed in finally refusing the many, many invitations to India, for the rest of the journey (with the exception of two days with Sir George Lloyd at Bombay, and a few days with the High Commissioner in Palestine), I am determined, at the risk of being very rude indeed, to have a little time to think over the great kaleidoscope formed in our brains by this seven-months' World Whirl. If it weren't for the long sea journeys, the whole thing would be a jumble in our heads. The Prince of Wales told me that it took him two months to sort out his previous great voyage. I suppose we shall begin to understand what we have seen when we have been home a few months.

Christmas Day, December 25th, 1921.
In the train en route from Bangkok to Kuala Lumpur.

We are at Chumpon. I am living in the private car that Prince Purachatra has provided me with, and mighty comfortable it is too. The others have gone to a rest-house, one hundred yards off, a sort of very superior Indian Dak bungalow—electric light and fans and a first-rate cook. Frederick is very full of Christmas this morning. We bought him a collection of all the Christmas numbers, with a picture of a Golder's Green omnibus at Christmas time, and a ridiculous picture of a policeman in the fog with little children asking where Father Christmas comes from—rubbish which ought to have been " dead " long ago.

Daylight came at 5.45. It is a lovely morning—weather like the finest day at Cannes.

Personally I have always liked private car life, especially when the valet is in the next room and you can get at him in the morning.

We have been hoping very much to see wild elephants, tigers, and buffaloes, but haven't been lucky. (Note while correcting: But I saw elephants later on.)

At this moment there enters a deputation headed by Pra Ruangridhi Raksurasdr, the Governor of Chumpon, and Luang Nibhaddhi Jananukula, the Vice-Governor. Both have had a perfect English education (Shrewsbury School). They bore a present of fruit.

How little we know of the world! This place, of which no one has ever heard, has a population of thirty thousand.

We had a mishap yesterday; the bearings of the restaurant car got hot, and it had to be taken off the train. They have fallen back on my kitchen in the private car.

The shadow on our trip is the Indian news, or the lack of it. We are always being asked what has happened to the Prince of Wales. Officials never realize that silence means rumours, especially among these gossiping Orientals. I wonder how many people understand that Indians are everywhere—money-lenders, traders, and propagandists. This station, for example, is policed by Sikhs. I saw them last night, in their red turbans, with long sticks, standing at attention outside my car. All use the same argument. They say that the British Raj must be afraid of Gandhi, otherwise they would arrest him. Therefore he is more powerful than the British Raj.

Christmas is a time when people review things. We are reviewing the fact that we have been nearly five months in or close to the Pacific, which we entered on the 5th of August last at Vancouver. We have seen not only a great deal of China, but of the Chinese. At this very station I see Chinese, although we are in the interior of Siam, a day from Bangkok.

The Bangkok newspapers supply me with cables as we go along. Last night's was not a pleasant one—Irish deadlock and Indian deadlock. I noticed that the *Straits Times*, of Singapore, the leading paper in Malaya, edited by a very shrewd Scotsman, declined to swallow the enthusiastic Reuter telegrams about the Irish settlement when I was in Singapore some time ago. I heard of one printing office which printed twenty morning newspapers.

* * * * *

Still Christmas Day.

This part of Siam is mountainous. The clearings of the forests look not unlike Newfoundland. Sitting at the end of my private car last night in the dark, seeing the rails disappear mile after mile, my mind went back very much to my American, Canadian, and Newfoundland days. Suddenly we came upon a great forest fire.

Siam is very rich, and will be richer. This land grows sugar, rice in great quantities, bananas, and wonderful timber. The fuel of the engine is, of course, wood, and very fragrant, reminding us of the incense in the two hundred temples we have visited in Japan, Korea, China, and Malaya.

Boxing Day, December 26th, 1921.
En route from Bangkok to Kuala Lumpur—Tung Sawng Junction.

6.30 a.m. Daylight has just suddenly come. It is a lovely cool morning after heavy rains.

* * * * *

We had quite a Christmas yesterday.

Frederick has been in a Christmas fervour for the last six weeks, hoping in some curious and indefinable way that we might arrive at Carlton Gardens in time for it. A surprise was prepared for me in my private railway car.

We had sped along through the jungle all day long. Frederick told me that there was in the train a young Englishman, Mr. Ottaway, who would like to speak to me. He turned out to be an ex-flying man, who has been out here since the war, mining and shooting. He is leading a life many would envy. Here, with a couple of pals, he is camping some eight miles from the railway, " living on his gun," as it is called—deer in plenty; peacocks, which are very good to eat, I understand, and all kinds of small game; pigeons by the thousand; an occasional buffalo and panther; no elephants, but tigers if you can hit 'em. Elephant shooting is forbidden in Siam, the elephant being a sacred animal. This young sportsman agreed with me that elephant shooting is a cruel business. There is practically no danger in it, except when an old " rogue " elephant is half crazy, which is rare. The whole question of big-game shooting ought to be more ventilated than it is. There is mighty little sport about most of it, and a great deal of swank in having the things stuffed. It is true that certain kinds of deer are difficult to stalk; and certain kinds of tiger and panther shooting are dangerous.

Mr. Ottaway says that, on the whole, he has been healthy in the jungle, with an occasional touch of malaria, has had bad luck in tin-mining, in which there has been a great slump all over the

world, but has been having a very enjoyable time. He tells me that Siam has great possibilities.

On arrival at Tung Sawng, where the train stopped for the night, a great crowd assembled to meet me. We arrived at half-past five, so there was time before the inevitable darkness at six-twenty.

We started out with Mr. Ottaway and the local Governor (dressed in a smart uniform). He spoke perfect public-school English, and had excellent manners. It came on to rain, so we took refuge in a railway shed. Here came two Frenchmen. It was suggested that we might mount a railway trolley and make our way to the bungalow at which all the local white people had assembled for Christmas, where they would be glad to see us. I agreed to go. "All the local white people," except two who came to the station, consisted of a clerk of the local British bank, the general traffic manager of this section of the railway, and a man engaged in a tin-mine—nice hearty people. Then came an Italian, with his wife, baby, and sister; and the two Frenchmen. All spoke English and talked the local Malay-Anglo slang (for example, "suku" is a small whisky-and-soda). One Frenchman came from Nîmes; and the other from New Caledonia. I forget where the Italians came from.

They met to celebrate Christmas. I was rather touched to see their Christmas table, decorated with beautiful jungle blossom.

When I got back to the car in the hand trolley, Frederick's great surprise awaited me. The dining-room had been converted into a kind of Christmas shrine.

Prince Purachatra, to whom the car belongs, had provided us with three perfect Chinese servants, and all the meals are as good as I have had in any train anywhere. He also sent some of the imitation holly and mistletoe which I had seen sold in the stationers' shops throughout the Far East, with imitation snow. Frederick had decorated the car with these in a very tasteful fashion, and made a shrine of my photographs at one end of the room. The table itself was beautifully decorated. The dinner was as follows:—

Crème Soupe.
Fried Fish.
Ox Tongue.
Boiled Mutton.
Turkey.
Fruit Salad.
Plum Pudding.

Champagne, cherry brandy, peppermint, vermouth, Dom (Benedictine), brandy, whisky, curaçoa, claret. The wine list was typical of what we were expected to drink. As a matter of fact, one of our chief drinks in this sweltering climate is Lea and Perrins' and Perrier water, or, as we call it, "Perrins and Perrier."

I invited the young Englishman, of whom I have spoken, to the feast, making the dinner-party four, including Prioleau and my brother-in-law, to whom we are all greatly attached. Just as we sat down, a great batch of cables arrived from England, which included one advertisement by cable.

Our conversation was chiefly about snakes, which are very numerous here. The young Englishman told me an apparently perfectly true story of how a man was chased on a motor-bicycle by a king cobra. I have not seen a snake, tiger, or anything wilder than an elephant, which was probably a tame one, yet this Englishman walked close to a tiger on his way to the train yesterday. I said, "What did the tiger do?" He replied, "Looked at me with one eye and passed on." The wild buffalo appears to be one of the most dangerous, also the orang-utan. I had forgotten about these and the monkeys. There are thousands of monkeys and orang-utans. Some are as large as men, others are little things less than a foot high, which the Siamese train to climb coconut trees and throw down nuts.

We very regularly compare English and Siamese time; roughly, they say here that when they are dining it is tiffin (lunch) time in London—seven hours' difference.

Her Ladyship's telegram told me of Mother's birthday at Totteridge, which I carefully observed all that day. I infer that, as her Ladyship's wire came from town, there was the usual Waifs and Strays dinner at Carlton Gardens, of which I am glad.

Around the private car, Chinese firework crackers were let off in our honour.

The rule that all trains stop at night on this road is to be altered next week, and trains will then travel at night. I am afraid that there will be accidents with elephants; they have had one bad smash already. The engines have powerful head-lights, which show the line for half a mile. This was my first Christmas at a railway station. Though the temperature was 88, we got quite used to it, and I slept without waking until I could hear the Chinese butler of the car bearing coffee. Our head Chinese, a Mr. Ing, is of the Red Indian type of Chinese with a very hooked nose and high cheek-bones. He and his assistants never

seem to stop working. They take a great interest in our "Klismas" (Christmas).

We have at least another two days in the train, and then we catch the intermediate P. & O. *Nellore* ("intermediate" usually meaning slow) for Colombo, where we stop to make direct for the mountains, escaping all receptions, and getting a little cooled down for Europe.

Travelling in this fashion, one gets all the annoying experiences of royalty. You have to be up at all hours to receive people, to grin and bow, make inane talk before cinematograph operators, and enjoy mighty little privacy. With us are five splendid gentlemen in uniforms and medals, all speaking model English and mostly from Eton or Winchester—Phya Byrgiri, representative of the Lord Lieutenant of Monthon; H. E. Phya Rasadanupradis, Governor of Nakon; Luang Chitra-banjakara, commanding officer of Gendarmerie; Luang Ratha-charnprachaks, District Traffic Superintendent; Luang Ratha Visit-sathorn, Traffic Inspector.

We get tremendous presents of fruit. A parcel has just been brought in containing the fruits of Eastern Siam.

The scenery this morning is the usual tropical bamboo, palm, and banana tree; there is mist on the hills and heavy rain, really the first wet day since we left England. No rain has fallen here for two months. I can see the natives working out in the rice patches with the oiled-silk umbrellas which everybody uses.

One great mistake about the tropics is to imagine that it is a kind of Kew Gardens—all flowers. Kew Gardens is a collection of all the tropical flowers. As I look out of the window at this moment I can see nothing but an occasional purple and pink convolvulus and scarlet hibiscus. In Borneo I *did* see a good many orchids. There are a great many flowers in Siam, as in all tropical countries, but they have to be looked for. At one of the royal dinners given to me in Bangkok the decorations consisted of the Giant Lily, the Victoria something-or-other,* which grows in the Botanical Gardens. It is a tremendous flower, and gradually opened all the evening. It is an African lily, but has been spread all over the Far East. One Englishwoman present told me that she had photographed two of her children sitting on one floating leaf of this lily.

The train has stopped for a minute. The trees in front of me are tapioca (you eat the root), castor oil (which is very common here), pepper trees, wild coffee, bamboo, sugar canes, and bananas, of course; extremely monotonous when you have had weeks of

* Victoria regia.

it, as we have, in Borneo, the Philippines, Fiji, Honolulu, etc., etc., etc.

The engines and cars on this railway are all English ; the rails are from Pittsburg.

We have arrived at Kao Chom Tawng. It is a quarter to one a.m. on Boxing Day morning by home time—the last revellers in London are bargaining with the taxi men to take them home. I suppose there are the usual advertised high jinks at the hotels in London, Paris, and Monte Carlo.

Here the rain is terrific, and the local black ladies are plodding about the muddy platform in their bare feet.

Evening, December 26th, 1921.
In the train from Bangkok to Kuala Lumpur.

We realized to-day what tropical rain means. It came down in solid lumps, and it was difficult to see anything.

We crossed the frontier of the Federated Malay States at Padang Besar, and there found a State carriage waiting for us to take us to Kuala Lumpur, an extra journey of five hundred and fifty miles. As I have said, I had hoped to have had a quiet day or two at Penang, but my brother-in-law will go there and have the good time we were going to get. We have a terrible programme, all in print, which I will give later.

We have had our first experience of a Turkish-bath day in the Malaya Peninsula. A few cigars I left on the table some time ago are reduced to rags.

We were very sorry to say good-bye to Siam. Nothing could have been kinder than the treatment we received the whole time we were there.

We are on a British railway for the first time since leaving Australia, and are accompanied by the traffic manager, recently out from the Great Northern at home. The State car is unclean and old, and the vibration is " fierce."

Tuesday, December 27th, 1921.
Federated Malay States.

This journey to the middle of Malaya is a mistake ; every mile I am going farther away from Penang, to which I have to return to the P. & O. boat on Thursday.

The distances are far greater than we were told, and the state of this railway is a disgrace to the British Empire. After the perfect railway in Siam, it was a surprise to find myself so shaken that the Madrassy " boy " (aged 50), who looks after this very old-fashioned, rocking and swaying State car, says that " many people sick." We had started at four o'clock from the frontier,

and the line was at first fairly good. When I got to bed I was almost shaken out of it. A plate was hurled off the table by the shaking and smashed to smithereens. Eating was nigh impossible.

At eleven o'clock we stopped, and I sent for the station-master, and said, " Cut this car off. I will go back." There was apparently dismay somewhere. Eventually a gentleman came in pyjamas to the car from his own private car, and said he was the general manager of the Malay States Railways. " I will take off the car and put it in the middle of the train, next to mine, and we will go slowly," he said. He did so. We went slowly for some time till I got to sleep. Before daylight I was awakened by articles de toilette—my tooth-brush and the rest—being thrown from the shelf.

Here I am tired out at half-past six in the morning, looking out upon the flat Federated Malay States, mostly rubber and coco-nut trees. Don't imagine the nuts are used for the table or for " three shies a penny " at Hampstead Heath ; they are the basis of the British soap and margarine industry, their dried meat being known as copra.

We have been marvelling lately at the speed of cablegrams from London and also the variations thereof. Some arrive in less than a day, which is wonderful, and some take four days. One or two are quite unintelligible.

To revert to the state car of the Malay States Railways. We had a rare fight with the mosquitoes in the night. My net was full of them, and I threatened the aged " boy " that if " Master " (that is the way you speak here) was bitten by a single mosquito in future he would not get, by way of pourboire, a half a " tical " or " mex " or whatever it may be here. Then began a vigorous beating of the net. As a result, I did not get bitten once during the next night, though I had been severely bitten the previous night.

CHAPTER XXV

KUALA LUMPUR (FEDERATED MALAY STATES), PENANG, AND COLOMBO

The Capital of the F.M.S.—Mr. Stonor—China Clay—Reception at Penang—Beautiful Penang—Golf—Sedan Chairs—New Year's Messages—A Four-days' Voyage to Colombo—The Last of the Southern Cross.

Tuesday, December 27th, 1921.
Kuala Lumpur.

HERE at this wonderful, modern capital, Kuala Lumpur, " K.L.," as it is called, the Resident came down to meet us at the train, but we were not up. He had not received our wire of last night saying that we should not be here until nine o'clock. At ten o'clock we motored to his very beautiful house, on an elevation looking over Kuala Lumpur. He is a Mr. Stonor, a cousin of the Stonors I know. His wife was a Miss Weld, a relation of the Salvins, who owned Sutton Place, which she knows very well indeed. Long ago she came over to Sutton Place with Lady Wolseley.

After a delicious tropical breakfast, we drove first to the Economic Botanical Gardens. There we saw some of the extraordinary pests which destroy coconuts and indiarubber. Every tree has its own pest, just as every newspaper proprietor has many. We saw fat caterpillars, moths as big as swallows, and even land crabs. I saw the brazil-nut tree for the first time. It is not at all like a palm, but a great bushy tree like a big laurel, fifty feet high, with nuts which look like large round balls. They are contained in an outer case, as is the coconut. We saw all kinds of oils extracted from various kinds of palms. Most of these oils are for making margarine.

We then went to the most interesting museum, run by a Cambridge man, who has " done " much jungle life in Malay and New Guinea. He had in a garden one of the most savage animals

in the world—a black panther. He would not let us go near its cage even. He gave me two very fine ancient Malay creeses (curved knives). Then we drove off to a big rubber estate, owned by Mr. Kindersley. Here I once more saw rubber coming from the trees, and a large co-operative factory. *The* difficulty of the rubber situation was placed before me—" output greater than the demand." We had a very excellent lunch in a most charming house, where I heard the usual story of three babies at home and the wife wanting to get back. She had read that my favourite flower was jasmine, and in the room provided for me there was a great bunch of it. The place is about twenty miles from Kuala Lumpur on a very good road through a Chinese town.

Kuala Lumpur is a collection of immense buildings, and the railway station is one of the biggest I have ever seen. I told the Resident that I wished the railway were as good as the stations.

At dinner in the evening, where I met the leading people, including Chinese, one Chinese lady, very closely in touch with the Commissioner of Railways, told me that he was disturbed about my criticism, which received great support. As a result of the railway shaking, I was so tired, on the return to the Residency from the lunch, that I had a long sleep in a charming room where the latest English papers had been provided by Mrs. Stonor. I was also supplied with a book by a barrister, named Crisp, lately deceased, I think, in which he mentions my father very gracefully.

The F.M.S. (Federated Malay States) are a wonderful tribute to British power of government.

One of the Chinese gentlemen told me that there are half a million Chinese here, and no poor among them at all. The Chinese, indeed, are the Rolls-Royces of the community.

Tuesday, December 27th, 1921.
Kuala Lumpur.

We are just starting in a private train for Ipoh. The Director of Railways came down himself in person to say good-bye, and I hear that every effort is to be made for a smooth night. Two English drivers have been provided. We are gliding along to-night. In every part of the train little tins of incense are being burnt to drive off the mosquitoes. Prioleau and I are both completely knocked up by last night's experiences, despite the lovely sleep this afternoon in that great cool tropical bedroom, with electric fans going.

I woke up just as a night-jar *came into the room.* In appearance it is just like our night-jar, the same size, but making a different noise.

Kuala Lumpur is making great preparations for the Prince of Wales, about whom, by the way, there is much anxiety here, as everywhere else, though his visit is considered necessary.

The population here is difficult to know. Here we have seen many Tamils (from Southern India), with their long hair covered with ill-smelling coconut oil, and their women with jewels in their noses.

I have told the home-sick Frederick that when we get to Bombay we may receive this telegram: "Inadvisable proceed trouble in Near East outlook black return *viâ* Australia and Canada fullstop shall expect you July Sutton." * He groaned. How home-sick he is!

December 28th, 1921.
Ipoh, F.M.S.

We had a splendid night in the train. It appears that we had an English inspector and an English driver to drive the engine, and I rewarded them properly. That traffic manager of the Federated States Railway was alarmed at my statement that the condition of the railway ought to be known at home, as, indeed, it should, for we are constantly lending money to the F.M.S.

Who knows about the Federated Malay States? Very few people—even people quite close, as at Hong Kong, for example. Singapore is the capital of the Colony of the Malay States. Kuala Lumpur is the Federated Capital of the Federated Malay States, which are four separate kingdoms with sultans. We administer them by people like my host of last night, Mr. Stonor, an Etonian of the Camoys family.

An anxiety on this trip is the return home. Every one is amazed that we propose arriving in Europe in the cold weather. Every doctor we encounter (and there are many here, of course, from home) has something to say about it. We felt the cold badly in Pekin, though it was tropical as compared with the South of France, except at night. (Later we were to feel it at Nuwara Eliya and Delhi.)

One is so busy observing and learning that the affairs of my newspapers hardly ever cross my mind, though I am a little proud to find that they are practically the only British journals in this vast world of the East. We see no other papers. *The Times Weekly Edition* and *Overseas Daily Mail* are practically everywhere. They were in every house I visited yesterday, having just arrived by the mail, which came in the night before.

* Sir George A. Sutton, Bart.

The pictures of *The Times Weekly Edition* are grabbed for in these far-away households, and the papers are passed from hand to hand until they are ragged.

To return (forgive the jerkiness of these notes) to our visit to Ipoh. We had an interesting morning. We were taken off to the Gopeng Consolidated Tin Mine and had about the hottest walk I have ever had. Certainly the glare from the limestone was the fiercest light I ever remember. We saw the process of washing down hills containing tin, by great spouts of water from giant hose pipes. I was struck by the ability of the young men —the kind that *used* to go to India—who run this great undertaking. Then I was shown pottery works (china clay works) which they have started from a mine of china clay they have found. They have promised to send a ton of clay to Gravesend to be tested in our paper mills. If they have really discovered good china clay, they may make a fortune. How pleasant it is to be among people like these who are up and doing in enterprises which are not always being referred to boards of directors ! There is an alertness about Englishmen abroad which I wish I could find at home. I am afraid that it is true that the best of us leave ' 'd go abroad in search of adventure.

They gave me a pleasant lunch at the Railway Hotel. Here, as at Kuala Lumpur, the railway station is a palace far too big for the country.

We left Ipoh (a flourishing British centre most home folk have never heard of) in our private car, passing by endless rubber trees, coconuts, and rice clearings, to the island of Penang. I slept most of the way. Arriving at Prai, a special launch was waiting to take me to the island, some twenty-five minutes through a beautiful harbour. It was dark and the horizon was lit up by lightning. I had a very kind reception from the people assembled to meet me.

I went to bed *in a bed* for the first time since I left Bangkok, having slept in trains ever since. I like sleeping in trains, but it is quite pleasant to be in bed for a change.

I have not seen the place—it was dark when we got here ; but the hotel is romantically situated, looking over the sea, and is guarded by great guns ; it was evidently a fort at some time. Our ship the P. & O. *Nellore* arrives to-morrow morning and leaves in the afternoon. In the morning I am to play golf, and go to lunch with the Governor, up " the hill " as it is called. Prioleau and I will be carried there in palanquins, and I have told them jokingly to bring eight of the strongest men in the island to tackle me.

Thursday, December 29th, 1921.
Penang.

Daylight. Lying here in my mosquito cage, with the electric punkah going, I am looking through the great sheaf of Christmas and New Year cables which have been following me about and reached me here. I do not think that anybody at home has forgotten me, and I don't know any happier feeling than *that*, when one has been moving for many months among strangers.

Frederick was one huge smile this morning, when I told him that it is good-bye to the Far East. The cables I liked best were from those I love. But I am rather proud of one from President Harding—for he is a very busy man.

I am in no way tired of the journey, except of the publicity of it, which is undodgeable—the publicity of Governments, hotels, and natives (how they stare !). The vernacular papers tell them that there is some mysterious great scribe moving about among them. Time means nothing to them ; they will come out along the line to the private car and sit on their haunches, jabbering for hours, waiting to see the mysterious man. Their verbosity is terrific, but I am bound to say their courtesy is a lesson in manners for everybody.

Here is a telegram that arrived last night in reply to a brief wire of approval of the railways in Siam that I had sent—

> " On behalf of the Siam State Railway Administration I thank you for the kind words expressed in your telegram to me and for your message to the *Bangkok Times* which has been published stop we feel confident that on the strength and as a result of your Lordship's kind observations in our regard people will come to know of the existence of our line and the easy and cheap way for passengers and goods to reach Bangkok stop our aim is to obtain passengers and goods on which our existence depends stop with the rapid day and night service to commence in January we hope to offer prices and conveniences which will compare very favourably with shipping stop we regret the shortness of your stay in Siam though we feel sure that the strength and charm of your personality will remain long in the memory of the Siamese stop we wish you and your party a successful and profitable journey.
>
> " (Signed) PURACHATRA."

Thursday, December 29th, 1921.
Penang.

(In regard to the whole of the foregoing and following notes

—as they were not transcribed till long after they were dictated—they are almost hopelessly difficult to correct.)*

This hotel, the best in Penang, is a typical Eastern hotel, rather better than the Indian hotels I remember twenty-five years ago. I have a front room leading on to a veranda facing the sea.

Penang is one of the most beautiful seaside places I have ever seen. It is the Bay of Cannes, with the Estérel heights behind it. That is not my description, but that of a local reporter who came to see me. He had been employed on the *Daily Mail*, in the South of France, years ago. But it is a very big Bay of Cannes.

I played a round of golf in the hottest weather I ever remember —brilliant sunshine, a perfectly lovely day, if one could have kept motionless. I did not do so badly, for I played one of the best local players, who beat me three and two. My driving has gone to pieces. Thomson † sent me a New Year's cable: "Hope to see you six handicap in 1922." Sixteen is more likely. After the second hole I was completely wet through.

The parks in Penang are delightful, having beautiful gardens in them. The people here call them compounds, which is simply Anglo-Oriental nonsense. They are gardens.

After a bath, I went by motor, with Prioleau, to a point where we were carried in sedan-chairs by lusty fellows up "the hill," along one of the most beautiful roads I have ever seen, to Government House, two thousand odd feet up. It took just over the hour. I don't like to see human beings carrying other human beings. But these cheery fellows shouted and laughed as we went up.

I took off my hat to a Chinese coolie who was going on his way down the hill. He threw me two lovely bunches of roses. Two thousand feet up, roses grow very well.

From Government House is said to be the finest *near* sea view in Asia. We paid a very brief visit to Sir Laurence and Lady Guillemard. We envy them what is certainly the most beautiful Government House situation we have yet enjoyed.

I shall never forget Penang. I wish I could have seen more of it. But people living in the Far East don't often take very great interest in their own localities. They are all looking forward to going Home. I asked quite a well-informed man if he knew of any works dealing with the history of Penang. No, he had never heard of any. Yet there are many. I shall get them when I arrive home. In addition to greenhouses, which I intend having built for growing therein the tropical plants

* Lord Northcliffe's own note.

† Sandy Thomson, Lord Northcliffe's golf instructor.

that I have seen, I am going to have a library dealing with the places I have been to.

Friday, December 30th, 1921.
Penang to Colombo, S.S. "Nellore."

It is four days' voyage to Ceylon. The temperature in my cabin is 89, in spite of wind scoop and electric punkah. There are only twenty-five first-class passengers on board, and little cargo. How can these ships pay? Is *any* shipping paying at the present time? Have not the Americans and Japanese invested their money in the wrong venture?

Saturday, December 31st, 1921.
Penang to Colombo, S.S. "Nellore."

Frederick has disclosed the loss of two watches to-day, left behind at our palace at Bangkok. He is morose. I thought something was up last night, but ascribed his condition to the extreme heat. He told Prioleau that his luck "had all gone"—he used it up in the war, where he was three and a half years in the trenches, without a scratch.

This is the last day of the old year. I have been away five and a half months, almost the longest time I have ever been away from England. I had no idea of how much I didn't know. If you want to find out something, go yourself; if you don't want to, send some one else to look. Are we home-sick? No; but I don't say that we should not be if we were not on the way home and getting nearer to it every day.

The difference in time between here and London is only six hours. It is half-past four in the afternoon here, and exactly half-past ten in the morning in England.

By an extraordinary coincidence, I was talking to a young Scotsman on board to-day who is making direct for Cap d'Ail in France, whither I am bound. Another example of the "angel of the odd." He tells me that the general attitude of the Dutch in Java is not so friendly to the English as they pretended to me. The English there told me that we had "a square deal." Perhaps they felt that they had to say so. What is probable is that Dutch ways are German, and we don't like German ways.

This young Scotsman is a rubber planter. He confirms my views that the Englishman in Hong Kong knows nothing about the Englishman in the Federated Malay States, and the Englishman in Java knows nothing about the Englishman in Indo-China, and so on *ad infinitum*.

My hasty glimpse of the world has, at any rate, given me a sense of proportion.

I suppose we shall see the New Year in to-night, when it will

be six o'clock at home. We shall be about thirty-eight hours from Colombo, which, on a voyage round the world, is almost like being next door to home.

Sunday, January 1st, 1922.
Penang to Colombo, S.S. "Nellore."

I woke at exactly seven minutes to six this morning, which was seven minutes to twelve last night in London. I thought of every one I am fond of, all the great armies of people who work for me on the St. Lawrence in Canada, in Newfoundland, Paris, Manchester, London, Gravesend, and everywhere else. Not one single department forgot me this Christmas and New Year.

New Year had just begun in England when Snoad brought in wireless New Year greetings, one from her Ladyship, one from Newfoundland, one from a London publisher asking for my book (which I have no intention of writing), and the usual demands for messages from Ceylon papers.

Frederick is very pleased to-day. I said to him, "You really now can say, 'Next month we shall be home.'" I saw him smiling and smiling as he laid out my shaving things.

The first one in with New Year greetings was the steward, a cockney by the very French name of P****é. "How do you come by that name, P****é?" I said. He replied, "My family come over from Dieppe dooring the French Reverlution." For a hundred and thirty years the P****é family has always stuck to the acute accent over the "e."

The Scotsmen showed signs of celebrating the New Year last night, when it was New Year in the East (no longer Far East). I think that I helped in damping it down by saying that our real New Year at home was six o'clock this morning by the ship's time. They were about the ship all night, of course. They sang till past eleven. Going around the world in ships has given me an idea of the great number of amateur singers there are. They don't sing new songs, and love the very, very old ones.

There is always, on board every ship, a young man with a tremendous bass voice. There is one here. They, too, always seem to sing things at least thirty years old.

There is a Japanese lady on board who wears semi-English clothes. She does her hair in European fashion, but sticks to the national obe (the bustle worn between the shoulder blades). She wears Japanese stockings, sandals, and kimono, but doesn't shuffle when she walks. She sings in German as well as in English.

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Milner and I sat up on the boat deck last night, looking at the wonderful stars of the tropics, and getting a breath of air.

We talked of home and our New Year's resolutions. (It is unlucky to mention them.)

We are returning to the Northern stars now. The Southern Cross can only be seen low down on the horizon at dawn. It is not a handsome constellation anyway, and I don't want to see it again.

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The *Nellore*, if old-fashioned, is a well-managed ship. The personality of the captain pervades every department of it. He is a busy man, closely inspecting the ship daily—seeing that everything is always spick-and-span.

CHAPTER XXVI

COLOMBO, NUWARA ELIYA, MADRAS, AND DELHI

" Ceylon as lovely as Java "—Prince's Club—Nuwara Eliya : a Delicious Hill Station—" Half Scottish, half Pyrenean "—English Hedges—Sir William and Lady Manning—English Tea and Rubber Planters—Golf : " Greens absolutely perfect "—A Scotch Mist—Back to the Unbearable Heat of Colombo—In the Train to Madras—A Dreary Journey—Delhi—Lord and Lady Reading.

Monday, January 2nd, 1922.
Colombo, Ceylon.

EARLY this morning we were off the coast of Ceylon —low, flat, not very attractive (though, later, we found Ceylon as lovely as Java). At noon we arrived at the harbour of Colombo, which is an artificial harbour formed of breakwaters.

A special launch, with the Governor's A.D.C. on board, was sent to meet me, and I was taken off to Government House. The Governor himself is at the mountain station of Nuwara Eliya, and we are invited to go up there to-night.

I had the first lot of home letters for a great time. My Mother is well and evidently very vigorous, for she writes me a stiff one about the policy of my newspapers in regard to Ulster, and refers to the cable she sent me complaining of their attitude towards Ulster.

From Government House (Queen's House) a rather dowdy old mansion, with the usual portraits of previous Governors, I drove to the Galle Face Hotel, mentioned in every Eastern novel I have read. Colombo is another kind of Clapham Junction, like Singapore, for those going to and from the East. It took me about two hours to open and look at my letters, after which we lunched in the great dining-room of this famous caravanserai.

Colombo seems to me to be a mix-up of Honolulu, Batavia, the Fiji Islands, and most of the tropical towns we have been to, but it is cooler. The streets are well laid out and wide, reminding me a little of parts of Batavia.

The waiters at the hotel wear curious little combs in their heads, indicating their caste, I am told by the A.D.C. (Capt. Holbech, D.S.O., M.C.).

I begin to think that all tropical flora is more or less alike. We see our old friend the flame tree and the flamboyant tree here.

After an excellent lunch I drove out to see some polo with Lady Knox, wife of General Knox. She and her husband are on their way round the world.

After polo we went for a walk to the grounds of the Prince's Club, and sat there in the brief twilight, with great flying foxes passing over us most of the time. Prince's Club is a very pretty scene, resembling Ranelagh.

It is curious to be away from the Chinese for the first time in a long while. We are now among the Sinhalese, a smaller dark people. We shall see no more of the Chinese, and I am sorry.

We have to be prepared for cold weather at Nuwara Eliya (pronounced Nurailia), for we shall probably arrive to-morrow in the frost.

Tuesday, January 3rd, 1922.
Nuwara Eliya, Ceylon.

After dining at the Galle Face Hotel, where Lady Knox joined us, we drove with the Governor's A.D.C., Capt. Holbech, to the station, *en route* for Nuwara Eliya.

The Fort Station, from which our train left, is an exact replica of any secondary station on the G.N.R. or Midland Railway, with numbered platforms and overhead bridges. The only difference I could see was in the deafening uproar made by native travellers and by native railway officials. It seems ridiculous to imagine that any people who direct the simple operations of a railway station in such chaotic fashion should ever be capable of directing the destinies of the land of their birth. A very comfortable saloon had been placed at my disposal, in which Frederick and I had a perfect night's rest. The other members of my party, and Holbech, travelled in complete content in the sleeping car.

The travelling was most comfortable, the permanent way being as good as any we have at home. The construction of the line is a fine example of what we can do in the East, and the last fifty miles or so, over the mountains to Nanuoia, the jumping-off station for Nuwara Eliya, is as ambitious a piece of engineering as one would wish to see. The train winds in and out of deep valleys, mostly clothed in tea-gardens, skirting headlong precipices, with only a few inches between the line and the edge of the drop, climbing, always climbing. It was about six o'clock when

I woke, and the sun was bathing these beautiful valleys in a rosy light. The air was deliciously aromatic, and had an edge to it and a nip which I cannot remember having felt since I was last in Scotland in September. What a change for us !

Our arrival at Nuwara Eliya provided me with one of the most vivid contrasts imaginable. We left Colombó in a Turkish-bath-like heat, dripping with perspiration, and in less than ten hours we were six thousand feet up, amid forests of oak and pine, with rhododendrons and arum lilies growing in masses alongside the road, and a temperature and climate more like Switzerland than the tropics. The sun blazed out of a cloudless sky, and the air was like champagne. The short motor drive up to Queen's Cottage, the Governor's hill station here, was delightful. The roads are excellent, and mercifully, owing to the incessant hairpin bends and their narrowness, speed is impossible. European wild flowers blossomed in the English hedges, with here and there friendly clumps of roses. I can quite understand why Nuwara Eliya is not only the heaven of Ceylon and its planters, but also one of the most fashionable hot-weather stations for Southern India. In addition to its magnificent climate, it is one of the most beautiful little places imaginable, half Scottish, half Pyrenean, and it owns what is said to be the best golf course in the East.

One of the first things we met on entering Nuwara Eliya was a Rolls-Royce, driven by a woman. She gave us the exact amount of room needed to avert an accident, and no more.

Queen's Cottage is a comfortable house of the bungalow order, but with an upper story. Sir William and Lady Manning are charming hosts. With them are also staying a Miss E. and a Major S. In the evening Sir Anton and Lady B. came to dine in order to tell me something about affairs in Palestine, where he has lately been.

Wednesday, January 4th, 1922.
Nuwara Eliya, Ceylon.

H. E. left at 6 a.m. for Colombo, where he will stay till Saturday.

Lady M., very good-looking and twenty-four, got the rest of the house party up at 7 a.m. to climb to the top of San Pedro, the highest peak in Ceylon. I did not accompany her. I hear it was a wonderful experience and highly fat-reducing. I prefer my own way of getting it off. Prioleau, who has taken no exercise to speak of since he was shaken to a jelly in the Federated Malay States train, climbed to the top and back (in all, three hours of very violent scrambling up and down a gradient of about 1 in 4), without getting really blown. I am told that punishment awaits

them all to-morrow, when they will be deprived of the use of their ankles, calves, and knees. From the top there is a marvellous panorama spread out, literally as far as the eye can travel, over mountains and plains and vast oceans of snowy white cloud. No doubt; but I prefer bed.

Thursday, January 5th, 1922.
Nuwara Eliya, Ceylon.

How delightful to be in cold weather again! We are all full of energy—even Prioleau has begun to work. As I dictate this I can hear his typewriter thundering in the room above me. My brother-in-law, Milner, has gone golfing mad, disdaining even His Excellency's horses.

Frederick smiles all day. "This is a decent sort of place," he says. "You don't have to drink your butter out of teaspoons, and boots aren't covered with mildew in the morning. Matches will even strike on a box. Don't think his Lordship is quite as cross as he usually is in the mornings."

"Yes, Frederick, but a kerait, a deadly snake, was found in the house yesterday, and a man-eating crocodile was killed two miles off last night. Also there are natives all over the place, and you mustn't leave your windows open at night for fear thieves will call in." Frederick longs for the servants' hall—even for the cleaning of plate, even for seven or eight hours "on the door," or, what he very rarely gets, waiting up for his Lordship to return late at night, as other valets do.

There are lots of things we circumnavigators would like, but which we very often don't get. The following, for example:—

(1) A nice cup of tea or coffee on waking, with a newspaper less than a month old.

(2) A bath with hot and cold taps, and not a barrel full of water, a tin dipper, and a concrete floor.

(3) A climate where you are not wet through by one or two swings at golf, and where you need not change your clothes all day long.

(4) A telephone and regular daily work.

(5) A lunch which doesn't need two or three tablespoons of Lea and Perrins' sauce to help it down.

(6) An afternoon nap with no flies to bite you.

(7) No black, yellow, and other polyglot reporters asking "Will master kindly say few words?" Two called last night. "May we report the master staying with Governor?" they said.

(8) An evening paper. My! what a treat an evening paper will be!

(9) A little twilight.

(10) A dinner without punkahs or electric fans or black servants.

(11) A bed, not a mosquito cage. Smoking inside mosquito bed nettings is dangerous. It can only be done if Frederick sits by with a bucket of water ready, as he has done.

(12) A bedroom in which you don't have to search for snakes before going to bed.

(13) A night without noises, such as that of the lizards up and down the ceiling calling each other, the distant tom-toms, the flapping of wings of flying foxes—those horrible bats as big as turkeys.

Friday, January 6th, 1922.
Nuwara Eliya, Ceylon.

It is very difficult to believe that one is not in the Highlands, and to add to the illusion there are quite a number of places with Scotch names about.

I went for a motor drive yesterday with Lady Manning, who is in the very responsible position of *Gouvernante* of Ceylon, with three houses, and the eyes of the whole European and native community upon her. Although I am very tired of motoring, I enjoyed the drive. As we drove along I noticed the curious caste marks over the lips of the natives.

Ceylon is a real British Colony. There are between eight and ten thousand British planters here—planters of tea and rubber. I know nothing about the Sinhalese—not Singalese, as we call them. I am told that they get as cross if you call them Singalese as the Chinese get if you call them Chinamen. What thousands of little things one has to learn in order to be successful with Eastern people! Fraser, *The Times* Correspondent in Pekin, told me that *The Times* sent out asking for the ages of various Chinese notables, which, he said, was about the most deadly insult possible. We know nothing about other peoples.

I should like to have seen something of the remains of the Dutch in Ceylon. They were here for many years, but, beyond meeting what are known as Burghers (Eurasians with Dutch names) and seeing some obviously Dutch bungalows, not unlike the old bungalows in Java, I have not seen anything of the Dutch occupation; nor anything, either, of the Portuguese occupation, except a number of Portuguese names like da Silva and Mendosa.

Such of the Sinhalese as I have seen seem docile. I do detest the chignons, combs, and skirts of the men. The more I play golf here the more I feel at home. The greens are absolutely perfect. I should say that the course is as good as Woking. One half of it is very difficult owing to the intertwinings of a trout stream.

As far as I can make out Nuwara Eliya was discovered in 1826,

and came as a boon to the English troops then ill in Ceylon. It consists of cottages, some of stone, some of wood, exactly like English cottages (though called bungalows); two or three clubs; a row of shops, and a very excellent golf club. The people are all from England or Scotland. It might be Hook Heath or Kingsgate. Some of the people stay four or five years, some for twenty-five years. On the whole, I think it is the most astonishing change we have had since leaving England, that of living in the tropics for months, and then, in the course of a single night, being transported to Scotland. People who arrive here direct from home are very disappointed, for they want to know where the tropics are, and didn't expect they were coming to Scotland. The Scotch mist we have had the last day or two has added to the illusion, yet we are six thousand feet up, and seven thousand miles away from home. If you were to put Sinhalese in a Scotch mountain resort you would have Nuwara Eliya. What a boon it is for the people who swelter in the plains of Ind!

Reading * sent me a "clear-the-line" wire last night, inviting me to come to Delhi, and, as he was the first person to send me an invitation before leaving England, I am afraid we must accept it, though it involves a tremendous journey, as one can see by looking at a map showing the distance from the middle of Ceylon to Delhi *viâ* Colombo—a journey not at all amusing to me. I have done much of India before. It is very expensive, tiring, and very dusty. However, I think that I have mastered the simpler Sinhalese affairs fairly well. I have read everything, talked with all sorts of people; the Chief Justice, my correspondent, Charles Tower; aides-de-camp; various planters; and some Sinhalese agitators. If I were Governor here I should nip these last in the bud. There are no poor whatever in the island. A more prosperous lot I have never seen. Like everybody else in the world, they have a grievance, and, like all Orientals, they are quite ungrateful.

We start to-night for Colombo at 9.30. It will be very cold when the train starts, but the dawn will be as hot as blazes.

Saturday, January 7th, 1922.
Colombo to Madras.

I slept almost without waking from Nuwara Eliya to within a few miles of Colombo. Leaving on a winter's night, we arrived at Colombo at 7 a.m. in unbearable heat and glaring sunlight—probably the greatest contrast of any popular resort and commercial capital in the world.

* The Earl of Reading.

Shaving in the train, I made the discovery that strong tea is excellent to shave with.

It is quite strange to be among the rickshaws, crowds, and motors of an Eastern town after the British quiet of Nuwara Eliya. Owing to the leakage of the news of my movements into the native Press, there was quite a crowd at the station to look at me. Orientals like looking.

The Governor's secretary, who is a great expert on gems, took me to the best Ceylon gem shop, where, after much bargaining, I got away in an hour and a half. Ceylon is one of the choice gem markets of the world. Rubies and emeralds are washed up every day by the gemmers—that is to say, the people who sift the mud for gems. How oily and polite these Orientals are! What lies they tell! If I had not been guarded by the Colony's best authority on jewels, whose private collection is unique, I should have been skinned alive.

It was the night of the sixth of January that we started from beautiful Nuwara Eliya on the longest railway journey on my World Whirl, longest as regards time, that is to say (six nights seven days in the train), fortunately in private cars all the time, some of them very beautiful ones. If you look at the map you will see that it is a long way from the centre of Ceylon to Northern India *viâ* Colombo.

His Excellency gave me a small luncheon at the Colombo Club, a delightful place, dark and cool, with plenty of electric punkahs going.

There are many kinds of local good things to eat in Ceylon, especially sweets made of jaggery sugar (made from the sap of the palm, I believe). My thinning regimen, on which I have started, doesn't allow me to indulge in them. Here let me rise up and declare that by not drinking an hour before meals and an hour after meals and depriving myself of everything that is pleasant to eat, I have removed almost one stone of my charms. When I left Totteridge I weighed thirteen stone thirteen pounds. When I first touched at Singapore I weighed exactly the same amount. To-day, I stand tall and erect, facing the world unflinchingly, at thirteen stone. Twelve stone six is my goal, and twelve stone six it shall be at Marseilles, or I will " eat my topee " (sun hat), as they say here, or " toby," as Frederick calls it.

From Colombo to the port, or rather, the swamp of embarkation for Southern India, was hot, hot, hot and damp—a night's journey. There were no mosquitoes in the Governor's car, but the mosquito curtains got full of what I am told are lake flies—and don't they bite? I was marked for a full fortnight by these brutes.

The passage from Ceylon to India, which Prioleau will not readily forget, was a two-hour one in a vessel called the *Curzon*, It was actually the roughest piece of sea we have seen since we left Southampton. My first sight of India since 1897 was a long sandy skyline.

It was a particularly nice private car that we found waiting for us, the car of the Superintendent of the Southern Railway. We were mighty content with it and interested to look out at India, all green at this extreme southern point, followed later by rice, bananas, coconuts, tobacco, and the stuff the natives chew, which has many names and makes their mouths look red and horrid, and their teeth black. They prefer black teeth. They say that white teeth are like the teeth of dogs, and the dog is an animal much despised. There are three hundred and twenty millions in India, and I can believe it. The stations are packed. The women in this part of India are in brightest red and blue, with nose-rings or buttons, ear-rings like plates, and great gold bangles and anklets. The caste marks of chalk or red or yellow paint on the men's foreheads are more general than I have ever seen. These people are Tamils, of whom, I believe, there are more millions than there are of British in the United Kingdom.

"Take up thy bed and walk." Everybody has to carry his own bed when travelling in India. As we had brought none, having forgotten the practice, charming Lady Manning had provided us with complete sets. Frederick, not understanding, sent them back to Government House at Nuwara Eliya. He had many bedding adventures afterwards.

India is a country that wants a good deal of knowing, from the travellers' point of view. My recollections of a quarter of a century ago are that it was, as it still is, a very uncomfortable country, even travelling as we are, with every kind of luxury and attention. It is not a country I like.

(1) No amount of money, for example, can stop the natives' horrible spitting noises everywhere.

(2) No amount of money seems able to purchase privacy; natives are everywhere and very curious about you. They are remorseless thieves, even in Government Houses. There is a notice in every bedroom warning you to lock everything up. That I have had nothing stolen from me is due to the fact that I never carry any money, preferring to live on my friends and companions.

(3) No amount of money can stop "poochies," horrible little pests, creepy crawlies, from molesting one, bats from flying into and out of your room in the evening, mosquitoes from getting at you somehow.

We have no private cook in this car, and dine, as we used to in England sixty years ago, in dining-rooms at the railway stations. Some of these are quite good. They seem to be the meeting-places of the white rank and fashion of the various towns. People often come to meet us in them

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I need scarcely remind those who wade through this diary that India is in a great state of disturbance. Now and then a smooth-spoken native opens up conversation with me, and I tell him that I don't know why we should keep the Mohammedans and Hindus from cutting each other's throats if they want to, and the various tribes from fighting each other. I sometimes think that if I had my way we should hold on only to Madras, Bombay, Calcutta, and Karachi. I always tell them that they don't contribute a farthing towards the British Navy, which keeps the Japs from biting them.

After several hours in swampy country we arrived, in a heavy rain, at Madras, full of recollections of the early English adventurers such as Clive. We were whisked off to Government House in a smart car. Here indeed were pomp and circumstance; His Excellency's bodyguard, all red and gold, shining brass guns at the entrance, saluting and salaaming servants in crowds, and a cohort of A.D.C.'s. His Excellency and her Ladyship do the thing in tremendous style. I think that it is necessary in India.

Government House here is a magnificent mansion, like a great English white country house. There are some fine pictures by Lawrence in a great gallery of portraits going back more than two hundred years. I cannot describe houses, nor can anybody else. This place is half as big as Buckingham Palace, with wonderful porcelain, silks, carpets, and furniture. Life is strenuous among the A.D.C.'s and secretaries, of whom there are, apparently, ten.

The Willingdons are most hospitable and kind.

Government Houses are usually regarded as a sort of hotels by accredited travellers and passing wayfarers, such as Prioleau and me, and we are given very generous hospitality—motor cars, pleasant guides to show us about, a warm welcome and a good send-off.

I was, naturally, immensely interested in old Madras, practically the beginning of our now very shaky Empire in the East. How did these English live with their constant drinking of brandy pawnee (Pané-water), their Madeira, their preposterous unsuitable clothes? As a matter of fact, they often died young.

The Governor of Madras is really called Governor of Fort

St. George, the great fort being absolutely intact, as it has been for two hundred years. The church is very beautiful; it was here where Miss Clive complained of the mosquitoes in the gallery. The church plate is fine, going back to the times of the Dutch, followed by French specimens, and, later, English.

Sir Charles T. drove me to the Portuguese settlement of St. Thomé, and I visited a Portuguese church of 1515. The Portuguese penetration was by real religious fervour. They were succeeded by the strictly commercial Dutch, as in Ceylon, and then practical, but justice-giving British (mostly Scotch) drove the Dutch away. Later in the day, I was in Thackeray's India of the old Indian regiments—the great mess house, with its old-fashioned punkahs, where the regimental plate was displayed every night. How many generations of fine young Empire builders have passed through that old building! Lord! how much British blood we have lost in India, and how unselfishly!

It was wet, wet, wet all day.

I have to do all my own writing. Young Snoad, my junior secretary, I left at Colombo to come to Bombay by the boat we go to Port Said in, the *Naldera*.

The holiday is nearing its end—Agra, Delhi, Bombay, Palestine, improbably Egypt, a little of the South of France, and then very willingly to work.

Wednesday, January 11th, 1922.
Madras to Delhi.

The speed of the famous *Delhi Mail* is almost as inspiring as my *Daily Mail*.

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We sleep most of the time. The country is dreary in the extreme. I reckon we are sleeping twelve hours out of the twenty-four. All this part of India as seen from the train is dull.

We have picked up and taken into our private car a young naval officer, who, in view of the forthcoming great "sacking" of naval officers, has been to Australia, New Zealand, and Ceylon to look out for a job. He travels steerage. He is very glad of a lift in a private car, and, especially, of the use of a nice bath. He is of a well-known family from Hampshire.

To pass the time, Prioleau read *Pickwick* last night—the trial scene, the election, and much else. Prioleau reads very well.

We ought to arrive at Delhi to-morrow at 7.30 p.m., after six nights and seven days of train, and, unfortunately, no exercise.

Our car attendant is a very lazy black fellow. Frederick, who hates all foreigners, is now picking up a little Hindustanee—"Jello" (hurry up), 'Gurrum pané" (hot water), "Bilaitee pané"

(soda water), and the rest. We continue to eat in the station dining-rooms as our grandfathers did, except breakfast, which is cooked in the car.

I don't like India. Excepting the hills, it is a wearisome country. Compare lovely Japan or charming little New Zealand! What do we want India for? Prestige? Perhaps. Cash? We certainly don't get any from it. The thousands of able men from home here could do far better almost anywhere else. For example, in New Zealand, Canada, the Malay States, China. As a matter of fact, the young Briton is ceasing to come to India. He will not stand the insults of the natives and the lack of support he gets from the Government.

There are very few railway bookstalls in India. We have been travelling all these days and nights, and the same news appears in local paper after local paper. The chief news is the resignation of De Valera. He is a great personage in India just now. He is compared to Gandhi, or Mahatma Gandhi, as he calls himself.

An Indian winter's morning, drizzling—and dreary enough. Little boy-beggars crowd round the train at the stations, slapping their stomachs sharply to suggest the emptiness thereof.

One day we had to stop for some hours to join another train. We hired a little native carriage called a tonga and went for an excursion in the country to see what the country folk are like. There is a great fort to be seen for those thin enough to climb very high. Prioleau and the young naval officer achieved the climb and found, inside the fort, a vast Buddha. In the little villages the natives are most polite, saluting with both hands and bowing. The ponies were taken out of harness, and I sat two hours meditating under a tree, looking over the great plain, thinking about India and the responsibility we have in defending these ungrateful people.

The birds here are extremely tame. Doves came and sat within a few yards of me. I heard the coppersmith, the bird that makes a noise like a man hammering on copper.

At the railway station, the stationmaster is from Birmingham —out seven years and dying to get home.

Here, much to our surprise, we came across Lord and Lady Montagu, who we did not know were in India. They have brought their Rolls-Royce from England and are going on a long tour. We happened to meet them again later.

On, on, on we go, reading and dozing. As we get north it gets colder, and the day before Delhi we wore flannel suits and stopped the electric fans. The crowds of yelling and selling

natives at the stations look different. They are bigger men. At night we came to Delhi, after six nights and seven days, with the noise in our ears, and a bit dizzy. It is dark, and we are whisked through the streets in the Viceroy's Wolseley, in bright, cold moonlight, to Viceregal Lodge, a smallish new house, with not so much pomp as at Madras.

My rooms are like a suite at the Ritz. I found a table laid before a wood fire, with sweet peas and roses for me; a perfect bedroom and bathroom. An old Norfolk man is groom of the chambers, and, dressed in English livery, superintends the red-coated native servants. The sight of a fire is very pleasant. I have only seen fires four times since last winter in England; once in New Zealand, once in Tasmania, once in Japan, and once at Nuwara Eliya.

"Their Excellencies hope I will dine in my room if tired." Exactly like Lord Reading. On previous occasions, I won't say where, after immense journeys, we have been hustled into huge parties when worn out and sleepy. After our long journey I shall not easily forget that warm bath and dinner, with the latest telegrams from my home folk.

India is immense, and among all these hundreds of millions of blacks there are only a hundred and eighty thousand whites, including our troops. How is the miracle done?

CHAPTER XXVII

DELHI

Viceregal Lodge, Delhi—" Hollyhocks, Roses, Lavender, and Delphiniums " —Golf, with Clay Greens—The New Delhi—Lord Rawlinson—" Roses, Roses, Roses "—Etiquette in India—The Spectre of Indian Unrest.

Saturday, January 14th, 1922.
Viceregal Lodge, Delhi.

HEN I woke up in my cosy bed with no mosquito curtains, and looked out of the window, I found that this low, quiet house is set in lovely English gardens with hollyhocks, roses, lavender, and delphiniums. It is just like being at home, except for the brilliant sunlight. Around the house are wonderful tents, with electric light and hot and cold baths. Here live the staff of nearly one thousand people. Prioleau has a tent, and says it is most comfortable and luxurious.

It is always on my mind that midst the quiet British luxury of this house is the spectre of Indian agitation. As we went into dinner last night, red-coated servants salaaming, men wearing Orders, I could think of nothing but that Indian unrest. The Viceroy has been left a heavy legacy by his predecessor, whose policy was to let the natives and Gandhi alone, saying that it would come right in time !

I spent the morning golfing on a course as queer as Pekin's —hard brown earth, hard shiny clay greens, with sand in the middle. My ! how fast !

Then I drove round old Delhi with the Second Member of the Council. Old Delhi, the city of the mosques, is wonderful—the Pearl Mosque, the Fort, the Red Palace. Preparations are being made for the Prince of Wales ; electric lights are being put everywhere. But I thought Delhi much more wonderful in 1897, before I had seen China, Japan, and Siam. The remains

of the Mutiny are still everywhere—the Kashmir Gate and the other relics of which you can read.

It is a quiet, interesting day, and the bracing cold is delicious after the heat of the last five months.

But all are anxious here, very, very anxious—almost as anxious as in 1857.

It is pleasing to revisit the tombs and mosques, but things are only wonderful by comparison. There is great beauty in these white marble mosques, inlaid with cornelians and topaz and other semi-precious stones. Before people had seen the Rockies and the Himalayas they raved about what have now become the charabancers' favourite haunts, the Lakes and the Alps. I think that Pekin, Bangkok, Kyoto, Versailles, Fontainebleau, Windsor, and the Woolworth Building in New York are all grand, stately, or beautiful in their respective ways. All have their charms; but give me my Elmwood every time.

Sunday, January 15th, 1922.
Viceregal Lodge, Delhi.

Both Prioleau and I feel this terrific change from tropical Colombo to the cold Delhi climate of January. I cannot say that it makes us feel very well. The change is too sudden.

We are asked to remain for the Prince's visit; but it is time I relieved those who are carrying on my burdens at home.

Yesterday I went to the vast new Delhi, designed by two English architects—Sir Edwin Lutyens and Mr. Herbert Baker. A wonderful pre-war conception, but very unpopular with every one we meet, British and natives alike. This vast new town, miles in extent, drinks up millions of money, which neither India nor England possesses at the moment. The natives say that we should not have dared to do it in England or Australia or Canada. They say that it will be the grave of the British Empire. The British pessimists say we shan't hold India long enough to see a Viceroy live in it; economists say India can't pay for it; others say the native Princes are being bled heavily to help to complete its accessories. *I* believe that it will be finished. It is said that it was started by the Viceroy before last. Well, he had no idea the war was coming or he would not have done it. The superstitious think that the eighth Delhi will see the passing of English rule, and this is the eighth Delhi.

The chief architect and his lady took me round. It would make Hyde Park look small. Some of the auxiliary buildings are gigantic. One, which is to house clerks, reminds me of the biggest hotel in Atlantic City, New Jersey, which every one knows is bigger than the Savoy, Cecil, Carlton, and Ritz combined. The

architect pointed out to me that the London Ritz could be put inside one of the arches. Armies of natives and miles of railway line are employed.

We have many invitations from native princes. I should like to have accepted that of the Maharajah of Bikaner, who does everything on a tremendous scale. I hear that this great Indian prince has a dozen Rolls-Royces. A certain native prince's house party this week consisted of 170 guests!

These Delhi mornings in January are as lovely as Cannes or California at their best.

After dinner last night, an officer, who is leaving the Army, did some very wonderful conjuring. He told me that his boys at public schools at home are going to have their school fees paid by means of this gift. When recently at home, he did a week's turn at the Palace Theatre of Varieties, and got fifty pounds for it. One of his tricks was to throw a glass of port into the air, where it apparently disappeared. He did it three times within a yard of me. He tells me that he was a pupil of Bertram, the famous conjurer.

Everywhere as we go round the world, we find people anxious about their position at home on retirement. Married naval people in particular are grievously anxious. I hate to see it.

"What is the most interesting place you have visited?" I am asked again and again every day. My little tour is attracting a good deal of attention wherever we go. After much consideration, I say Pekin, Siam, New Zealand. India is dull by comparison; but then I have been here before. I don't like India anyway.

I have now had much talk with many officials and newspaper men—many, many hours of it. People tell me that India is well-nigh bankrupt as a result of bad trade following the war. Further taxes must be imposed on the natives at this critical time of unrest. Remember that we are obliged, by our promise, to consider a great extension of their independence in 1929. They are clamouring for that extension already.

I played in a foursome at golf this, Sunday, afternoon. As the Viceroy was one of the four, we were followed by queer native detectives. I am used to that. I played with five detectives around me in June, 1917, in the United States, and, until I left that country, there was always one with me. It is a nuisance, but one gets used to almost anything. Has anyone played on so many strange courses as I have? I doubt it. I doubt whether anyone has had to learn such queer rules. Here, for example, you may lift, without penalty, from a lizard hole or ant heap,

and pick thorns out of the ball, which will give some idea of the hardness of the thorns here.

Monday, January 16th, 1922.
Viceregal Lodge, Delhi.

Six months ago I left England in very much hotter weather than this. I am humbly grateful for the protection that has been given my little party in some dangerous places to which I have not alluded, and also in the matter of health (so far).

I went to-day with the Readings to see the house that has been built for the Prince of Wales—a white bungalow, with cool patio inside. As showing what architects are like, the architect who built this wanted H.R.H. to come out of his bedroom and go through the public patio every time he went to his dressing-room! —the patio, of course, being filled by the usual crowd of servants. But Lady Reading insisted on having a door cut straight through from the bedroom to the dressing-room next door. The house is costly, but will be useful in future. It stands on the site of the tents in which the Duke of Connaught and suite lived last year.

People are anxious about the royal visit to Delhi and Lahore.

The avenue of hollyhocks leading up to the Prince's house is fine. The Indians say, "Where the hollyhocks grow the woman rules," of which I reminded their Excellencies. The same rule applies, I think, to every other kind of flower! Between the hollyhocks were festoons of scarlet and purple bougainvillæa.

At night I dined with the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Rawlinson, with whom I have not spoken since the battle of the Somme. As to my views that we can't police the whole of India against the will of the people, and that we should concentrate on our rich possessions—Bombay, Calcutta, Karachi, Madras, and some others—he said he had not formed any opinion on the subject. The process will be hampered by the fact that few British officers or civilians desire to come out to this Indianized India. The result of our withdrawal to our great towns would be, of course, chaos in the interior. Why the devil should we lose all the splendid lives we lose on the frontier? We don't hear of these losses. I have heard of plenty. The frontier is alive with tribes armed with modern weapons. Why shouldn't the talking Babus or Madrassees and others protect *themselves* against the wild people in the north?

Again let me say how few people at home realize that in 1929 we are obliged to re-open the question of Indian independence. I made many inquiries as to whether that pledge was necessary. I did not meet one official here or elsewhere who said that we could have withstood the demand.

Day after day, sunny crisp mornings. I walked about by

myself in the Viceregal gardens, while the dew was on the ground ; roses, roses, roses—dark red most of them—everywhere, the noisy minas hopping about like agile thrushes ; the bheesty filling his water-skin at the fountain ; the lovely sunshine, which, at this season, comes as regularly as dawn ; the Standard on high ; the lively Indian rooks ; the spacious feeling of being in a great garden. Who can believe that we are in the centre of Indian unrest ? In a near-by street the Mutiny massacres took place, close to the street in which the late Viceroy, Hardinge, was bombed. If we could just transplant for six weeks these delicious mornings to Brighton or Bournemouth !

Tuesday, January 17th, 1922.
Viceregal Lodge, Delhi.

The Viceroy has the faculty of being unperturbed, ready with a laugh that makes others laugh, during this very, very worrying time in India. The native newspapers attack him like wasps for his " repressive " methods. The gaols are all filled with prisoners who have defied the Government, and who would be in gaol at home for the same actions. Many years of so-called education and native vanity as to their capacity to do things have culminated in this state of affairs. Before I get to Jerusalem, for which place I start on Saturday, 21st, from Bombay, there may have been bloodshed in India. Nobody knows. I feel like a deserter in leaving India, but I have been away from home so many months that I could not accept the Viceroy's invitation to stay longer.

Yesterday I drove through the Chandi Chouk, the native street where Lord Hardinge was bombed. When we were here in 1897 we were warned not to go, but I noticed no glaring on the part of either Hindus or Mohammedans, though I saw many white Gandhi caps.

The staff of Viceregal Lodge is the best I have met yet. They are never idle. The entertaining *has* to be on an immense scale. Native princes are here daily. There are eight hundred native servants. The house is in the centre of the two hundred and fifty millions of British India and seventy millions in States ruled by Indian Princes.

Altogether, out of the Viceroy's £25,000 a year (roughly), have to be kept a thousand servants and several houses. Of course, it cannot be done. In the kitchen here, the French chef has forty under-chefs. There are English house-stewards, housekeepers, and a flight of topping A.D.C.'s. There are many English as well as native chauffeurs, a Master of the Music and an European band. It mostly takes four or five Orientals to do certain things

done by one European, such as to manage a railway station. Whether it be China, Japan, or India, there are always crowds of chattering and shouting assistants.

Delhi, as I have suggested, is but one of several Viceregal homes. There are others—one at Calcutta, for instance, which is terrific in size. All the ceremony is prescribed by custom. Native princes are meticulously anxious about this. The bigwigs and their suites, when visiting Governors or the Viceroy, sit precisely as their rank entitles them. The chairs have to be placed to the exact inch. As you all know, they are entitled to the firing of so many guns as a salute. There are one-gun men up to seventeen-gun men, and the natives count the guns most carefully as they are fired. A one-gun man is about equal to a knight. The Viceroy has 21, the King 101.

As to the Indians: what do we know about them? Young Maharajah ——, who came to see me at Fontainebleau, is preposterously rich; had never been to Europe before; makes remarkable speeches in Etonian English; writes fair poetry; tames tigers for the shooting of his British guests; goes nowhere without white kid or silk gloves lest he be contaminated, and will enter no place where there is a dog. He is one of our props in India.

As to the Indian women: a native lady who works in the Zenana, and is a sort of social missionary, told me that she went to see a great Indian lady the other day who had never been out and never seen out of her palace since she entered it as one of the many brides therein. The women's quarters were guarded by a very dangerous and savage peacock, trained to fly at men in a moment and peck out their eyes. What a lot of eyes would be removed were this the case in London!

Remarking on the beautiful flowers in the garden to the Indian princess, the princess replied, "Garden? Is that where flowers grow?" She had never seen the garden! I asked, "What do these women do all day?" I presumed needlework; but I was told that they spent their time mostly in praying. The amount of praying that goes on among Moslems and Hindus is colossal.

But all this life is passing. Now we have the swaggering, boastful, whisky-and-soda drinking, horn-spectacled, and fountain-pen-wearing Babu, who likes to think that, because he has the imitative and blotting-paper mind that enables him to pass examinations, he is the equal of the Anglo-Saxon, and, *knowing* his own inferiority, is bitter and dangerous. These are not my words, but the words of an Indian lady who knows her people.

Tuesday, January 17th, 1922, cont.
Viceregal Lodge, Delhi.

We left the comfortable, quiet, and considerate household at Viceregal Lodge wondering what will happen to the busy-brained Viceroy going through this great crisis in Indian life, who, while we were there, was quite willing, in the evening, to play a simple game of cards called " Happy Family." In saying good-bye to Viceregal Lodge, we parted with the kindest people I have met on this journey. There was nothing the Viceroy and Lady Reading would not do to make us happy and comfortable, and I shall always look back upon our stay with them as one of the pleasantest incidents of my world tour. The staff is unusually good, and it consists of a number of delightful and efficient young A.D.C.'s, Lieut.-Col. C. S. (lately on Lord Grey's staff during his ambassadorship at Washington), a nursing sister, a doctor, who is L. G.'s * son-in-law, and the Vicereine's private secretary, Miss Fitzroy. Each of these people laid themselves out to make the time pass pleasantly. Prioleau says that the A.D.C.'s room, which he was at once told to regard as his own, is like a particularly jolly mess. One has only to ask to go anywhere or to do anything and immediately one or other of the A.D.C.'s " on Guests Duty " produces a car and himself as a delightful companion. Their names are Captains Burton, Gregory Smith, Mears (with whom I played golf twice), Leslie (a flying man), and Lawrence.

And there is the magnificent specimen of an English household steward, who made Frederick happy and comfortable. To-night, by order of their Excellencies, Frederick is to be taken out to an Indian theatre with an interpreter. He (Frederick) says that Viceregal Lodge is the nearest thing to home he has met yet.

Altogether a most hospitable and kindly house, which we are very sorry to leave.

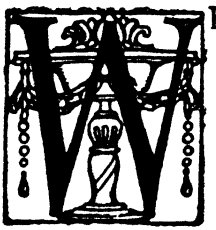
* Mr. Lloyd George.

CHAPTER XXVIII

DELHI, AGRA, AND BOMBAY

A Splendid Motoring Road—Monkeys—A Mishap—Agra: the Taj Mahal—Bombay: "Sands like Margate"—Interviews with Natives—"Snake Antidote"—The Word "Anglo-Indian."

Tuesday, January 17th, 1922, cont.
Delhi to Bombay.



E left Viceregal Lodge, Delhi, at twenty minutes to three in the afternoon, in an open six-cylinder Wolseley, and took the splendid Grand Trunk Road to Muttra and Agra (115 miles), leaving Frederick behind to come on to-morrow by the Bombay Mail, which we shall pick up at Muttra Junction. The road is one of the finest I have ever driven over, certainly among the widest. It is absolutely flat, and it is perfectly shaded by dense trees for nearly the whole distance. Except for a rough mile or two near Agra, outside Sikandra, the surface can compare with any pre-war roads in Europe, but the dust is terrible. The country is not very interesting for the first sixty miles or so, but there is plenty to look at in the man, animal, and bird life which swarms on the road. There are bullock carts of every sort, from the roughest farm waggons to the most bedizened wedding and family coaches, all over brasswork and filled with people dressed in flaring red and yellow robes; tongas with one or two bullocks; weird little pony traps in which sit fat men who have money-lender written all over their faces . . . every kind of Indian conveyance.

We only met three motor cars the whole day, and not more than a dozen white people.

Nearly as numerous as the people were the monkeys which hopped and grinned and chattered at us by the roadside as we shot past. They are extraordinarily tame, and in several villages, and even in Muttra itself, they sat in troops on the tops of walls and roofs and on the steps of the native shops. Tiny grey

squirrels run about in thousands. Peacocks and parrots and flamingoes, with the ubiquitous and countless minas, the great Indian kites and crows, ring-tailed doves and big kingfishers were among the birds I noticed.

We got to Muttra about dusk, and suddenly discovered that the electric lighting of the car had failed. I had noticed that for some miles back the driver had been worrying with the switchboard, and now he announced that his batteries were discharged and that there was no light to be hoped for!

Muttra possesses no garage or anything like one, but there is a waterworks with an Englishman in charge who was said to have a large charging plant. We searched for this bungalow in the fast deepening twilight, amid a labyrinth of side roads, without success, and it seemed as if we should have to wait till the moon rose before proceeding. As this does not happen till well after ten, and it was now only half-past six, the prospects were not too cheerful. Then came our wonderful piece of luck. It all sprang from the fact that the driver of the car which had taken me in the morning to call on Lady Falmouth had, after depositing me at Flagstaff House, the house of the C.-in-C., Lord Rawlinson, simply gone home and left us. Consequently, I was nearly half an hour late for lunch—rather an unfortunate misadventure, as Lady Reading had ordered lunch specially early for us. Had we left Delhi at 2 p.m., as it was intended we should, we should have been another twenty miles along the Agra road at dusk, away from any town, and would certainly have had to spend half the night by the roadside, cold, hungry, and thirsty.

Motorists' luck and my little St. Christopher's medal which Lady Sophie Hall gave me, so arranged matters that, in a cantonment outside Muttra, we came across a small two-seater which belonged to a Captain and Mrs. Marshall who were just off with some friends for an evening drive. These kind-hearted people at once gave up their evening's enjoyment and escorted us first of all to the aforesaid waterworks, where a native mechanic worked for an hour and three-quarters without achieving anything but a scorched shirt (which he elected to use as a damp rag in his work on the cables), and then to their bungalow, where they gave us refreshment and made us parcels of excellent sandwiches.

Mrs. Marshall told me a tale of their last leave home which explained their reluctance to leave India again for some time. They went home in a troopship, but before they got to Malta both of them (travelling with a baby and a seasick nurse) got double pneumonia, and were landed for dead at Valetta. They

were six weeks in recovering, and were finally sent on in a 2000-ton ship in which they suffered every sort of misery.

These young people gave me a new glimpse into what I was brought up to call Anglo-Indian life. (Anglo-Indians are now, officially, Eurasians, and Englishmen who live in India are called Europeans.) They live in the usual type of bungalow in a place where there are very few Europeans. There is the customary club where they spend an hour or two every evening, and there is, they told me, excellent shooting close at hand.

One day recently two guns got four nilghai (the famous Indian blue bull), twenty-nine partridges, and three sambur (the Indian deer). Except the nilghai, game is constantly found on the Grand Trunk Road itself, and most shooting is done by and sometimes from motors. I saw a sambur myself quite close to the road this afternoon.

The Marshalls are perfectly happy. He is in the Indian Army, and has had one leave home in nine years. They have no wish whatever to go home for good. I wonder how long that will last. We sat and talked for half an hour, while the baby who had travelled home with them on their disastrous journey did his best to entertain us. He is two and a half.

We left at about nine o'clock, having borrowed their spare acetylene lamp and a paraffin stable lantern, and took to the perils of the road again with a sort of misty twilight glowing feebly from the off front lamp bracket. This only lasted a very short time, and about ten miles away from the bungalow it died away, and we had to hang the stable lantern by its handle from the radiator cap. Here it swayed and bumped against the radiator as we drove gingerly along, but, marvellous to relate, kept alight and threw a good light on the sides of the road. It threw no light at all ahead, and we had one or two narrow shaves of running down the backs of bullock carts plodding silently and invisibly along the road. The drivers were invariably asleep, they carried no lights, and the carts were the same colour as the road itself. It was a beautiful drive all the same, and gave us many delightfully picturesque glimpses of an India you miss in trains. About every three miles we would come across a whole caravan of bullock carts outspanned for the night, their drivers sitting round a little camp fire smoking hookahs and probably telling old, old tales, just as they have done since the beginning and as they will go on doing long after motor cars and aeroplanes are forgotten relics of a dead past. Then our stable lantern would show up a whole hamlet, crowded against the sides of the road, and its yellow beams would fall on swathed figures sitting in little groups on

the raised earth platforms which make a sort of tiny veranda to the mud-built village hut or shop. Many of them salaamed to us. Indeed, I have not seen a single instance of deliberate rudeness on the part of the country or any other people.

Then the moon rose, and we were able to make a little better speed, and about half-past eleven, after a good deal of inquiring and taking of wrong turns, we arrived at the Hotel Cecil, Agra, which we found to be a very decent inn. Beautiful wood fires blazed in our grates and a big pile of sandwiches made everything as it should be. Prioleau drove straight on to see the Taj by moonlight, but I, having seen the Taj before, remained behind to see about the sandwiches and our comfort in general. ("How like him!" did you say?) And so ends a delightful experience. It was like the old days of motoring Ten hours to do 115 miles in!

In the morning, after a very short night, we were up before light to get ready to see the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful tomb in the world—the lovely white tomb, of which the name of the architect is absolutely forgotten. It knocks the Temple of Heaven at Pekin, or the Summer Palace there, into a cocked hat. It is the most beautiful building in the world. I can't describe it. Photographs do no more than indicate what it is like.

Afterwards, we came back to the Hotel Cecil, it is called—a strange-looking Hotel Cecil, a rambling place. In the garden we again met Lord and Lady Montagu, who did two hundred and thirty miles yesterday in their Rolls-Royce. We talked so long with them that we quite forgot the question of time. We had a long way to go to pick up the Bombay express.

At the garage I said to the garage owner, "How long will it take us?" "About half an hour," he said. "How far is it?" I asked. "Thirty-six miles." That will give an indication of the Indian's knowledge of time. They have none. Good as the road was, no car could have done it at the rate of seventy-two miles an hour. As it was we did the thirty-six miles in fifty minutes, what time you at home were fast asleep at three in the morning, English time. The road was excellent, but the dust appalling. We had continually to slow up for children, ox teams, buffaloes, and pigs. The monkeys are out again. How discontented they look! They are not the least afraid of motor cars. Some of them curse you exactly like men as you go by. But I like to see the mothers, with their little ones on their backs, sprint across the road like rabbits.

It is the same sunshine day after day If one could only export it to the Riviera!

Thursday, January 19th, 1922.
Bombay.

This was the dustiest railway journey I have had for a long time. Yet Prioleau and I slept like tops.

There was no private car for us; the private cars in this part are retained for H.R.H. Edward P. I think that it does people good to come down a peg. We got on very well indeed. We dined in the restaurant car; the meals were excellent and perfectly served.

Bombay, which I remember well, is a great, fine, Italian-looking, Anglo-Oriental city, situated on an island in a beautiful bay. I have not been here for twenty-five years. We are out of flannel clothes and into hot weather with white silk clothes and sun hats again. We drove, with the A.D.C. who met us (a son of Mrs. Benson, whom I met at Roquebrune last year), to Malabar Hill, where Government House is. There is a long beautiful drive up to the house close to the shore, which has sands like Margate. There in the gardens was a company of English children, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mrs. Benson, and other English people I knew. It was the occasion of a children's party, which her Ladyship was giving. I went down to the sands and saw the little ones. It is curious to see their black ayahs carrying them. Some one told me that when they first get to England and have white nannas they are frightened of them. There was the usual performing bear and monkey, paddling, sailing boats, and the rest —a very pretty sight.

Here, again, we were in the land of the mosquito net round the bed, which I hate, for I do like my nightly cigar and book in bed.

The house is beautifully situated in the bay. In the cool and dark of the evening I went out on the lawn and sat in a long chair with young Sir George Lloyd, the Governor. The cool sea breeze blew upon us while we talked of the anxiety of the Indian situation, especially about the Moslems, who, for the first time in *Anglo-Indian* history, have joined the Hindus. (As to the word "Anglo-Indian," I ought once more to say that it has been adopted officially for the word "Eurasian," that is to say, the people called "chocolate" and "café au lait": the half-caste. So people are not pleased to be called "Anglo-Indian" any more.)

My time in Bombay was largely spent in interviewing natives, mostly distinguished ones; many extremists, and some moderates. These people have got swelled heads.

This Government House is one of the most beautiful Government Houses I have stayed at, and I am now an expert in Government Houses. That at Sydney is one of the most beautifully

situated, so is Hobart, Tasmania. One of the worst is Ottawa, which is unworthy of the British Empire. At Government House, Bombay, you can go down and bathe in the sea if you choose. I was content with my excellent bath.

I was talking this morning with one of our fellow guests about the lack of privacy in India, which I have referred to before. Chinese servants crawl about in absolute silence, but there are not so many of them. In these great Indian establishments servants are everywhere. They are on every veranda, and at every open door (in this hot country every door has to be open). Sometimes they are standing up, sometimes squatting down—doing nothing.

I like the punctuality of the life here. The guests assemble five minutes before the exact time at which every meal is served. To the minute, the little Government House party form their entrance, the Governor walking in front of his lady.

Sunday, January 22nd, 1922.
Indian Ocean, S.S. "Naldera."

I am writing this in the great comfort of the P. & O. *Naldera*.

Frederick said to me this morning at half-past six, when he brought in my coffee, "Only one more Government House, I heard his Lordship say?" "Yes, Frederick; the next one is on the Mount of Olives in Palestine."

One of the most interesting things that I saw in India was the Pasteur Institute, in Bombay, where I saw extracted from the snakes the poison from which the serum is made. We entered a large building, which had been the first Government House in Bombay; in which, by the way, I saw that King Edward had stayed. We went into a large room (like a museum), filled with a noise exactly like the hissing of steam. This came from the deadly serpents in glass cases. We walked round and looked at these curled-up devils. They seemed, like tigers, in a continual state of anger. Most of them uncurled and rose up as we touched the glass. An Englishman who has been bitten a number of times by the most deadly snakes, and likes it, held them up one by one. He is not at all afraid of them. As soon as he is bitten he takes the serum. As long as the serum is fresh—made within a fortnight—it is all right. He hiked out a snake, grasped it tightly at the back of the head, and then took a wineglass covered with a thin membrane of indiarubber, pushed it at the snake's head, the snake bit it, and we saw the deadly venom pouring into the glass—a yellowish liquid. Then, to reward the snake, a tin funnel was put down its throat, and it was given an egg-flip; after which the snake was put back into a glass case. The process

was followed with other snakes. The Governor told me that when he went on a tour, he always took snake antidote with him. White people are rarely bitten by snakes. They tell me that only one kind of snake *attacks* human beings, which is rather different from stories we heard in Siam.

Then I saw the method by which they catch the rat fleas which convey the plague. They put a rat in a cage with a trained guinea-pig. The fleas hop from the rat to the guinea-pig. They chloroform the guinea-pig and pick off the chloroformed fleas, put them into a test-tube, breed them from little cocoons like silkworms, and there study them. Apparently there are about three hundred kinds of fleas, and only one conveys the plague.

The Governor took me to see the beginning of the new Bombay, for the laying out of which he is responsible; a wonderful great city, with a marine drive of many miles around it.

I did not go this time to the Towers of Silence (where the Parsees put their bodies for disposal by the birds).

I saw lots of rich Parsees. This active little race of sixty thousand is among the richest in Bombay. They and the Gujaratis are among the Rolls-Royce owners. During the recent riots the mob went at once for the Parsees. Somebody told me he had since seen the Parsees drilling! They are not a war-like folk.

The new Bombay is like every new city in America or elsewhere—huge buildings, and streets divided into three parts, "one way" motor-car roads, and a middle road for horse traffic. Oxen are not allowed on any of the main roads.

Our time in the Middle East, as this is called, as distinct from the Far East, beginning at the Straits Settlements, and the Near East, which comprises Turkey and Company, is over.

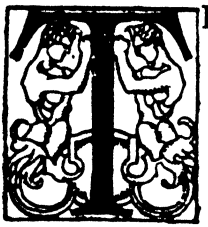
Frederick is in a seventh heaven of delight at our return, although the fact that at the last two Government Houses there have been servants' halls and "rooms" consoled him a little. He confesses he has had very little work to do on his trip round the world. He hates it, hates the people, takes no interest in the places, and would like to be back on the "door" at Carlton Gardens, where there are three or four young men who hang about all day long, probably discussing turf matters or football, springing to attention when the bell rings. As for the "natives" of every country, he detests them, especially as one or two of them have relieved him of eighty pounds in one case and a couple of wrist-watches in another.

CHAPTER XXIX

BOMBAY, ADEN, AND SUEZ

A Grand Ship—"Delightful Children"—Socotra—Aden: General Scott—Necessity for an Understanding between Great Britain, France, and the United States—A Message from Lord Allenby—Letters at Port Suez.

Monday, January 23rd, 1922.
Bombay to Suez, S.S. "Naldera."



THIS P. & O. *Naldera* looks like a little *Aquitania;* she is of about one-third the size and is the same style of ship, with lifts. She is filled with Australians, nice hearty people. I thoroughly like them. We are back among the tall people. Several of them are nearly seven feet high.

I have no sitting-room, or palm garden, as I had in the *Aquitania*, but I have an absolutely topping bedroom as large as the average bedroom in any house, with two electric fans, and a little tiled bathroom.

I don't like the P. & O. habit of dining by gong. The gong sounds at every course, and a fleet of black waiters comes in. But the *Naldera* is a grand ship, speeding to Aden faster than we have travelled since we left the *Aquitania.*

I don't suppose that I shall ever see the Orient again, as I am anxious to visit South America, South and Central Africa, and the East of Africa too. I shall be quite willing to start off a week after arrival. I shall have to do these strenuous parts of the world before I get too ancient.

We have been in the East many long and delightful days. *Nobody* knows the East. As in China, so it is in India, no one knows what will come next. A retired Indian official on this boat declares that he can't tell me what will happen in the next three months. Last week, Viceregal Lodge received intimation that the Bheels had risen and were marching on a certain town.

"Are they well armed?" asked the Viceroy.

"With bows and arrows, and they are stark naked," was the reply.

An English judge said to me that there is a fatuous notion in England that the natives like British justice. His life experience is that that is untrue. They neither like British justice nor British tax-collectors. We have lots of foolish notions at home, such as that the Japanese are overcrowded and must have an exit. One of the best parts of Japan is absolutely empty. It is merely their excuse for political expansion. The value of our trip has been to counteract some very prevalent thoughts. It has taught me that Orientals don't like ordinary rule. An eminent Filipino said that " it is better to have our own disorderly Government rather than be interfered with by Americans." These are not his exact words, which were much stronger.

Tuesday, January 24th, 1922.
Bombay to Suez, S.S. " Naldera."

As I have said, the *Naldera* is not unlike the *Aquitania.* She seems immense, but she is less than a third the size of that " Wonder Ship," as I call the great Cunarder. The *Naldera* has arrived from Australia, and, as I have said, is mostly filled with Australians going to England, some for the first time. Among them are the kind of Australians who call England " home," which is rare among them. The New Zealanders say " home," as do those British who live in India and the Far East. They are pleasant homely people, and they look as though they have plenty of money. All are filled with that supreme confidence in Australia which is so fine a characteristic of them.

The voyage is an absolutely smooth one, as usual.

I went over the refrigeration department of the ship, as I did in the *Aquitania.* Everything here, as there, is perfectly kept, and everything is of the best. I noticed some cats about, and asked if rats could live in the freezing-rooms. Yes, I was told, they do, and, moreover, develop a fur like a bear. They say that ship's rats are very adaptable. When poison gas was first used to drive them out of ships, they were killed by hundreds, but, nowadays, at the first sniff of gas they are off to their secret hiding-places.

Prioleau tells me that we have done about forty thousand miles and spent a hundred and twenty days in ships, yet none of us is the least tired of ships, except Frederick.

Wednesday, January 25th, 1922.
Bombay to Suez, S.S. " Naldera."

I don't know of any place that makes one realize so much how old one is as confinement in a ship full of people of all ages. Here, in this great P. & O. *Naldera,* there is every specimen of humanity—

A number of delightful children every one loves, with their audacity in climbing in dangerous places, their mothers extremely complacent of their doings; plenty of mutton, dressed lamb fashion, that is to say, women, passed middle-age, with skirts up to their knees, trying to be skittish. The habitual tippler, who is in every ship. And crowds of healthy young people, who play games all day to the annoyance of the older people; pompous people from official situations in the East, who find themselves not treated with the respect to which they have been accustomed; fat, jolly men, who don't mind being fat, shaking with laughter all day. (No, I am *not* referring to myself.)

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Imprisoned here in a very small space, there is not much concealment for many days as to one's characteristics. On one side of me at table sits an Australian millionaire, who lets me know at every lunch time some fresh development of his wealth. On the other side there is a young wife going home to increase the population. She has her mind running upon a future Etonian. Being chained up with a number of one's own species at close range is instructive. In your circle at home you pick your associates, avoiding people you don't like. Here you are up against folks, whether you like it or not. I hope the experience is making me more tolerant of others.

Thursday, January 26th, 1922.
Bombay to Suez, S.S. "Naldera."

While thoroughly enjoying this superb voyage—"weather smoothest, health wellest," as we say in the cables—*we* are *blasé* about sea voyages. *We* don't jump up to see a porpoise or an island. It is, therefore, interesting to notice this great ship-load of Australian passengers rising up as one man to see the island of Socotra. We have been passing along the distant coast-line of Arabia for a day or two now.

Socotra remains in my mind as the scene of one of the many achievements of journalism by which the *Daily Mail* established itself. It was there that the P. & O. *Aden* was wrecked. And it was at this time that there began, from the other newspapers, those showers of abuse which have helped to make the paper. Our then Correspondent at Aden, a postmaster, long since dead (I believe), indicated the wreck by a triple-rate telegram. We sent him much money by cable with instructions to get the fullest details. The terrible wreck took place, with an enormous loss of life, about the time of the Queen's birthday, May 24th.

We announced the wreck, which the P. & O. indignantly denied. They hadn't heard of it. Then came, as far as I can

remember, a wonderful cable of details of the life of the wrecked survivors on Socotra. When I look at Socotra and Aden on the map, I realize the work done by that postmaster. We were abused for inventing the wreck, and questions were asked in Parliament; but finally all the other papers had to print the narrative. That is a quarter of a century back, but our news victory is still remembered by the older officers of this ship.

Just before getting to Aden I received a wireless invitation from the Resident, General Scott, an extremely nice Irishman, who brought the Government launch to meet us to take me ashore. It was dark. I have not seen Aden for a quarter of a century, and did not see it to-night.

Most people think that Aden is a barren piece of desert. It is true that it only rains there about once a year, but Aden has a population of fifty-five thousand people. Look at the map. Consider the state of India. Aden is one of the most important of our possessions, perhaps as important as Gibraltar. Separated by the Indian Ocean, it is still, from the Governmental point of view, part of the Bombay Presidency.

We have had very little news for a long time. Naturally, when we got to Aden we were full of expectancy. We were sadly disappointed. There were practically no letters, one copy of *The Times*, no copies of the *Daily Mail*, two copies of the *Times Weekly Edition*, and two of the *Overseas Mail*, which the other passengers had also. I dare say that it is our fault.

Arriving at the quay, we were whisked off, in a smart motor car, to the Residency. This is the last of anything Indian I shall see, I suppose. The turbanned chauffeur is not likely to be repeated in Palestine, whither we are bound. I was surprised to find that there are five hundred motor cars in Aden, four daily papers, and a golf course, of sorts. The Residency is a low and rambling bungalow, but not at all bad—larger than I thought it would be.

General Scott was an old friend of my brother-in-law, Sir Lucas White King, and remembers my sister, Lady King, very well. "A fine couple," he said; and so they are, sharing their brother Alfred's once handsome figure, both of them.

We had a very pleasant dinner. All the food comes from Europe or Australia, except the beef, which comes from Somaliland, and very good beef it was. We talked long about Aden.

Friday, January 27th, 1922.
Bombay to Suez, S.S. "Naldera."

Exactly why the P. & O. should waste four hours at Aden I am unaware. We did not get away till one in the morning, the

night being " made hideous," as they say in Fleet Street, by the noise of rascals in small boats calling out, " I say, master, only five shillings this basket." We saw men holding up tiger skins, and all sorts of furs, which, by the way, come from this part of the world.

In every ship I have been, there has seemed to be a large number of those who enter into negotiations with the natives and purchase rubbish, with the result that, in ports, all steamers are infested by these boat pedlars. In every ship I have been there have been passengers who go ashore and come back drunk. In every ship we have been in somebody has lost something valuable in port.

Next morning after Aden, a number of passengers who had been ashore were ill.

The ship's doctor spoke to me yesterday about the sudden change from a temperature of 85, in which I have been living for months, to, perhaps, even 50, and probably less than that in England, or 60 in the South of France. He recommends Turkish baths.

No one knows exactly why the Red Sea is called the Red Sea. Some one tells me the rocks at Suez look red. We have been travelling through this Red Sea for two days now. It is not particularly hot. As I dictate this, at six in the morning, it is 81. Eighty-one seems quite cool compared with the temperatures we have had—so cool that we are sleeping under blankets. It is, of course, very hot later on in the year, but not so hot as in many parts of the world.

I have an invitation this morning from the chief of the Suez Canal to disembark at Suez, and proceed through the Canal in his yacht, by which I shall save a day and properly see the Canal, for, despite several passages, I have never properly seen it.

To show how thoroughly the French do these things, I repeat the wireless—

> " Bonnet director Paris Board, Suez Canal Company invites you disembark Suez proceed his yacht *Ismailia* where happy extend you hospitality whence convey you Kantara or entrain you Port Said stop Voyage Suez Ismailia three hours Ismailia Kantara two hours stop Provided *Naldera* arrives Suez before 18.00 Sunday this enable you catch Palestine connection Kantara same night stop Provisionally reserved sleeping accommodation Sunday train yourself two secretaries valet stop Suggest deliver your mail Suez if you accept invitation or Port Said instead Jerusalem please wire your wishes."

The plan worked beautifully, by the way. They are always so minute about detail. At home, despite the war, some of us know little about Frenchmen. We know them as artists, modistes, hotel keepers. As politicians, they always seem to us very unreasonable. I know them as newspaper controllers—in which capacity they are not particularly wonderful. Yet, when I come to think of it, there would be no newspapers in the world to-day in their present form if it were not for the French. Did they not invent the rotary printing press and papier-maché for stereotyping? I observe that, in giving instructions, they leave nothing to chance. Yet I wonder that, with so much noise and gesticulation, they manage anything. They certainly run their holiday resorts well, as the Riviera, and also their distant Protectorates and so-called colonies (not "colonies," for they don't colonize) like Indo-China. They certainly can't organize steamboats. Yet in regard to women's clothes, cooking, many forms of antiquarian research, pioneering in such matters as automobiles and flying, they are wonderful; railways not much, armies very much, navies not much, official hospitality extraordinarily well done. You will observe that I give high place to the adornment of the sex.

I do wish we understood them better and they understood us better. They are the second colonial power in the world. We very often forget that. They can be helpful or the reverse to us in the Far East. I return from my journey more than ever convinced of the need of a good understanding between the United States, France, and Great Britain, an understanding not desired by many members of each nationality, but certainly feared by the Germans, who are working slyly and steadily to prevent it.

Sunday, January 29th, 1922.
Bombay to Suez, S.S. "Naldera."

The temperature is down to-day—an immense fall, fifteen degrees—as the captain said it would be. It is a tremendous physical change. People are sniffing all over the ship, but in my case and one other worse has happened. At Aden the other day, I felt a slight pain in walking—nothing to speak of. After dinner at the Residency, I found that I could not walk about, so sat down. The pain has got worse every day, until to-day, when we arrive at Suez, I do not feel able to walk. It is the result of lying in a draught in the cabin with both windows open. The doctor says that it is something sciatic. It is not painful unless I walk, but excruciating when I do. It is a great nuisance, for yesterday I had a wireless from Lord Allenby, urging me to go to Cairo, which means altering our trip. There is something up in Egypt. (Later I found there was.) I must get about as best I can.

These forthcoming journeys to Palestine and Egypt, and possibly Syria, seem puny compared to those we have done. For example, Prioleau says that it is only three hours from Suez to Ismailia along the Canal, only eighteen from Cairo to Jerusalem, and only twelve from Jerusalem to Port Said. We shall only have two nights in the train. Altogether, as it turned out, by car, special train, and French war-boat, my journey was one thousand miles.

Sunday, January 29th, 1922. *Afternoon.*
Bombay to Suez, S.S. "Naldera."

I received a few letters at Port Suez—one telling me that my Mother is very well indeed; another telling of prosperous affairs at home; a letter on politics from Sir George, with wonderful net sale figures; another from a man asking for omission from my papers of letters similar to a recent one about badger-hunting; a bouquet from a French resident here, and, for the rest, rubbish and circulars. How do such letters as that on badger-hunting, and others, reach me with such punctuality on a voyage like this? Of papers, there was one very old copy of *The Times Weekly Edition* and one copy of the *Overseas Mail*; no others.

CHAPTER XXX

EGYPT

A Woman Doctor—Ismailia—De Lesseps' Bedroom—A Pleasant Dinner Party —" Cold, grey, wet "—The Residency at Cairo—Lord Allenby—Lord Kitchener's Bed—" The City of Cigarettes "—An Interview with the King of Egypt.

Sunday, January 29th, 1922, cont.
The Suez Canal.

AT Suez there is nothing to look at since I was last there, except oil tanks like great white gasometers. People were shivering about the ship in the bright but cold sunlight. Then the letters came on board. Mine have been thin throughout. People at home think we *know* and say nothing. We don't know. Here are letters weeks old. There is a wise Correspondent of *The Times* who knows about ships and letters and comes on board, with my usual French admirers with bouquets and addresses.

There is a French woman harbour doctor, instead of the usual man. On our arrival in ports there have been examinations by every kind of colonial doctor, by Japs, Chinese, and mulattos. It is only a question of habitude. And if men like to go down into a cabin and be examined by lady doctors, why not? And if a lady doctor can earn her living by examining passengers, why not? I didn't like it; but then I didn't like the public exhibition of bare backs by the ladies at the ship's fancy dress ball last night. Anyhow, I go for a prescription from the lady doctor for my sciatic chill. She tells me to go to the baths of Helouan, and get some warmth, sunshine, and massage! I've had enough sun for 1922.

Prioleau must leave me, perhaps for good. His brother, a judge here, has come on board to meet him, ill and needing care. Snoad must take business papers direct to Sir George Sutton. I go off alone in a little steam yacht in which are various French Suez Canal functionaries, whose names I saw the reporters getting. The end of the world trip has almost come. Still, I am to see

the Canal carefully in this fast little vessel, and to sleep at Ismailia in a French circle in the house in which de Lesseps made the Canal, and to hear all about Egyptian politics and why Lord Allenby was so anxious for me to come directly to Cairo.

Going along the Canal in this speedy little steam yacht and passing great ships going through is good sport, and really the Suez Canal is beautiful—especially the Bitter Lakes. And what it means! What it means to the heartache and home-sickness of those who live in the Farthest Far East and who get short leave only; those who previously had to go round Africa! Has any one idea—apart, perhaps, from the discovery of the application of anæsthetics and of steam power and electricity—done so much? I've often been in the Canal before, but never at twenty-five miles or more an hour.

At dusk we come to Ismailia, which looks like a town in the Midi in the twilight. It is a delightful evening, others think, but cold, cold, cold to me, after India and Queensland. There was a little crowd to meet me—mostly French and Egyptians with tarboushes, and no newspaper flashlights, thank goodness. I'm a bit cold and cross; there are no home letters or papers; and sciatica makes me hobble dolorously. Then I saw the tiny new moon through the window-glass of the little boat—worse luck! I was tired, and the thought of a long French dinner, after a day of this nagging pain, wasn't cheery. But they were nice folk—two Parisian local officers of the Canal de Suez—and they had a topping banquet, with some nice French ladies present. As I was in pain, they asked me to go to bed early, but I first saw de Lesseps' tiny old bedroom with mosquito nets that are no longer required, for, owing to modern methods, there are no "skeeters" here now. It is an old-fashioned 1860 room, looking so strange, off an electric-lighted hall. De Lesseps' glass, bell, and candlestick are by his bed, his picture of Napoleon III. and Eugenie, his maps and plans.

Old John Bull made two mistakes about this great revolution. Lord Palmerston, whom I've always doubted, described the attempt to make it as the biggest swindle in Europe. Our chief engineers faced de Lesseps in London, Manchester, and Newcastle, and told him what my staff say at Printing House Square, Carmelite House, and the rest, "It cannot be done." Well, it was done; and years after, to save our shipping skins, we paid a gigantic sum to get some shares. We now assist in the working. But it is a story of a great national blunder, of the "It can't be done."

The ladies were in Paris frocks; the dinner, well, it was

Paris; and they let me go to bed at ten. One is in France in every respect—at a modern French country house with the latest plumbing. It is quite a new phase of this world whirl.

Monday, January 30th, 1922.
The Suez Canal.

Cold, grey, wet!—first morning of the kind since last spring in Tasmania. The palm trees outside wave sadly in the rain. One might be at Cannes or Cap d'Ail, till, looking out, I saw an Arab or somebody huddling along in his burnous. But there is something entirely European and French about my rooms. Indo-China was French too, but there were mosquito nets, punkahs, brain-fever birds, and creepy crawlies.

I have a hot bath which works—what they don't always do in France (and elsewhere). I turn to reading my diary and a little book full of wisdom, which Mother gave to me to guide me. To-day it says, *inter alia*—

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

I do often ask that my early "success" may not have spoiled me; but I did bear some yoke, a good deal more, in fact, than I like to talk about.

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It clears up and is like a cold and windy day, with sunshine, such as one finds anywhere else.

I find that my two French hosts, the Comte de —— and the Baron ——, Directors of the great Canal, have English knighthoods.

The Suez Canal business is a very snug affair and needs investigating. Profits are enormous; the cost of the *Naldera* passing through is £3500 each time. More than a certain amount of profit goes to the Government of Egypt. What to do with the surplus? Why not nice bonuses all round? Do the English directors grumble? Do not they and their French *confrères* get on perfectly well? Of course they do. Are not the French employees happy? Why not? Passage paid, plenty of leave, wedding bonus, bonus each baby.

I must ask about these matters. Personally, so long as the people work, I believe in pay on this scale.

Downstairs, and another visit to the old de Lesseps chalet, built into this house. I love his little bedroom and I like relic rooms generally. Booth, the actor's room as he left it, at the Players' Club, Gramercy Square, N.Y., and Steam-Engine Watt's room at Birmingham are both like this—exactly as left.

The very French, very Riviera house is covered with wonderful

bignonia such as I had at Bolton Priory, Pelham Manor, Westchester County, in 1917. It grows with bougainvillæa up the palm trees.

My hosts drive me through the gardens of this very formal Ismailia to the station. This is Egypt; the tarboush everywhere, the Gyppies, crouching on the platform round little braziers, the neat British Tommies; and yelling and shouting as in India or China or Japan (all natives are noisy, like the Welsh). There are plenty of Continental *Daily Mails* too.

Cold, sunny, dusty, dusty. To Cairo is—just the delta, past Tel-el-Kebir and Zaqaziq . . crumbling mud buildings; ploughing oxen; camels on the sky-line. The State car is provided with twelve bottles of Perrier and twelve tons of dust. The native papers have announced my arrival, and one has a long open letter to me, for, as usual, I arrive on a day of actual crisis.

Afternoon, Monday, January 30th, 1922.
Cairo.

I arrive in time for luncheon at the Residency, where I haven't been since Lord Cromer's time. Allenby is a tall, large-headed, good-looking, distinguished gentleman, who is, I believe, called "The Bull" in the Army. He looks direct, simple, honest, hot-tempered, and is believed to have been one of the best generals in the war. After luncheon, with very little frills or "your Excellency" about him, with only Lady A., the aides-de-camp, and a lady visiting her Excellency, he showed me my rooms, and told me to do what I liked for the day. The great bedroom, all mosquito wired, had a huge wire cage with bed inside, reminding me of the now almost forgotten tropics. "That's where Kitchener always slept," he said, so I am writing this early in the morning of the 30th day of January in K.'s bed. Cromer slept here too, and I may imbibe some of Cromer's wisdom and Kitchener's capacity for collecting china.

The numbness in my left leg, the result of a cold caught by sleeping at the open window in the *Naldera*, goes every hour, and I am fairly all right, especially after a doze—disturbed by one of these red-robed tarboush'd black devils, who actually shows a native journalist into my room.

N.B.—Before going to sleep, I read in *The Times* a wonderful article about Barrie's O.M.—almost as good as George Steevens. Who wrote it? (On arriving in England, I found that Barrie, whom I saw, was curious to know.)

The Residency, which used to be called the Agency, is large and roomy; but give me a little wooden hut on a hill in England every time, my own at Guildford for choice.

My host has to-day been summoned to England to appear before the Government, to explain his Egyptian policy. My theory is that whatever we do in Egypt, if we keep enough troops here (I should ask Australia and N.Z. for a few to guard the Canal), it don't matter much as to Indian or Egyptian independence. There will always be trouble with the young men in Egypt. An old Moor, who had been to Mecca *viâ* Cairo, said to me in Morocco, " You don't whip them enough ; boys want whipping," and others confirmed that sentiment.

My host told me that he was probably not coming back to Egypt. (He was wrong.)

After being in the Far Far East, where the exiles have sometimes to travel a month before they get to the sea, and then six weeks by sea *Home*, it is queer to be among folk who nip back and forth to London as I do to and from Elmwood.

To matters more important. My weight is now twelve stone six pounds. I wonder if I have enough fat for Palestine, where there is snow, I believe.

How strange to be back in beds with blankets and hot-water bottles !

Tuesday, January 31st, 1922.
Cairo.

It is sunny and warmer. The same little victorias, with the horses' green food under the driver's seat—just as one saw them twenty-five years ago—still survive.

Cairo (modern) is neat compared with farther East. It takes me back many, many years ago ; but there doesn't appear to be much gaiety. There are very fine motor shops and many R.R. cars about. The hotels don't look full.

Cairo is all cigarettes and coffee ; it is the city of cigarettes. When I wrote my name at the Palace I was borne off to cigarettes and Turkish coffee by the A.D.C.'s (in frock coats and fezzes).

Went with Carnarvon, who has his own staff of diggers (antiquaries) at Luxor, to the museum, and saw 5000-year-old, wonderful, toy model villages, villagers, fishers, weavers—as though made yesterday.

I have had a really hectic time here ; no secretary, callers and cars all day long (politicians mostly), and a lunch and dinner party always. Had two hours with my host to-day (Lord A.). After lunch I strolled along the Nile walls by his great garden and saw the Pyramids between some trees—a good view, for they must be ten miles off.

It has been my lot to stay lately in four houses in which my host has been labouring under intense anxiety—Government

House, Ceylon ; Viceregal Lodge, Delhi ; Bombay ; Cairo. This British Empire business is no easy job.

That abominable sciatic cold down the left side has practically gone, but here at Cairo, the doctor warns me to be careful about the change to England. Every one here says Jerusalem *might* be very cold. After the damp heat of Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, and the rest, we seem to find every place very cold and draughty.

Wednesday, February 1st, 1922.
Cairo.

Waking up this morning in the big mosquito cage in Kitchener's bedroom and bed, I find the sun shining dimly through a fog on the Nile, which runs but three or four hundred yards away from the Residency across the lawn. As I shaved I caught sight of the two Pyramids through the trees to the left. Some dahabeeyahs (house boats) for the Nile trip are moored on the far side of the Nile which, here, is about as wide as the Thames at Westminster. But, in the present state of Egypt, dahabeeyahs are not popular, except with Americans, who are here in numbers.

How nice it is to be back again among the roses and violets and oranges after tropical flowers and mangoes ! though the mangosteen, which has no more to do with mangoes than grapes have with medlars, except a stupid likeness of names, is quite as good as any European fruit. How good (but fattening) are the nice glistening Egyptian dates !

Yesterday some of the papers here were very naughty about me. To-day, all that I've seen are most flattering. I suppose there is something to be said for both points of view. " Northcliffe the King Maker " (*Egyptian Gazette*) is perhaps a teeny weeny bit overdone.

Never travel without a tall hat and frock coat. Never travel round the world without four or five kinds of evening dress ; ordinary waiter fashion ; dinner jacket ditto ; ordinary white waistcoat ; tropical thin ordinary ; tropical dinner jacket and cummerbund ; white jacket tropical. To-day is a tall-hat day for a visit to the Sultan, and it looks like a stifling Cairo day after the past week's cold change.

Thursday, February 2nd, 1922.
Cairo.

I had a mixed day yesterday, beginning with an interview of two and a half hours' duration with the Sultan (now King) of Egypt. He is well read, and, I should judge, a man of excellent capacity.

All day long the British who fear that we are about to desert Egypt call at the Residency, where I am staying, and beg for my

support. The most anxious are the English born here and in the Levant. They dread the disappearance of the Tommies.

In the afternoon, after many tiresome interviews, I really enjoyed myself. Lord Allenby likes birds and animals, and we drove on the road to the Pyramids, in the cold sunshine, to the Zoo There we had tea on an island in the lake. The lake has become the resort of hundreds of thousands of wild duck and egrets. The water is alive with them, the trees are bowed down with them. Birds know sanctuary when they see it. These wild things, which fly from the gun when afield, literally feed from the hand when here. I saw a very tame rhino. Who wants to shoot these poor beasts ?

I notice that our Sizaire-Berwick is followed and preceded by detectives and soldiers in motor lorries and in a car.

My host is a fine, upstanding, soldier man, honest and handsome, with no pretence to be a diplomatist.

CHAPTER XXXI

CAIRO, GAZA, AND JERUSALEM

The Pyramids—" Cairo is shabby "—Golf—The City of the Dead—Deputations about Egyptian Affairs—Palestine—The Kaiser's Schloss on the Mount of Olives—Sir Herbert and Lady Samuel—The Holy Sepulchre—Deputations of Arabs, Christians, and Jews—General Storrs—A Visit to the Amir Abdulla in Trans-Jordania.

Friday, February 3rd, 1922.
Cairo.

O the Museum again. Those five-thousand-year-old little models of farms and farmers, the carpenter's shop and women weaving, just discovered in a tomb, humble one, as I heard an American woman say; and that is exactly what I was thinking. I saw four-thousand-year-old gilt, cane-bottomed, First Empire chairs (!) and other furniture—all small, for the Egyptians of that time *were* small.

People, as I've said in this secret diary, love to frighten travellers about what is coming next. Here it is—my Palestine and Syria hustling week in train and motor, and perhaps a night in a French destroyer. " You'll be worn out," say some, " and frozen in the mountains." Well, I want to see Jerusalem and Beirut; what the British are doing, and the French.

A woman whom I took in to dinner last night told me a great deal about the native ladies who spend their lives imprisoned here—how they now go to Europe and directly they get to the ship throw off their yashmaks (veils) and take to short frocks, cigarettes, and liqueurs; hating, afterwards, to return to the old life.

" What happens when a Pasha adds an English girl to his list? " I asked.

" Very few now have more than one official wife," she replied. " I know a Scotch girl so married, and she goes about as usual to the great shocking of the older Moslem women."

Saturday, February 4th, 1922.
Cairo.

Last two weeks of World Whirl.

Among other happenings yesterday, I went out to the Pyramids, which I have often seen before, and was very, very disappointed. The road there has a tramway most of the way, and the avenue of trees is mostly gone. It is in a state of house building in many places, and is shabby and common. The Mena House hotel is a tripper's resort. The Pyramids, which look so fine in the sunrise or sunset from afar off, are not so wonderful as they seemed to be when I saw them as a young man. I went in a small, open, Morris Oxford car, and the cold north-east wind and the dust of passing cars made the visit not what it had seemed to me in memory.

Among climatic curiosities is the fact that red tomatoes, that grow apparently on the ground, are being gathered here and packed in great crates and on camels, in the month of January. As for climate and fruits and flowers, I've long ago given up speculation. How do oranges ripen in the occasional very cold winter weather of Egypt? On the whole, the winter climate of Egypt is heavenly.

Yes, Cairo is shabby. I had one of those long time-wasting and wasteful luncheons, such as you see going on at Claridge's and the Ritz, with nice people at the Hotel Continental. Just as good things to eat as in Paris in May, but a waste of food and time. The occasion was planned in order that I should meet Egyptian notables, Adly Pasha and others, but no real good comes of fashionable cock-and-hen feasts of that kind.

I went to see Lord Allenby off. It was very impressive. Natives say he won't return. All the funny-looking kinds of native bigwigs were there, in their queer headgear, bowing, touching their breast Arab fashion; and the Europeans in top hats. Will he come back? I shall turn to this page one day at home and see what I wrote. He is honourable and greatly liked by many natives and white folks. (I have turned to this page since I got home, and he is back.)

We left the Residency when Allenby did, and came to the new Hotel Semiramis, which is just like 20,000 other hotels all over Europe and the U.S.A. Young folks were buzzing about the lounge; and outside, carpet and silk sellers were pestering. I was alone for the first time for many days. I had a hot mustard bath, dinner in bed, and a quiet read of restful books, enjoying my own society and finding it mighty pleasant.

Golf yesterday was just the ordinary racecourse golf with

sand greens. It was the first time I had played since the loss of my figure, but the ground was too flat to test whether I should do better now that I am on the road to skeletonhood.

Saturday, February 4th, 1922.
Hotel Semiramis, Cairo.

It is not easy to realise that Egypt is passing through one of its crises. I don't notice any particular attitude of the people, even in the most fanatical part of Cairo round the University, in the midst of that thronged, noisy, narrow, filthy quarter.

I went up to the great mosque and saw them touching ground with their heads in that vast place—all electric lamps. It is a noble-looking building outside, and its minarets can be seen for fifty miles ; but, for delicate loveliness, give me the Taj Mahal. When I told the tarboushed attendant that I had seen the Taj Mahal, he took great interest in me, and hearing that we wanted to see that eerie place, the City of the Dead and Tombs of the Mamelukes, he took us there in our car.

If you can imagine a deserted Moorish town, you have the City of the Dead. Neglected, and, oh, the dust of it, but just a town. There are very few people about. The dead have their houses—great family tombs these houses are, according to the wealth of the dead folks' families. Not so very different from our, and especially American, cemeteries, where you have the family graves of the Fitz-Normans and the McTavishes. Australia likes these tombs too. At night the City of the Dead has its police. What a task !

The kites wheeling over Cairo remind me of the fact that over most Oriental cities that I've been there poise and wheel great birds, notably the hawks and storks in Morocco and Southern Spain.

I've had a busy time here in Cairo and very little rest, though splendid sleep. I have seen every sort of white and native man about Egyptian affairs, deputations of many kinds, the English Civil Servants who are threatened with dismissal, and the merchants of Alexandria, of the so-called British Union. One Egyptian I like is young Yussuf Pasha. I'm learning more and more about *The New World of Islam*, which book all should read.

I went to Vafiadis where my big cigarettes have come from for certainly thirty-five years. I have some just made, and they are delicious. Things taste best in their own places. Egyptian cigarettes are perfect in Egypt, bouillabaisse at Marseilles, beef-steak pudding in England, and grouse on the moors. Many things won't travel, and I believe cigarettes to be among them.

Here the horse carriage—the smart victoria—still reigns, though cars are in plenty. Outside Shepheard's Hotel, the place never changes—the dragomans and the sellers of silk, lace, violets, and roses.

Sunday, February 5th, 1922.
Cairo.

A brilliant Egyptian morning at seven o'clock, bracing, lovely sunshine. The gum trees outside are from Australia, and for one brief moment I thought I was out in tropical Queensland again; not that I want to be there, for we've had enough of wet clothes and topees to last us for some time, and long for a fog or drizzle. I find that most English people do. We felt like that during the perpetual sunlight of U.S.A. during 1917.

I had a talk with Sir J. Ellerman, one of the very best business brains in the world. He is sanguine, as I am, about old John Bull's future.

Monday, February 6th, 1922.
Gaza—Ludd—Jerusalem.

In train, Gaza, Palestine.

I had my first peep after thirty years at the Holy Land at 6.15 a.m.—very green, with Bible figures moving in the dawn. I don't suppose anyone except a stone image can enter the country of Christ without deep emotion. I, for one of millions, cannot.

The private car provided for us was excellent. I had Graves, the Correspondent of *The Times*, with me.

At Gaza, which is smashed to pieces by the great battle, came the first Arab deputation to see me. For days, even as far back as when we were in Ceylon, we've been receiving telegrams from Arabs, Jews, Christians, asking that the "King of the Press"—and the rest of the Oriental Flub Dub (American)—should hear the grievances which are, briefly, that (in my opinion) we, without sufficient thought, guaranteed Palestine as a home for the Jews despite the fact that 700,000 Arab Moslems live there and own it. Arabs and Christians have now joined up against the Jews. There is hatred and there has been bloodshed.

At Ludd came another deputation. There was to have been a demonstration of some thousands, but it had been wisely stopped. Demonstrators in these countries always carry sticks, and trouble is sure. Churchill had some last year. The deputation alleged that all the Government offices were in the hands of the Jews, which I proved to be untrue. Both sides are Oriental liars.

At Ludd we were met by bundles of telegrams, an armoured car escort (why?), Sunbeam cars, and an aeroplane overhead.

On to Jerusalem, motoring through the Bible hills, mostly stony (" some fell on stony ground "), or reddish with scarlet anemones, and plenty of cyclamen in clumps under overhanging rocks. Road winding, mountainous, and surface good. Cold, cold, cold—and sleet in the high hills. Down in the valleys are orange groves smothered in fruit and almond blossom by the mile. Arabs and donkeys and camels; Fords packed with queer-looking Jews, the males, old and young, with hanging side-locks. After the tropics the cold, which is really a bracing March at home, is such that I am frozen through and through.

You begin to be in Jerusalem before you know it, very suddenly round a corner, and in a minute there is before you the City set on a hill, like many another Oriental grey stone city. Seventy-five thousand people in it—and some mighty queer ones. The little Saracenic dried-up hill towns in the South of France have the same cobbled streets and low arches. These here are evil-smelling, despite the fine efforts of the British health officers.

Our destination is Government House, the vast Rhine Schloss that the Kaiser built in a dominating position on the Mount of Olives (a great down) three miles from Jerusalem. Our Sunbeam No. 1, driven by a smart young Tommy from Birmingham, had broken down, and we were in Sunbeam No. 2, driven by a less masterly hand, a Smyrnean Greek, but we came up to the Schloss —with its Union Jack, sentries, and guard of honour—in fine style.

My host, Sir Herbert Samuel, who occupies one of the thorniest Governmental seats I've struck yet, was ill, rather more ill than people know. I was seen by Sir Wyndham Deedes. My rooms were far away and the temperature 56. The Huns had forgotten to warm the vast series of stone corridors.

I was in for a big luncheon party at once, and then went off to a Jewish " Colony," an hour-and-a-quarter's journey by fast motor.

I am picking up views all the time. British officials, with few exceptions, don't like working under and with Jews, though every one says that Samuel is as fair as he is courageous; and it requires courage to hold a very poor job like this when you might be a snug Cabinet Minister at home, which, at the age of forty or less, he was.

After a long and exhilarating spin through the cold spring sunshine, we come to where we take to Fords and go over primeval American-like roads such as British motorists have never seen, to a long hamlet where we are led off by the Mayor, a long-established Russian Jew. There are speeches in French and I have to give my reply in French. It has to be translated into Hebrew

and Yiddish for the rest of the crowd. Hebrew is being revived by the Jews, just as Irish is by the Irish. They seemed to be under the impression that all England was devoted to the one cause of Zionism, enthusiastic for it, in fact; and I told them that that wasn't so, and to be careful that they didn't tire out our people by any more secret importation of arms to fight 700,000 Arabs.

We went to the offices of the "Colony," which makes excellent wine of many kinds. Forty years ago these Jews, financed by the French Rothschilds, came here to a series of sand dunes and made this fine vineyard and settlement. The wines we tasted were like Tokay and Madeira, but most of them like Medoc.

We motored back under the stars. How great the change from Oriental to British chauffeurs! We came round these hairpin bends and did the 35-miles run at great speed and with confidence. Oriental chauffeurs are devils. I can't describe their driving. It isn't necessarily fast. *It is uncertain*, and in trouble they lose their heads.

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To-day I went to the Mosque of Omar and the Holy Sepulchre, the place where Christ's body lay, and I believe that it did lie there. It is the most holy place, the holy of holies in the Christian world. The Mosque of Omar where the wily Moslems had gathered their big men, *muftis* and others, to meet me, is the third most holy place of the 250,000,000 Moslems, now educating and organizing, which form so strange a force. Read *The New World of Islam*.

There was the usual Government House dinner-party—thirty-two people present. The table was beautiful with almond blossoms: how sweet they are! The guests were officials and wives. Lady Samuel was ill. The English lady I took in had been born in Ecuador, had married in Fiji, and had lived in Cyprus, Kuala Lumpur (Malay States), Antigua, and here. She spoke, and with great force and truth, of the ignorance of the people at home, of the lives of the wives of the officials who rule the Empire, and who, as Sir John Ellerman says, account for the invisible sources of wealth that keep us going. Half, and more, of the money earned by individuals and companies in these colonies goes to our little land, which I am rapidly approaching.

I have busy times here in Jerusalem where, *en passant*, more institutions, such as missions and hospitals, are kept up, by every nation, than anywhere else in the world. In many ways the town must be a town of cosmopolitan parasites; doctors, nurses, and the rest, including Jewish remittance men from many lands.

Wednesday, February 8th, 1922.
Jerusalem.

Most of the morning was spent in receiving Arabs, Christians, Zionists, and Orthodox Jews. All tried hard to get me to express an opinion on their cause. I declined, except to express the belief that the immigration of new Jews, unused to liberty and plenty, should be done with great care. All lie profusely; the Moslems outrageously, the Zionists artistically. The Orthodox Jews seem bitterest of all. I have now seen and questioned over two hundred of the various disputants. I am to see some of the newest Jewish arrivals on Thursday on my way to the sea.

The cold of the vast Government House is like that of a similar great Scottish Castle I remember many years ago. There are here, Frederick says, of housemaids alone seventeen, all beshawled Russians.

It is to me most regrettable that Sir H. Samuel is ill, and that I shall not see him. He must be a good plucked 'un to come to this very difficult tangle, in which he will never be able to satisfy all.

I spent this sunniest and coldest of mornings on the walls of Jerusalem with Storrs, the Governor, who is very keen on his Jerusalem. I don't like dizzy work, and had enough of it. He gave me lunch at the Governate—all queer-looking Patriarchs, the *mufti* and the rest. Asked to speak, I did so to the most diverse and complex audience I ever addressed, including a Protestant Bishop, an R. C. Bishop (French), and Armenians, Jews, and Moslems. Storrs, who is a fine beggar, bounced £100 out of me when I had intended giving £50 only. I visited schools and St. John of Jerusalem's Eye Hospital—where there was a nice young Scot in charge. I was told that the view I expressed yesterday, about this being the most parasitic city, is true.

After lunch, I went again with Storrs to see the Pool of Bethesda and the Jews' wailing-place, and to walk through the busy, narrow, often over-arched streets. Pekin, Fez, Cairo, Canton, the back streets of any Eastern town, are all much of a muchness. Here were squatting Jews, selling carpets or oranges, or turning sewing machines. The spectacle of the Jews' wailing-place, where men and women poke their faces into cracks in the city wall and pray, is a queer one. They stand up, of course.

Government House has behaved very generously in providing me with accommodation to see deputations. Only one yesterday was in their favour. The Government is fair, enthusiastic, and ignorant of immigration.

Graves, *The Times* Near East Correspondent, is my secretary and correspondent *pro tem.*

Another huge dinner-party. I heard spoken around me, by the strangely assorted Bishops and Patriarchs, Greek, Armenian, Turkish (by my Christian neighbour married to a Moslem), Asiatic French, and English. Hebrew is also spoken.

The methods of Zionism arouse antagonism. Can Jews rule?

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'Tis only ten days till (D.V.) I arrive at Marseilles and Cap d'Ail, and only another ten, perhaps, before I get to Totteridge. The little journey home seems, of course, but a side trip, as the Americans say, after the long ones I've had.

Thursday, February 9th, 1922.
Trans-Jordania.

Yesterday a day of motoring from the shimmering sunshine, cold and crisp, of the Mount of Olives, through Jerusalem, which white cupolaed city with its great walls stands four square, though it is beginning to straggle into new suburbs. Our destination was a visit to the Camp of the Amir Abdulla, far away across the Jordan in Trans-Jordania. I soon realized that Jerusalem stands 2000 feet high, for we began to wind round and round as we left the city on our right, and went through Bethany, down long hairpin turns and through queer rock formations till, after an hour and a half, we came to the plain in which is the Dead Sea. Here it was hot enough (almost tropical), and we peeled off some of our coats. I tasted the water by dipping my fingers into it: it is almost like the brine at Droitwich. The Turks and Arabs have had vast accumulations of salt near here for centuries, and don't seem to have worked them. The British now propose to do so.

We went on and on over a mere track, a big test for the springs of our six-cylinder Sunbeam (topping car), through Jericho, a shadow of its former self, and across the muddy grey Jordan. Here Capt. Cust, the A.D.C., went off to get me some Jordan water to take home. The only bottle we could get was a beer bottle from Germany with its label on! Germany, by the way, was beginning to be busy in Palestine before the war. The German building in which I write this at 6 a.m., with the wind moaning sadly, is but one of the Germans' advertisements.

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I haven't time to deal with Palestine as the great battlefield of the Religions, which it has always been since Crusaders' times, and is to-day.

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It was now as deliciously hot as it has been draughtily cold

on the Mount of Olives. The valley of the Jordan is almost tropical; bananas grow well there.

We came to a place where afar off we saw tents. As we neared the place we saw a man signalling our approach by an immense flag, and then we came to flocks and herds, then to horsemen galloping about, then to tents, a mounted guard of honour, and—we had arrived.

The Amir, who is a son of the King of the Hejaz, is a short, merry little man in khaki, with the usual Moorish headgear. He withdraws us into the tent, and my companion, Sir Wyndham Deedes (the young assistant to Sir Herbert Samuel, last, I believe, of the Deedes family of Kent, who eats nothing but vegetables and little of them, drinks little water and does not smoke, but who speaks Turkish like a Turk), translates a very interesting talk we had about the world of Islam. Coffee, most bitter, containing some herb is brought of course, and we sit and sit and sit, the Amir's Staff in tarboushes saying a little here and there.

Lunch was, thank goodness, at a table, with knives and forks, and not squatting, with fingers. Very simple soup, meat pâté of sorts, chicken, and ground rice. No alcohol, for the Amir is a good Moslem. He is an amusing little man. He plays chess most of the day.

At the back of the tent, which was open, his horses, including a lovely mare and a little foal, were brought up during the meal.

There was a swarm of sheikhs and their followers waiting to be introduced to me—Beduins—"Beddoes," as the British officers called them. It was an interesting and primitive picture. Near by, across the hills, is the Arabian desert and then Mesopotamia. I wish I could have gone there, but the *Egypt* will be at Port Said on the 12th for Marseilles, and I must catch her.

We said good-bye to these wild men, all of them, through the Amir, in British pay, and made the long ride back to Jerusalem. It really did look like Jerusalem the Golden in the sunlight.

I made two calls, one American, one Moslem, and heard the usual tale of the fear of the Jews and the Zionist Council.

Early to bed, thank goodness.

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There will be trouble in Palestine.

CHAPTER XXXII

JERUSALEM, MOUNT CARMEL, PORT SAID, AND MARSEILLES

Bethlehem—Galilee—Two Zionist " Colonies "—" Stony Palestine "—A few Pages of *Pickwick*—Visit to a Carmelite Monastery—Port Said—On Board the P. & O. S.S. " Egypt "—Difficulties of Diary-writing—Reception at Marseilles.

Friday, February 10th, 1922.
Beirut, Syria.

WAS a long day yesterday. We rose at six o'clock and were on the road from Jerusalem to the seaside town of Haifa by 7.30. We boarded the French twenty-seven-knot Q-boat *Escaut* at 2 p.m. and were in the midst of a French dinner-party at 9 p.m. at Beirut, getting to bye-bye at 11.30, sleeping like logs.

I looked back at grey Jerusalem, the most faction-ridden city in the world, as we said good-bye to Sir Wyndham Deedes at the portals of the great German Schloss. It was a grand ride up and down hills, through a fairly prosperous valley, miles of rocks, past Bethlehem, through Galilee, where the Governor came to meet us—now in Dartmoor, now in Spain, now in the Estérel ; hot in the valleys and the wind cold in the hills. Hairpin turns, long twisting climbs, small towns full of the various tribes of the Bible. Here and there a snapshooter. At Jerusalem a film was taken of my departure, amidst the proffering to me of a gift which I couldn't refuse—a jewelled Old Testament in Hebrew, from the Jews.

If only all the Jews were sane and moderate like Ben Avi, editor of the Hebrew *Daily Mail* here, I should feel less anxious about Palestine. As it is, despite the protestations of Government officials, I see trouble, much trouble between 70,000 Jews and 700,000 Canaanites and Christians.

We stopped at two " Colonies," where young Lithuanian and Galician Jews were very slackly at work on road-making. Fine young fellows, many. We entered the eating tent and huts of

some of them. They are rude people. If you make them stand up, which they don't otherwise, they go on eating in your face, with their hats on the backs of their heads, and put their hands in their pockets. The Dyaks of Borneo are better behaved. If they do that to us, whose coming they have awaited for hours, what do they do to the natives? I spoke my mind to their leader, much to the pleasure of British officers with me. People daren't tell the Jews the truth here. They've had some from me. I didn't come uninvited.

The size of our Army here is not known to people at home. Why is the Army necessary? Because of the Moslem-Christian *versus* Jew feeling.

Our Palestine developments, roads, railways, and the rest have been not a little the fruit of our Sudan Egyptian Civil Services, all represented here. This is a new country superimposed on an old—even more difficult, perhaps, than colonising, say, Australia, though *that* task is full of "snags."

After lunching with the Governor of Haifa, a Sudan Englishman (with an Italian wife), only a little different from John Bull at home, we boarded the *Escaut*, a French Q-boat, drawing very little water, but with a 27-knots maximum speed. Both captain and lieutenants speak English. She rolled almost to the water's edge sometimes, and we dozed and talked away the six hours' journey to Beirut. Here, a smartly-dressed and handsome middle-aged French officer, speaking excellent English, whisked us off to the very simple Government House. I always fear speaking French when I'm tired, but the guests were so arranged that I took in Mme. de Caix, wife of the Acting Governor, Robert de Caix, whom I knew, and sat opposite to a Montreal lady married to the French officer who had met us. She spoke English, of course.

This morning, at three o'clock, the house shook with the first thunder I have heard for months. At six I was awakened by French bugles and the bulbul's rich notes.

I've no secretary, hence the poor quality of the diary for many days past.

From the open window of my bedroom, Beirut looks delightful; the mountains are snow-covered. Frederick smiles and smiles and smiles. We are now by the Mediterranean. Next week we shall be in the South of France. I see him smiling to himself as he goes about his tasks.

I wonder if I have noted the presence of our North European birds here; thrushes, blackbirds, starlings, and robins? I saw them in Cairo, to my surprise. In Palestine, stony Palestine, I

saw few birds other than a few quails (there are many in parts), partridges, crows, larks, sparrows, vultures, kites, and pigeons.

Saturday, February 11th, 1922.
Beirut.

Last week of the World Whirl. Three months ago to-day, we arrived at Pekin ; two months ago we were arriving at Saigon, Indo-China ; a month ago we were arriving at Delhi. This superb cold morning we are here at Beirut at the other end of the Mediterranean. We are leaving for Port Said, Egypt, there to pause for a day before leaving in the P. & O *Egypt* for Marseilles.

People ask whether our thoughts and impressions are jumbled. No. The sea voyages have given so much time for anticipatory reading about every place, and for reflection afterwards—with discussions with passengers often long resident in the various places—that I do believe that I see, in proper perspective, those parts of the world that I have visited.

Yesterday, at the eastern end of the Mediterranean, it blew and rained, with gleams of sunshine. The morning was spent in a call on the Consul, and in a long interview with M. de Caix, my host, as to French aims and point of view in the Near East. He speaks English very well.

Our hostess is most agreeable and a very good hostess. For the first time since leaving Australia (where they are bad) there are capable women servants, willing Frenchwomen, instead of men. They are cheerful and busy. Beirut is dismal and muddy —straggling Turkish with French veneer. This is the last I shall see of banana trees for many a long day, I expect. Beirut's population of 100,000 is Syrian and French, French soldiers and Colonial troops (Annamites mostly). The shops and bazaars are mixed, and there are veiled women, and others with Paris hats. Apart from Port Said and Haifa, if we can land there, it is our last of the East.

We drove in automobiles round a fine, rocky sort of Lower Corniche coast road to an ancient placed called Jebeil (Byblus) on the Adonis River. Here was a Crusaders' castle and church, in which the Crusaders had used Roman and even Egyptian pillars, for this had been a sort of Egyptian colony in 2000 B.C. There were very few trees in Egypt, and here came the Egyptians for their timber. An old inscription on stone gave a history of these transactions. When the Pharaohs were strong, the wood was supplied quickly ; when the Egyptian potentates were weak, their emissaries cooled their heels and waited for it.

We crossed Dog River. Here the conquerors have left their records on the rocks, in emblems and inscriptions. The Assyrians.

the Egyptians, Napoleon I., and Allenby! It brought one very near to things to stand by the side of the narrow, gushing river and close to these thrilling records in stone.

Last night there was a long Red Cross cinematograph entertainment, to which this gubernatorial household had to go, and where, for the last time on this circumnavigation, I hope, I was the Prize Pig of the Show.

A few pages of *Pickwick*, and I was asleep—to be awakened at 7 a.m. by Frederick's beaming home-going face, the excellent *café au lait* of France, and brilliant sunshine on the snowclad hills around.

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There is a plot on foot on the part of the Vicar of the Carmelite Monastery on Mount Carmel that I should visit it at night on arrival at Haifa. He is a bit of a wag, I believe, and calls me one of his Carmelites. Will he not exact a heavy pecuniary toll from me?

Sunday, February 12th, 1922.
Haifa—Mount Carmel—Port Said.

In the train, Haifa–Port Said, 7 a.m.

This is the first time I've ever been able to command a special train as though it were a motor car. Last night, at Haifa, Col. H., head of the Palestine Railways, said, "What time would you like to start and when would you like to arrive at Port Said? I want to run as quietly as you wish, so that you may have a good night."

Our rapid trip to Beirut by the *Escaut* and the late bedding there had tired Graves and me, and we rejoiced at the prospect of a long night.

We left the orange groves and the orange shops and the camel loads of oranges and the mud of Beirut at eleven o'clock after many prophesies of heavy weather, but arrived at Haifa at 4.30 without any weather whatever. The *Escaut*, being as shallow as a saucer, rolled much. We had a pleasant lunch with the two officers.

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At Haifa we drove up to the Carmelite Monastery, where the little Vicar, Lamb of Kensington, the first English Vicar since the twelfth century, gave me a warm and humorous welcome as a fellow Carmelite. Graves sent, to my newspapers, a cable about it, which is here reproduced—

"Haifa, *February 12th*.

"On the invitation of Father Lamb, the first English Vicar of Mount Carmel since the twelfth century, Lord Northcliffe visited the Carmelites at their Monastery of Elijah on Mount Carmel.

"Standing high on the steep seaward face of the mountain, the monastery occupies one of the most beautiful situations in the world. To the left lie the ruins of Athlit, a famous castle of the Templars and the last foothold of the Crusaders in the Holy Land; to the right are the flats of the River Kishon, the white city of Acre where King Richard Cœur de Lion fought and Napoleon's dream of Eastern empire was foiled, and a vast stretch of the coast of Phœnicia as far as the precipices of the 'Ladder of Tyre,' which mark the northern frontier of Palestine.

"Father Lamb escorted Lord Northcliffe through the monastery, with its famous cave of the Prophet Elijah and its relics of the Crusaders. After Vespers they visited the refectory, where the simple supper of the friars, consisting of eggs, fruit, vegetables, and wine, was served during a reading of Scripture.

"Above and below the monastery the wide hillside, seamed with deep valleys falling seawards, is covered with pine scrub and heath, where grow masses of wild flowers, scarlet and white anemones, cyclamen, jonquils, and narcissus."

'Twas a peep at another life—the monks, the organ, the chanting, the refectory, with each monk's platter, water-bottle, small quantity of rough red wine, oil and bread . . . and the human skull in front of the Vicar's plate.

He had just finished reading his *Overseas Daily Mail*, which he gets, does little Father Lamb of Kensington. He has the daily edition of *The Times* lent to him.

What a site for a monastery—right up on Mount Carmel, looking out to sea in three directions! The cave where Elijah lived is built into the monastery. We tackled Father Lamb as to the authenticity of this holy place, which is visited by thousands.

I left him a suitable offering, having greatly enjoyed this entirely new experience of this trip, and we motored off in a German car, captured during the war and belonging to Col. H., to the latter's villa, where were a warm fire and greeting and a topping dinner. Col. H. had been at Richborough during the war, and, curiously enough, had shown me round there officially. He has a very nice wife, two delightful children, and has since been in Nigeria. These Government servants are whisked about the world in the most unexpected ways and never know where they will go next.

The private car provided by Col. H. ran on the Midland, and is forty years old—a well-built job.

We arrived at Port Said, now become a summer bathing resort of the Cairo people, Egyptians, of course. The Casino Hotel is very different from the wretched place I had been to twice before years ago. Here Moore, who is going out to India for *The Times*, met me, with Prioleau and Merton, our Cairo Correspondent. I had an hour's walk by the sea, the first exercise since Delhi golf a month ago. I received very few letters, most having gone astray, the post-office announcing that four days' letters to Port Said are missing.

Monday, February 13th, 1922.
Port Said.

Cold and blowy for our last, longish voyage, only 1700 miles or so, so I will spend a bed morning trying to get and keep warm.

'Tis indeed a busy place, and the noise of the steamers, syrens, and dredgers is endless. Getting up to shut my window at dawn, the great lighthouse was slowly flashing, and the place looked like a town of lighted ships. Port Said is a greatly improved town—improved out of sight. At one time, prior to the coming of martial law, which, be it remembered, prevails in Egypt, its morals were mixed. To-day it claims to equal the good behaviour of any English town, and is shocked at the mention of Piccadilly Circus.

We lunched the officers of the *Escaut*, said good-bye to Arthur Moore, who is going to India, to Merton of Cairo, and Graves of Constantinople (all *Times* Correspondents), and went aboard the very ancient P. & O. steamship, the *Egypt*.*

Now, the *Egypt* is much more recent than the *Peninsular*, in which I *last* returned from India. We then thought the *Peninsular* wonderful. We think the noisy, dark, cramped, ridiculously built *Egypt* the worst ship we've been in, and she is about that. One's views on ships have therefore very much expanded since one was young. To be honest, the fact is that the Germans developed ships into sea hotels. It was they, and not we, who gave the world the promenade decks, abundant baths, single-berth cabins, and varied diet.

* * * * *

Some members of the little circle of people dear to me who have got as far as this in my hasty budget of notes, will not be sorry that it has come well-nigh to the end. I cannot truly say that the writing of it has been at any time a pleasure. First, I ought to have brought with me a professional typist, able to read his notes at any time, and having not too much other work.

* The S.S. *Egypt* was wrecked off Ushant, on May 20th, 1922, with much loss of life.

My stenographers have been either an over-worked junior or strangers, or I have had to content myself with Prioleau's leisurely longhand, and longhand is maddening to one whose home typists can take down accurately at 150 words a minute and read their notes correctly months afterwards. Secondly, I have had an absence of that leisurely solitude which makes for good authorship. I've been writing these paragraphs between 7 and 8 a.m. in the *Egypt*, a ship all a-shake, and after a night of noise which constantly awoke me and even Frederick (who can, normally, only be aroused by the ship's bugle). There have been interruptions every minute—the Marconi man, the bath steward, Goanese, of course, and Frederick in and out about clothes, and smiling, smiling, smiling at the thought of Marseilles, and the eventual pantry at No. 1, Carlton Gardens, or Elmwood, or Crowborough, or Totteridge, or my little wooden sleeping-box on Merrow Down. This diary has been thrown at my various secretaries and strangers or scribbled by myself in baths, cabins, and trains ; in stifling heat very often.

My daily telegram to Totteridge from ships has always so far had the word " smoothest " in it—an astounding record. It's very smooth here in the E. Mediterranean, where it is usually rough.

I'm mighty keen to be back in that very small circle in which I live, and mighty keen to help with my newspapers, but equally keen on setting out again and learning more of the world.

Is the stoppage of travel on the part of Britons permanent or due to financial stringency, as the politicians call it ? The Americans are travelling a little, but we most certainly are absent from world routes ! Looking round the staffs of my newspapers I see very plainly that we are *a much less travelled company than we were twenty-five years back.* We are very middle-aged and have " settled down." We have travelled in compartments. One or two know the U.S. and Canada, lots seem to know and over-estimate the importance of Central Europe, and a few know the Near East. *Not one* is up to date about Australasia, Polynesia, and the Far East. And the Far East is where the world is changing most quickly.

Wednesday, February 15th, 1922.
Mediterranean, S.S. " Egypt."

This ship is uncrowded because Eastern and Far Eastern folk don't like returning till warmer weather.

I see by the temperature and rainfall chart for January that while we were in 90° shade minimum, Elmwood one day had 25° minimum.

That very nice, and nice-looking, and clever young Baroness in her own right, Lady C., whom my Ladyship knows and whom I met in Pekin, sits next to me at the captain's table. She has been eighteen months in China, and is enchanted with Pekin, as everybody else is. She writes cleverly and draws well.

The sea has been a duck-pond so far, with plenty of sunshine, but very cold it seems after the Far East.

I notice that young women walk about smoking on deck—young women of position. Well, if they sit about smoking, why should they not walk about smoking? A distinguished general's girl walks about smoking with her father. Why not?

To-morrow we shall be able to say "the day after to-morrow," then "to-morrow," then, on Saturday morning, will come all the early rising and scurrying about of arrival. The committee at Marseilles, who have been wirelessing about my reception, have arranged their plans, which seem very good and practical, though long—one hour and a half of it.

After that, it's me for a private life. I've had enough and to spare of fusskins.

Thursday, February 16th, 1922.
Mediterranean, S.S. "Egypt."

The Straits of Messina. A lovely morning. The sea is actually as oily as in the doldrums of the equator. The ship is alive early this morning for the first sight of Europe. Many of our passengers have not seen Europe for years. One told me that when he found himself on board in the Far East, on his way home at last, he trembled so with excitement, as the screw began to move, that he could scarcely stand. Italy looks Italy. It is quite different from N. America, Polynesia, Australasia, or any part of Asia. We can see the white houses, and the trains steaming along.

The Chinese amahs (nurses) don't take any notice of the new land. Most of them belong to an Amahs Society in the East End of London which supplies regular travelling Chinese women for the voyage.

We passed close to the island peak of Stromboli. For once it stood out clear and was steaming finely.

Friday, February 17th, 1922.
Mediterranean, S.S. "Egypt."

A lovely day off Corsica. We saw Elba plainly, all snow-covered.

What is one to say about the last day of a world tour? Very little. It is an anti-climax. You are surrounded by strangers all busy with their affairs—their luggage principally.

The sea to-day is actually like a Hampstead pond as we go around Corsica and shelter under the French coast lest, the captain kindly says, my wonderful world's record for weather should be broken by keeping south, where we might possibly get it rough.

Every ship has its odd characters. Among those of the *Egypt* is a former fat man, now in skeleton class, who beginning life as a reporter at sixteen, is now said to have more papers than he can count and more money than brains. Is finishing whirl round world and ready for another to-morrow. Hasn't seen one rough or windy day.*

* * * * *

Wireless messages come from London. Frederick, whose gaiety is that of a young lamb in spring, is not even depressed by the news that his two monkeys did not survive the climate of Kent. Humphrey Davy is speeding to Marseilles to bring home letters and papers. By this time to-morrow, nine o'clock, we ought to be ashore. For the first time since July 16th of last year, my watch is keeping the same time as your watches, and that makes me feel very, very near England. When we were in Australasia we were getting up when you were going to bed.

Saturday, February 18th, 1922.
Marseilles.

It is all over.

We arrived in a fog and steamed very slowly up the harbour of Marseilles, which was packed with an immense quantity of idle shipping.

The captain has been asked by wireless to have the drawing-room prepared for the reception to be given to me by the Marseilles people. Everybody was up before dawn, which was as beautiful a one as any I have seen.

We came slowly up to the dock which was covered with a crowd to receive me, much to my surprise. The first persons to board were the Mayor and Prefect and the Deputy (M.P.) for Marseilles, who had come especially down from Paris to welcome me officially. I was a good deal touched by the speeches and especially by the fact that so many French work-people were present. They had already waited an hour and a half. After the speeches biscuits and wine, I was driven through the crowds to the saloon provided by the P.L.M., and my world-whizz was finished.

* * * * *

Everything in France looked so neat and small, so orderly.

* Lord Northcliffe refers to himself, of course.

I resolved that I would write my impressions at home, in England, when my brain has thoroughly sorted out the various countries I have seen.

I have further resolved that I was not built for any kind of public life, and that I hate crowds, demonstration, ceremonial, and curiously enough, although I am one myself, reporters.

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Let me finish by saying that my chief companion, Prioleau, and I, went round the world together without a cross word. It says a great deal for Prioleau.

APPENDIX I

LORD NORTHCLIFFE IN SYDNEY

[Reprinted from *The Sun* (Sydney, N.S.W.) of September 7th, 1921.]

OOKING eagerly over the side of the *Maheno* as she lay riding at anchor in Watson's Bay leaned a powerfully built man in a blue serge suit, smoking a cigarette. A sun-tanned face, with eyes that twinkled with good humour, a broad brow, a massive head, a powerful profile dominated by an impressive chin and a Napoleonic nose—that was the first impression of Viscount Northcliffe, the most influential journalist in the world and the best-known man in the Empire.

"Be kind to me!" he pleaded with a smile, after being interviewed. There was no need. The man himself is kindness and friendly human nature.

"Which are the evening newspaper representatives?" was the first remark of Lord Northcliffe, as the bunch of Pressmen met him on the launch. "I'd prefer to see only the evening newspaper men first; they have to hurry. The morning papers I'll see later."

There spoke the journalist.

Yes, he liked our harbour; but what amused him was the remark of a Melbourne man, who, sick of the expressions of admiration by a returning Sydney citizen, disgustedly said, "That man talks as though he made the harbour!"

"I got up before five this morning," Lord Northcliffe went on, "to catch the first glimpse of Australia. When I saw the cliffs at six o'clock they looked to me exactly like the cliffs of Dover.

"Yes, the harbour is beautiful, and it's a superb city; but when I get into the city it will be just like any other city. The only city in the world that is different is Venice. What I really want to see is the back-blocks, which I know I'll find extraordinarily interesting."

Interviewing a journalist like Lord Northcliffe is a disconcerting experience. All the while he is interviewing the Pressmen. He wants to know everything about everything. He wanted to know about our

native animals. He was immediately struck by the beauty of a coral tree on the foreshore. "I want to see your Botanic Gardens, your birds, and animals. I want to see your theatres. Have you got a good museum? And races. I must see your racecourses, though I am afraid I won't see any racing. Now, what month is this in England? It would be March. So this is March weather in Australia!"

He looked delightedly at the glory of the bright sky and the brilliant blue and white of the harbour, the girdle of foliage and the smudge of red roofs on all the forelands. He is going to enjoy his holiday here.

He had heard about our surfing. There seemed precious few things that he hadn't heard about us. He seemed to have known our history from childhood. He could not get over the brilliance of the day.

"The climate is like the Riviera. This is March in England. But there aren't any days like this in our March," he smiled. "It is extraordinarily interesting to come to a place where they speak the same language, and yet where one hundred years of life lived under different conditions has had its effect on the character of the children. All the Australians I've met abroad seemed to me to be gayer than Englishmen. It must be the sunshine.

"New Zealand! I've never seen so much to eat as I saw in New Zealand. Meat! Meat! Meat! Tea! Tea! Tea!

"And to think," he mused, "that Captain Cook found his way here in a tiny craft loaded up with live stock, hugging the unknown shores as no modern yachtsman would dare to hug them!" But instantly he broke off to ask more questions. He had the population of Sydney and its place among the seaports of the Empire in his memory. The sunlight suggested moving pictures. He had heard of *The Sentimental Bloke*.

What he most wishes to see is our back-blocks. Cities are the same everywhere—it is the back country he means to know.

"I've come for a jolly holiday, that's all," he said emphatically. "I pointed out before I left England to an Australian Pressman that I was going to find out all about this Conference at Washington, and then to spend a considerable time in China and Japan. I have come not to write articles, but to get away for a holiday after forty years of newspaper and public work. I want to see my friends and my relations. I feel very flattered by all the kind invitations I have received, but I must be adamant. I am out to see the sights."

Lord Northcliffe is in perfect health. Genial, cheerful, interested, he is here to enjoy himself; and the more he is left alone the happier he will be. And there can be no doubt that Australia will like Lord Northcliffe as much as he already likes Australia and Australians.

The launch *Premier* met the *Maheno* at Watson's Bay and brought Lord Northcliffe up the harbour, giving him opportunities to see it in full beauty by making a round trip of it. On the launch were Mr. H. C. Budge, representing the Governor (who is absent in Wellington); Mr. Clifford Hay, representing the Premier; Mr. H. G. Milner (Lord

Northcliffe's brother-in-law), from Brisbane; Mr. Prioleau, private secretary; and Mr. C. H. Hughes, of the Union S.S. Co.

The Visitor's Programme

The provisional arrangements that have been made for Lord Northcliffe are really just a holiday programme.

As soon as the launch landed Lord Northcliffe left for the Wentworth Hotel, and he devoted this afternoon to golf.

Other arrangements for Lord Northcliffe's stay in Sydney include—

Thursday morning: Inspection of newspaper offices.

Thursday afternoon: Lord Northcliffe will be the guest of the State Premier (Mr. J. Storey) at a luncheon at Parliament House. Reception by the Australian Journalists' Association at five o'clock at the Sydney Press Club.

Friday morning will be devoted to Lord Northcliffe's friends. There will also be a luncheon arranged in his honour by the Institute of Journalists.

Saturday: Luncheon by the Empire Press Union, followed by a motor trip around the suburbs of Sydney.

Sunday will be devoted to private engagements.

Lord Northcliffe will leave for Melbourne on Sunday night. At a later date he will return to Sydney *en route* for Brisbane, where he will take his departure by the *St. Albans* at the beginning of next month for Manila and the East.

Most of the functions will be of an informal nature.

Golf at Rose Bay

Golf has no more whole-hearted devotee than Viscount Northcliffe. He has played on all sorts of courses in all kinds of climates, in many countries. It is almost his sole relaxation. Hardly a championship has been played in Great Britain or America in recent years which he has not witnessed. At his own expense he took Edward Ray, the great hitter of Oxhey, across to the United States to win the open championship some years ago, and when Kirkwood fought for first place at St. Andrews, this year, as Australia's representative, Viscount Northcliffe was in the gallery which followed him, and most generously described his play in special cables for the *Sun*. This afternoon he went out to the Royal Sydney golf links at Rose Bay, as the guest of Mr. Hugh R. Denison, and played a keen four-ball match with his host, Mr. H. A. Russell, and Mr. Gorden Wesche.

Lord Northcliffe has expressed his intention of seeing Bert Bailey in *On Our Selection*, at the Palace Theatre to-night.

Saving the Anzacs

(By X.)

"How are those brave Australians to be got away from Gallipoli?"

The scene was the historic Walter Room in *The Times* office in

Printing House Square. The date was August, 1915. The speaker was Viscount Northcliffe, who, having paced up and down the floor like a caged lion, threw himself into a big chair and asked the question in tense tones.

For a few minutes there was silence.

"We must get those Aussies away. We must (a pause). But how? How? (a pause). Cannot you get Fisher (then Prime Minister of Australia) to do something? Cannot you persuade the Australian Government to do something? To leave the men there is to have them marooned and destroyed. It's horrible—horrible."

That conversation was responsible for the removal of the Aussies from the Dardanelles, where they should never have gone. All Australia owes the magnificent disentanglement of the Anzacs to the vision, energy, determination, and influence of Viscount Northcliffe, who has remained tenaciously silent upon the subject.

Viscount Northcliffe had his own Intelligence Corps. He had authentic first-hand knowledge of the ebb and flow of the fortunes of the Allies on every front. While Australia was being doped by the censorship into belief that the Anzacs were steadily thrusting their way towards Constantinople, he knew they were perched perilously on cliffheads, fighting against inevitable defeat with dauntless courage, and daily approaching a terrible catastrophe, because their effective strength was being whiteanted by dysentery and disease.

In particular, Lord ("Jacky") Fisher, Britain's naval genius, who knew the treacherous Dardanelles as an open book, had informed Viscount Northcliffe that when the winter gales arrived it would be impossible for supply ships to reach the open beaches, which meant that the armies would be entirely cut off from Allied assistance and left at the mercy of the German-officered Turkish Army. The outlook was desperate, and War Office optimism could not persuade any informed person to the contrary.

To that insistent "How?" I, being little more than the fly on the wheel, could only repeat that so far as the absurd censorship would permit the people of Australia knew how matters stood in Gallipoli.

"But that won't do," insisted "The Chief"—the affectionate appellation by which Lord Northcliffe is known to his many and varied staffs—"that won't do, X. We must awaken the people to the appalling danger of the situation. The War Office is working in blinkers here in England, and Australia must galvanize it into activity."

Then I recalled that Mr. Keith Murdoch was on his way to London, and that he had been commissioned by Mr. Fisher to investigate postal troubles in Egypt and Gallipoli. Coming straight from the battle-fields he would have first-hand information. "Good," commented Viscount Northcliffe. "He may prove the lever we want," and I was placed under obligation to let him know the moment Mr. Murdoch arrived. Meantime, he explored other avenues calculated to bring him to his objective—the saving of the Anzacs.

When Mr. Murdoch arrived, all that Viscount Northcliffe had sensed and visioned was more than confirmed. The crisis was upon Gallipoli. Sir Ian Hamilton, in face of all the facts, was applying for more men to augment his wasting army. The Cabinet knew little if anything of the problems involved. Mr. Murdoch wrote a report for Mr. Fisher which put all the issues in definite perspective. To leave the Aussies there meant overwhelming disaster. A copy of this report was placed in Viscount Northcliffe's hands.

Followed conversations between Mr. Murdoch and Sir Edward Carson—then the fighting spirit of the inner War Cabinet—Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Lloyd George, together with production of the famous report at a special Cabinet meeting, and its circulation amongst ministers generally, including Lord Kitchener.

The War Office would have none of it. K. of K. insisted that the effect of withdrawal upon the millions of India and Egypt would so seriously injure British prestige that it was unthinkable. Incidentally it became known that a letter from a well-known English war correspondent on Gallipoli to the Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith) had been intercepted by red-tabs of the War Office and never reached Mr. Asquith. K. of K. had a way of his own.

But the Northcliffe push was irresistible. General Monro was finally dispatched to Gallipoli to make an independent report. On December 19th, 1915, the Anzacs started their memorable evacuation.

Viscount Northcliffe has never told about his share in the rescue of the Aussies. But that which has been written is a plain unvarnished tale of splendid service greatly rendered to Australia.

A further paragraph from the *Sunday Times* (Sydney, N.S.W.), of September 11th, 1921, reads—

Early yesterday morning Lord Northcliffe explored the out-back of Newtown, wandering about unattended and unidentified, and noting prices and conditions with that keen interest he gives to all his inquiries. His aim was to get into closer touch with the real Sydney.

A lunch at the Yacht Club given by the Empire Press Union and a delightful afternoon at the races, completed his official programme. In between he managed to see places of historic interest, and on his return from the races he drove through Centennial Park. He was amazed at the numbers of people who were at Randwick.

To-day he has a well-earned day off in the open air among his friends. He will leave for Melbourne this evening by the express.

APPENDIX II

IN THE TRAIN FROM SYDNEY TO MELBOURNE

[From *The Herald* (*Melbourne*), Monday, September 12th, 1921.]

ORD NORTHCLIFFE looked out of the window of the Melbourne express, which was roaring through the country he had come so far to see.

" It is all so green," he said, " so very green and fresh."

There was a pleased, satisfied note in his voice, and perhaps something wistful, too. And that was the beginning of a long chat in which great topics and passing impressions were blended. Before it had well begun a young man who had approached the proprietor of *The Times*, not without trepidation, felt quite at his ease.

This visitor of ours is an enveloping personality—there is no other word to describe it. He has a quick sympathy, and there is something in his manner which is best defined as fatherly. A broad man in body, broad in forehead, and broad in mind. Simple and direct withal and a keen observer.

" Some of Australia," he said, " reminds me of the South of France. On the French Riviera we have many gum trees [we call them eucalyptus]. Have you ever seen a frost-bitten gum tree? No! Well, then, I have seen something which is Australian and yet is not. A frost-bitten gum tree turns pure white. And there is some of your golden wattle. Europe has that, too, though we call it mimosa."

He turned again to regard the flickering film of Australia sliding endlessly (and he said " manlessly ") across the window. The Australian was glad that he should see it thus in its spring-time dress.

" My chief present interest in life," he went on, still regarding those fair paddocks, " is the Disarmament Conference. That course, along with carefully selected agricultural immigration, is the only way you can keep Australia white. Anyone who reads the Oriental newspapers can see that they contain constant references to what they term the ' dog-in-the-manger ' policy of Australia and New Zealand. They claim that you will neither people your country nor let anyone

else do so. There is a vital book that is being widely read in England and America called *The Rising Tide of Colour*, by Stoddard. I commend it to every person who is thinking about this subject.

"I say that this conference is the most important collection of human beings that ever assembled in the world's history. One can only contemplate its failure with horror. It was a most courageous thing for the President of the United States to initiate. President Harding is the kind of man Australians would like. He is not only a wise man, he is also the best-looking President the United States has had."

The carriage in which the chat was taking place was reserved, but the train was crowded, and at this moment a well-known Melbourne bookmaker thrust his head round the door.

"Is the middle seat engaged, sport?" he asked.

"The carriage is reserved," explained an Australian member of Lord Northcliffe's party.

"Come in—sit down," said Lord Northcliffe, quickly.

But the bookmaker was polite in his Australian way.

"No—but thanks all the same, boss," he replied, and Lord Northcliffe smiled.

And Ireland? prompted the interviewer.

"*The Times* is the newspaper which initiated the idea of Dominion Home Rule for Ireland," was the reply. "Very slowly the British Government has fallen into line with that policy, and has now gone beyond even the most sanguine hopes of supporters of that policy. In Canada and the United States I found that the terms offered were considered most generous. I cannot see that anything further can be offered without endangering the Empire."

Outside the sky was blue as a baby's eyes.

"A beautiful day, indeed," remarked one of the party.

"I begin to think that I bring it with me," confessed Lord Northcliffe, with a smile. "Do you know that I have not seen a wave since I left Southampton on July 16th, and with the exception of a shower in Washington and one or two in New Zealand, I have had fine weather throughout. There's good organization if you like."

Heavy rains had left big golden pools on the clay road which slid past the hurrying carriage.

"Are those the roads I shall have to travel over?" asked Lord Northcliffe; and when assured that there were better he stressed the importance of good roads to a young country. "In Canada and America," he explained, "the progress made in this work in the past five years shows that these people believe that the road is very shortly going to supersede largely the railway. The States have the Lincoln Highway, and Canada the King's Highway, the first of which stretches across the continent. There are road-making congresses in Canada and the United States which, when I get home, I intend to suggest our road engineers should attend. In England the surfaces are very perfect, but the American engineers are making a feature of eliminating

dangerous angles. England has not learnt that yet. The Canadians and Americans are also devoting much attention to the handling of traffic in cities. I thought this was very well done in Sydney."

What else struck you about Sydney?

"Very many things, and among them the charming little houses all round the harbour. They were so individual. They expressed the ideas of their owners. They were not upon a pattern. You Australians are not copyists—you do the things you want to and which strike you as being right. For instance, hansoms persist in Sydney, apparently because the people find them convenient. An imitative people would have swept them off the streets long ago, regardless of their own comfort, and simply because they had passed away elsewhere.

"Everywhere I go I hear grumbling, but I see no sign of anything save fat prosperity. The shops in Sydney amazed me. Every foodstuff seemed to be cheaper than in London. Rents may be a little higher, but I doubt it. A young English woman confirmed this view. She told me that the only domestic difficulty was that of servants."

"Would you suggest that we should bring women from England to fill the need—the Salvation Army is doing something of the kind?"

"I have not studied the problem sufficiently to say that, but I can say that there are 2,000,000 surplus women in England. Leave it at that—I don't like talking about things I have not gone into. I know the Salvation Army is doing good work, and so is the Church Army, in training men for the land.

"The mistake about immigration is that they take a man away from the heart of London and put him in the north of Queensland. Then he writes home mournful letters about Australia, which are passed on from hand to hand, and cause the readers to favour Canada if they are considering emigration. The point is that that man would be just as miserable if you put him on a lonely farm in Essex, fifty miles from London. You must select the right types to come here—men and women who are fit for the life and prepared to live it."

A gleaming nugget of wattle caused a digression.

"I like your native plants, and I am sending home many packets of seeds. The waratah, wattle, and boronia are very beautiful."

Then Lord Northcliffe put on his great horn-rimmed spectacles and picked up his paper, but he veiled the hint politely.

"You want cheaper cables here," he said. "It is no use offering the papers cheaper deferred rates, for a newspaper depends on speed. I am the treasurer of the Empire Press Union, which has done valuable work for Canada, and which may be able to help Australia. You want more automatic instruments, like the Creed, also. Automatic machinery does not reduce Labour opportunities: by increasing output it increases employment. Had I started with a hand-press I might still have been using one."

He paused, and then, "Now, young man—" That had to be the end. The young man went away with regret, and Lord Northcliffe laid down the printed page and turned again to the swiftly

turning leaves of the book of Australia, which were formed by the pictures on his carriage window.

" I am glad I came," he said. He looked it.

Arrival in Melbourne

When Lord Northcliffe stepped from a rear compartment of the Sydney express he looked the embodiment of energy and good spirits. Dressed in a lounge suit of navy blue, with tan boots, a hat with a broad brim, and a knitted tie, he was greeted by friends as he stepped from the train.

He was promptly seized by a group of ingratiating press photographers. When they had released him, he made the acquaintance of Captain C. J. Traill, aide-de-camp to Lord Forster, the Governor-General, on whose behalf Captain Traill extended to Lord Northcliffe a cordial invitation to stay at Federal Government House.

Lord Northcliffe, who evinced a lively interest in everybody and everything around him, was the target for all eyes as he walked down the platform.

September 12th (Afternoon).

Lord Northcliffe went for a walk at Sandringham with the Governor-General this afternoon.

Lord Northcliffe in Melbourne

[Reprinted from *The Herald* (*Melbourne*), of September 13th, 1921.]

Tuesday, September 13th (Morning).

A busy day began with a visit to *The Herald* and *Weekly Times* office.

In the composing-room he was greeted with a real printers' " rally," a fearful clamour of metal trays and so forth beaten upon the " stones." The noise was deafening, but Lord Northcliffe, newspaper man, smiled with pleasure. " That is the first time I have heard that since I left home," he said, and his smile indicated that he appreciated the familiar " music."

After meeting many members of the staffs, with all of whom he had a kindly word, Lord Northcliffe left to continue his programme.

Lord Northcliffe saw Melbourne this morning, and he did it simply as a private visitor in a taxi-cab. With him went a citizen of Melbourne who was very anxious that the visitor should like his home town. To judge by the expressions of approval, the result was achieved—but, where, oh where, were Melbourne's pretty girls when Lord Northcliffe walked the Block? Even envious Sydney had promised him that he would find them picturesque. They were not—they were merely missing.

The expedition started from Federal Government House, and, looking out across the green lawns and trees in the glory of spring, Lord Northcliffe avowed that the beauty of the position was remarkable. " It amazes me," he said, waving toward the flower beds, " to

see things growing practically wild here which we can only rear at home under glass houses, and which cost a small fortune. To an Englishman this seems like topsy-turvy land in some ways. At home if a man shoots a rabbit he is liable to be fined, here if he doesn't kill them you fine him. Do you know that we grow prickly pears under glass in England, and sit and look at them with interest. I believe that here you look at the pear with anything but pleasurable interest." The local inhabitant assured him that the Australian would regard it as something of a crime even to think of pampering prickly pear [which, like gorse and rabbits, is a national curse].

A keen interest was evinced in Melbourne, its trade and history, and the man who had spent all his life here made a desperate attempt to give intelligent answers to the volley of questions. It takes a stranger with an alert mind to convince you of your ignorance of the things about you. The guide expressed the opinion that Melbourne's growth was not the very best thing for the State and that the drift of population to the city was to be regretted. "Yes," said Lord Northcliffe, "New Zealand has avoided that danger. There they have many small, prosperous centres, with amusements sufficient to keep the people happy. France is wise in this respect, for the Government insists upon the provincial being provided with his amusements—his fairs, his dances, his music, and so on. You in Australia should try to make the life of your bush towns attractive."

He glanced at the blue of the sky and expressed the opinion that it was very like a pleasant English April morning.

"I was up early," he said, "to hear the laughing jackasses, but not one did I hear."

Of course, Lord Northcliffe admired St. Kilda road, declaring that it was a very fine thoroughfare, but his interest is in men and life. Therefore, when the corner of Collins and Swanston streets was reached, the guide suggested a stroll down the Block [which corresponds to our Bond Street]. On the way he explained the particular part played by that stretch of pavement in the scheme of the Universe. "Good," said the visitor, glancing about. "I want to see some of your pretty Melbourne girls; they told me about them in Sydney. And the 'knuts' too—are they true to type?"

The guide scarcely heard him. He was looking for a pretty Melbourne girl; he was looking for a Block "knut." He was worried. The quest was all in vain, the only occupants of the way of the flappers of both sexes were elderly gentlemen selling newspapers and citizens going about their business. Lord Northcliffe was polite. He suggested that it might be a little early—later, perhaps! He said the people looked wonderfully happy and prosperous, and tried to comfort his guide. But when the Block fails to produce one pretty girl, how should a Melbourne man feel if not disconsolate?

"Tell me," said Lord Northcliffe, pursuing his train of thought, "are there any slums in Melbourne? In Sydney I hired a man to take me out and find the slums, but our quest was fruitless. There

were no real slums; poorer suburbs, of course, we saw, but slums in the real meaning of the word were missing. And yet I hear talk of poverty. It seems to me that every man in Australia has enough to buy food for himself and those dependent upon him. This is just as it should be; but if things are otherwise I must see them. If there are slums here, I should like some of your Labour leaders to show them to me. I doubt the existence of the want of which there is so much talk."

Lord Northcliffe remarked with interest upon the stature of several men, and he lingered long at the flower shops, studying the native blossoms. Little things like that caught his eye with surprising quickness. Apparently he was taking a casual stroll; in reality he was studying Melbourne with a keen discerning eye. The passers-by, the buildings, the traffic, he watched them all, and occasionally minutes after something had attracted his notice he commented upon it.

September 13th (Noon).

RECEPTION BY LORD MAYOR AT TOWN HALL

Every seat in the old Council Chamber was occupied when, a few minutes after twelve o'clock, Lord Northcliffe entered the room with the Lord Mayor. The distinguished guest was met on the Town Hall steps by Mr. T. G. Ellery, the Town Clerk, and Mr. Theodore Fink. The gathering, which included Federal and State politicians, aldermen and councillors of the city of Melbourne, heads of Federal and State departments, military and naval officials, and prominent business men, rose as the guest entered, and accorded him a rousing welcome. Taking his seat on the right of the Lord Mayor, Lord Northcliffe chatted freely to Sir Joseph Cook (acting Prime Minister) across the table, until the "settling down" process of those present was completed. At the chairman's table also were Mr. Lawson, the Premier, and Messrs. Theodore Fink, G. Syme, D. Watterston, and Keith Murdoch. Among those in the chamber were Sir John Monash and Sir John Gellibrand.

After the loyal toast had been honoured, Councillor Swanson, the Lord Mayor, rose, amid applause, to propose the health of "Our Guest." Lord Northcliffe's time was very limited, he said, but it was hoped that he might be able to give them some idea of what he thought of Australia. Although he had not been here long, others had written books on an even shorter acquaintance.

"It is my privilege to extend a hearty welcome to Lord Northcliffe," proceeded the Lord Mayor, amid applause. "He is recognized to be the greatest journalist in the British Empire, and we are very glad that he is here to-day, so that he may have an opportunity to speak of the possibilities of our great country. Lord Northcliffe has already written about the soldiers we sent from Australia, and we trust that his visit will be of advantage not only to himself, but also to the Empire. We trust, also, that he will be able to do something to help our immigration policy. I was going to suggest that he might be made a member

of the Victorian branch of the New Settlers' League. Then, I have no doubt, the question from the English point of view would be complete. We welcome him to Victoria, and to the Queen City of the South. We are particularly modest, but we think we are living on the brightest spot in the Empire."

Sir J. Cook's Eulogy

In supporting the toast, Sir Joseph Cook, the Acting Prime Minister, said :—

"I count this duty as a great privilege, even though it meant leaving an important Cabinet meeting. I am glad to join with you in this cordial welcome to our land, to this great and distinguished man. I speak to-day of his services to the Empire generally. I speak of his political work, of his war work in particular. I am quite certain that of all the men who did to the full a man's duty in the war, Lord Northcliffe did his—and I am not quite sure that he, more than any other man, did not contribute to the breaking up of the German moral. His work in that respect will remain an enduring monument for all time, to his ability, personality, and his undeviating loyalty to the Empire.

"To-day we want the man who sees his duty and does it. Lord Northcliffe is not only a man of vision : he is a man of action. Shall I call him a great Imperial pathfinder ? Just now he is enthusiastic about the air ; he is very 'flighty,' and I hope the result will be a ten days' journey to London. I believe it will be possible, and I believe that as a result of Lord Northcliffe's visit to Australia a great fillip will be given to all those things that tend to strengthen and bind and consolidate the Empire. The outposts of the Empire are deeply grateful to him for the friendship he has always displayed and the great efforts he has always made to assist us.

"We greet you to-day Lord Northcliffe, with all the cordiality of our natures, and we hope you will believe our welcome is very, very warm."

Mr. Lawson, the Premier, said—

"We all realize we are under a great obligation to Lord Northcliffe, and particularly in Australia. We shall be glad to afford him every facility to see national projects. Our welcome is sincere and heartfelt. He has been a friend indeed to Australia, and I believe his power will still be available. On behalf of the State, which we regard as the brightest in the Union, I offer him a hearty welcome."

Lord Northcliffe's health was drunk with enthusiasm, and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" was lustily rendered. When he rose to speak the applause continued for some minutes.

Luncheon at Parliament House

There was an entire absence of formality at the luncheon which the Federal Government tendered to Lord Northcliffe at Parliament

House to-day. For once, speeches were proscribed, and the time usually occupied by them given over to " round the table " conversation.

Lord Northcliffe arrived in company with Sir Joseph Cook, the Acting Prime Minister, soon after one o'clock.

A cinematographer claimed the distinguished visitor for a few moments, after which, under Sir Joseph's guidance, he inspected the paintings of the Commonwealth's Governor-Generals which hang in the Queen's Hall, and showed great interest in the stern-plate and model of the German cruiser *Emden*—relics of Australia's first victory on the sea.

The luncheon was laid in the Minister's room adjoining the chamber of the House of Representatives. Great masses of daffodils and jonquils held the bright sunlight which streamed through the windows, and bowls of pansies contributed to an effective setting. All the members of the Ministry were present.

Afternoon.

This afternoon Lord Northcliffe, after visiting the office of *The Argus* and *The Age* newspapers, returned to Government House and strolled in the Botanic Gardens with Lord Forster, the Governor-General. Subsequently he paid an informal visit to the Melbourne Cricket Ground.

[Reprinted from *The Herald* (*Melbourne*), of September 14th, 1921.]

Wednesday, September 14th (Morning).

Beneath cloudy skies but in cool pleasant conditions, the visitor spent the morning strolling in the Botanic Gardens with Lord Forster, the Governor-General. He returned from his walk happy after the hours he had spent among his beloved trees and flowers. " These gardens of yours are a priceless possession," he declared. " I consider that they are as fine as any I have seen anywhere, and I thoroughly enjoyed the hours I spent there. A pleasing feature was the chance it gave me to study your Australian birds. One of the attendants has made a collection of 150 of them. I was particularly delighted with the tiny wrens, with their blue caps and perky tails. I saw the kookaburras [laughing jackasses] too, but as usual they refused to laugh for me. I don't know what I have done to those birds that they refuse to chuckle for my diversion."

The authorities presented to him a number of seeds of Australian plants, which Lord Northcliffe intends to send home, and he displayed a keen interest in all the exhibits. " I was shown," he said, " the Australian stinging tree, and I secured a leaf, which I intend to take home with me. It kills horses, I believe, and sometimes the sting may not show for six months."

Evening.

Lord Northcliffe attended the theatre and witnessed the performance of *His Lady Friends*. Lord Forster, the Governor-General, and

Lady Forster, with the members of their staff: Dame Nellie Melba, and Mr. John Prioleau were present. The scene was brilliant.

[Reprinted from *The Herald* (*Melbourne*), of September, 15th, 1921.]

Thursday, September 15th (Morning).

With the aid of the Salvation Army, and accompanied by a young person who thought ke knew something about the seamy side of Melbourne, Viscount Northcliffe set out to discover Melbourne's slums to-day. He made a thorough search, and visited "The Narrows" district of Fitzroy and other places, at the mention of which respectable citizens shudder. The result was success or failure, according to the point of view. "There are no slums," said Lord Northcliffe: "the use of the term is a misnomer. Australasia is such a good land, that it is almost too good to be true."

And again: "The sunshine and the broad streets! The happy children and the goods shown in the shops! If you can produce nothing worse than this you should be proud and happy." All of which was very satisfactory, but the young person felt a trifle disappointed. It gives one a sense of anti-climax to parade your very lowest streets and byways and have them cause so little horror—in fact, to have them greeted with surprised pleasure. As a young person with a stake in the country, he was delighted, however.

Throughout the morning Lord Northcliffe showed the keenest interest in the work of the Salvation Army, and, with Commissioner James Hay and Colonel A. E. Powley, he saw the various institutions of the Army in the city and had their work explained to him.

"A wonderful organization indeed," he declared, "and worthy of its great leader."

To Fitzroy went Lord Northcliffe, to Fitzroy of unenviable repute. He journeyed in a taxi, but when he arrived there he left the car and walked, escorted by the officers and the young person, all of whom were busy pointing out the least desirable dwelling-houses and the poorest lanes. But to the man with the power of comparison the mean streets did not look mean—remembering the mean streets of the Old World. As he talked it seemed even to the young person that it was not so very terrible, and that when all was said and done the streets were remarkably fresh and open in the morning sunshine. Not the ideal residential quarter perhaps, but—

"I am just repeating my experience in Sydney," Lord Northcliffe said. "I looked for slums there without success—I am doing the same thing here. You are sure these are a fair sample?"

The guides assured him that they were, and his brow wrinkled. There was a group of healthy young Australians playing football with a rag ball on a vacant allotment. "Are these the youngsters of this quarter?" asked the visitor.

They were; there was no doubt of it. A little brother joined them from an adjacent yard eating a large slice of bread and jam. The large man in the large overcoat looked more puzzled than ever.

Untidy heads popped out of windows and over fences to look at the unexpectant visitant, but the keen glance failed to detect any trace of starvation. He declared that they looked happy.

Then a bell rang, and a State school poured its flood of young humanity into the street. Lord Northcliffe stood like a large island in that river of small boys and girls, and watched them carefully, studying their faces, their clothes, and their physique. Again he sought assurance that they were the children of the district, and that the district was a fair example of Melbourne's " slums." He seemed to have difficulty in believing it, he seemed to regard it as a fairy tale.

As a guarantee of good faith and evidence of the fact that his guides did not attempt to conceal anything, it may be stated that the streets visited were Atherton Street, Young, Napier, and Little Napier, together with assorted lanes, by-ways, and corners in the vicinity, of the names of which this chronicler has no idea, but is confident that they were about as mean as anything in Melbourne. They did not contain one horror. It must be admitted, however, that Fitzroy's most sparkling hour is midnight, rather than midday. There wasn't a sign of a human skeleton prowling along Gertrude Street looking hungrily at the good things in the shops. In fact, the only person in the street who seemed to take a keen interest in the good things displayed was Lord Northcliffe, walking slowly, peering in at the shops, watching the people. He looked more puzzled than ever now, and he was very doubtful about the veracity of his guides when they told him that this was a shopping centre for the " slums." It was just as well the Salvation Army was represented. He could believe them.

Back to the taxi again and Lord Northcliffe expressed the opinion that to call such streets as he had seen slums showed a lack of a sense of proportion. That was all. They were not slums—not when judged by European standards. Poor districts if you like, but not slums. He said that emphatically. " It makes me sorry for the poor of the old lands," he concluded.

[Reprinted from *The Herald* (*Melbourne*), of September 17th, 1921.]

Friday, September 16th.

DEPARTURE FOR TASMANIA

In view of his departure to-day for Tasmania Lord Northcliffe was asked what impressions he had formed during his stay in Melbourne. " One of the most striking things I have noticed," said he, " is the amazing tallness of the people. At the reception given to me by the newspaper proprietors I felt like a dwarf among giants. There were some tremendous men there. " Why, look at your Lord Mayor, Councillor Swanson. What height is he? I should certainly say that you have the biggest Lord Mayor in the Empire. Yet he is quite small compared to some of the men I have met.

" Again, when His Excellency and I went to the Melbourne Cricket Ground we were welcomed by a giant in Mr. Trumble, the secretary. This feeling of living among giants has been with me all the time.

In fact I have come to the conclusion that your public men are chosen largely for their size—that you like them tall."

"I did not think the kookaburras of Melbourne would disappoint me," said Lord Northcliffe when he returned to Government House at noon to-day. "Patience has been rewarded and I have just heard a kookaburra 'kook' for the first time since I landed in the Commonwealth." Lord Northcliffe had spent the morning in the grounds of Government House with Lord Forster, the Governor-General. "I had almost given up hope of hearing this typically Australian bird," he went on, "but just as we were walking back one gave a splendid exhibition. The kookaburra is not one of those things of which one hears a lot and which prove a disappointment when you finally meet them in the flesh. He is supposed to laugh and he does so. I was fascinated with the bird—he had such a cynical look in his eye, and his manner suggested that he owned Government House and that we were merely interlopers!"

And Melbourne itself?

"I have not changed my first impression that it is very Parisian. The wide, clean streets, the sudden splashes of colour painted by the flower-sellers, the buildings, and the way your public buildings are spaced out—all these things suggest Paris to me. The magnificent situation of your Parliament House, commanding the long sweep of Bourke Street, recalls the Madeleine in Paris."

Asked if he considered that Melbourne men were careless in their dress, Lord Northcliffe smiled.

"If they are," he replied, "it is not noticeable. As in Sydney, however, the point that really delights me about you Australians is that you are so natural. No other word expresses your characteristics so well. I have been about a good deal on my own, and the same naturalness met me everywhere."

Lord Northcliffe added that he had enjoyed his stay in Melbourne, and was looking forward to his return visit, when he particularly wished to see the Royal Show.

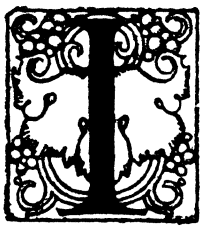
"I believe the bush comes to town for this event," he said, and when assured that this was so, he added that he would look forward to meeting the countryfolk.

"I have had a strenuous time here," he concluded, "and I shall appreciate the spell of the short voyage to Tasmania."

APPENDIX III

IMMIGRATION INTO AUSTRALASIA

[Before leaving Sydney on the 1st of October, 1921, Lord Northcliffe issued a statement embodying his views on the subject of immigration into Australasia. Some extracts from this statement (published in *The Times* of the 3rd of October) are given below.]



AM asked for my considered opinions of your future and fate.

Although I have read every standard work on the Pacific I have seen very little of Australia, but I have seen enough and learned enough to be profoundly impressed by its magnitude, its profuse wealth of diverse kinds, its singular generosity as a homing land for the right kind of British people, its emptiness, and its defencelessness. With New Zealand it is the richest in promise, and at the same time the weakest of all the nations. In its insularity, its pure Anglo-Saxon blood, its common speech and ideals, and its absence of land frontiers it is a young land, unique, splendid, far awayfrom what has happened, but in the midst of what may happen.

* * * * *

I am deeply impressed by your magnificent natural riches, but I leave lovely Australia haunted and saddened by thoughts of your weakness. I have been struck by all you have done in a single century. It is a record of which any young country may be proud, but I am amazed at your indifference to the events and portents in the outside world, and especially in Asia. One can almost smell the East on your northern winds, and yet I have met scarcely a score of men and women in Australia with any sense of the imminent danger in which this country stands.

Within a fortnight's steam of your Commonwealth you have thousands of millions of people, all of whom are crowded and restless, and some ambitious and powerful. Their yearly increase by birth is more than five millions, yet you go about your work and play as though the lust for territory had not all down the centuries been a cause of war, and as though the history of the world had not been the story of the overthrow of the weak by the strong.

The situation is disquieting, but it is not beyond repair if Australians ld cease always to look inwards at themselves and their local politics,

and look more across the seas. It would, if I may say so without impertinence, be the saving of the nation. The Commonwealth may still be saved for the Anglo-Saxon race and your ideal of a White Australia realized. The key to your White Australia ideal, the sure parent of all your ideals, is population. You must increase your slender garrison by the multiplication of your people. Only numbers will save you. The world will not tolerate an empty and idle Australia.

This continent must, like other continents, carry its full quota of people and do its full share of production. You must take immigrants, the right kind of immigrants—immigrants, not for towns but for the empty spaces.

You have no option. Tens of millions will come to you whether you wish it or not. You cannot hold up the human flood by a restriction clause in an Act of Parliament. Acts of Parliament have little or no international force. Ambitions and passions are awake on this question of migration. The accident of James Cook's discovery has given you in Australia a fleeting chance to found a great nation in the Pacific. Don't trifle with it. Don't allow selfishness and the foolish pursuit of trivialities to distract your attention from the one great subject which will alone give you security. Make your foundations safe, and play about with social reforms and State Socialism and all the rest of your present small Parliamentary stock-in-trade afterwards.

I am staggered by the indifference of the Australian people to the vital question of immigration. Contrast the importance of immigration with any other subject now prominent in Australia—with the proposed convention to consider amendments to the Constitution, with the standardization of the inter-State railway gauge, with improved communications, with revision of the tariff, with such matters as a basic wage, fair prices courts, a maternity bonus, the promotion of State lotteries, and the control of pedestrian traffic in the streets. Some of these matters are of more or less national importance. All loom largely in political cabinets, in parliaments, on public platforms, and in the Press. The public mind is full of them. Yet if I can judge by contact with your people, immigration, the one sure parent of all the future greatness of Australia, is almost entirely neglected.

I am not offering advice unasked. I am in receipt of many invitations to express my opinions as a disinterested student and visitor to Australia. I say, therefore, as you ask me, Why not at once a bold, constructive immigration policy? Where is the obstacle? Why all the hesitation and fumbling? Why not at once take steps to establish within two or three years a flow of at least 100,000 people a year to the Commonwealth with a rapid increase to 250,000? Is the failure to move due to political fears? If so, such fears are surely groundless. Immigration could, by a bold, imaginative, constructive scheme, be made greatly popular with Australian electors.

The outstanding fact is that Australia must have people. The people are available. Australia can absorb and prosper them, and th coming will profit all the classes already in the country.

Immigration in Australia is a nightmare to public men only because it is being conducted both in Britain and here on tinkering, feeble lines. An annual inflow of 100,000 people would mean increased production from every primary and secondary industry, and more work for all classes of workers. It would mean a larger income to every business and professional man in Australia, and an improved local market to every squatter and farmer. Immigration, in short, means wealth, as the United States and Canada and the Argentine long ago discovered. What is clearly and urgently needed is a great development scheme which will ensure over, say, 25 years' more work than can be done by the workers already in Australia, more land available for settlement by new farmers than can be taken up by the land-seekers already in Australia, and greatly increased production, which would mean more work, more opportunity, and more wealth for all classes.

Such a scheme would free the immigration movement of the antagonism of the Australian workers and land-seekers, and the cash and national value of the immigrant would at once be recognized. The scheme would mean the raising and wise expenditure of large sums of money, but if money can be obtained for anything, either in the United Kingdom or Australia, it will be available for a great nation-building proposal of this kind. The essential thing again would be boldness in design and execution. As the Australian public would, I believe, applaud and follow a leader who evolves a great immigration scheme, so will British investors support him with their money.

My personal knowledge of Australia is slight, but my reading about Australia is sufficient to satisfy me that the country will carry and prosper all the people required, provided that immigration is run on sound lines.

* * * * *

I am aware, however, that the supply of agriculturists from the British Islands is not unlimited. The policy should, therefore, be one which will ensure rural employment to great numbers of British boys and growing lads, and to young men accustomed to manual labour. I like the Barnardo scheme. These classes would, at the Australian rate of wages, soon save enough to take up land themselves, provided the Government made partially improved farms available on easy financial terms. In other words, the scheme should offer land at once to experienced British farmers with capital, and employment with the prospects of a farm to all capable and thrifty workers.

Summing up, for safety's sake Australia must at the earliest possible moment increase her population to 15 or 20 millions. The people can be obtained, and Australia can carry them. Public opinion, expressed at the polls, and public money would be strongly behind any scheme, provided that it were framed on a grand scale. Immigration offers the greatest opportunity for statesmanship since Federation. This

ASIA
CHINA
Nov. 12
Mukden
PEKING
Tientsin
Nov. 21
Shanghai
Hong kong
Oct. 27 and Nov. 28
JAPAN
Tokio Nov. 5
Kioto Nov. 7
Osaka Nov. 9
PACIFIC
OCEAN
PHILIPPINE Is
Manila Oct. 21
Sandakan Oct. 19
Bangkok
Dec. 23
Singapore
BORNEO
Thursday Id Oct. 12
Batavia
Dec. 5
OCEAN
FIJI Is.
Aug. 22
Suva
Rockhampton
AUSTRALIA
Sep. 7
Oct. 1
Sydney
Auckland
Sep. 12
Melbourne
TASMANIA
Sep. 13-20
Hobart
NEW ZEALAND
Aug. 26-Sep. 3

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